

ORIGINAL POEMS,  
AND  
TRANSLATIONS,  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE AUTHOR,  
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

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VOL. I.  
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ORIGINAL POEMS

TRANSLATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES



**V O L. I. CONTAINING**

**VERSES in praise of MR DRYDEN,**

**A N D**

**POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.**

**Vol. I.**

**22**

VOL. I. CONTAINING

VERSES in praise of MR DRYDEN.

A Z D

POEMS on SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Vol. I.

# P R E F A C E.

THE Publick is here obliged with the *Poetical Works* of Mr DRYDEN, detach'd from the compositions of inferior writers, with which most of them have been hitherto blended in the *Miscellanies*\*. It was thought but justice to the productions of To excellent a Poet, to set them free at last from so disadvantageous, if not unnatural, an union; which, like the cruelty of *Mezentius* in Virgil, was no less than a junction of *living* and *dead* bodies together. We say this in respect to numberless pieces in Mr Dryden's *Miscellanies*, without derogating from that praise, which is justly due to many others among them. But, not to enter into the merit of Mr Dryden's *fellow-undertakers* † in that collection, or the motives which induced him to write in conjunction with others; we may venture to say, it is now high time the *partnership* should be dissolved, and Mr Dryden left to stand upon his own bottom. His *credit*, as a *Poet*, is out of all danger, tho' the withdrawing his *stock* may, probably, expose many of his *co-partners* to the hazard of a *poetical bankruptcy*.

a 3

\* Those publish'd by Mr DRYDEN himself in *Six Parts*, and others.

† So he himself calls them. *Pref. to the Miscell.*

THERE is, indeed, a collection of *Original Poems and Translations* by Mr Dryden, publish'd for J. Tonson in 1701, in a thin *Folio*. But as it contains not much above half the pieces, so it does not at all answer the design, of the present collection; which, with the Author's *Plays, Fables, and Translations* of Virgil, Juvenal, and Persius, is intended to complete Mr Dryden's *Works in Twelves*.

As to the method of ranging these pieces, we shall only say, that the *Larger Poems*, of which this *First Volume* consists, are disposed according to the order of time in which they were written; and the *Prologues and Epilogues*, in the *Second Volume*, according to the dates of their respective *Plays*, as far as could be collected from Mr Gerard Langbain's *Account of the Dramatic Writers*.\*

WE would willingly, in compliance with the custom of *Editors*, have obliged the Reader with a particular *Account of the Life and Writings of the Author*. But, in truth, the lives of *Poets* are seldom busy enough for *historical narration*; and Mr Dryden's, in particular, has too few incidents, and those not sufficiently entertaining, to deserve being drawn out into a circumstantial detail. How-

\* Publish'd in 1697.

every, not entirely to disappoint the curiosity of the Reader, if he has any, and to save him the trouble of looking farther, he may be pleased to know, That Mr Dryden was descended of a gentleman's family in Northamptonshire, and born, as he himself tells us\*, in a village belonging to the Earl of Exeter in that county : That he had his education at Westminster school, being King's scholar there, and, in the year 1650, was elected from thence to Trinity-College in Cambridge : That he became afterwards *Poet-Laureat* and *Historiographer* to K. James II. but, at the *Revolution*, having long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the Court, by turning Roman-Catholick, was dismiss'd from that employment, and generously supported by the Earl of Dorset, with a pension equal to the salary he had lost † : That he died at London in 1701, and the 67th year of his age ; and was buried in Westminster-Abbey, where a handsome monument has been since erected over his remains, at the expence of his Grace the Duke of Buckinghamshire.

As to his character, it was made very free with by the Critics, his contemporaries,

\* Vide *Postscript* to his Translation of Virgil.

† Vide *Dedication* to Mr Prior's *Poems*.

but we have it very impartially given by Mr Congreve, in his Dedication to the octavo edition of his Plays. Posterity has been just to his fame, and he stands now in full possession of that *establish'd reputation*, so justly due to the sprightliness of his wit, the liveliness of his imagination, the beauty of his sentiments and expression, : but especially that *improved harmony* of his *numbers*, so happily begun by his predecessor Mr Waller; and if since brought to greater perfection by a Poet of our own times, it is what he himself always own'd to be owing to the foundation laid by Mr Dryden. To this honour may be added another, that he improved our prose as much as our verse, and is, in that way too, one of the most correct writers in the English language.

Particular care has been taken to render this edition as correct as possible, by reforming numberless errors of the press, which have been continued down through all editions hitherto published; but especially by observing the strictest accuracy in the *pointing*: An article of correctness (give us leave to say) too generally neglected, tho' so much of the *beauty*, as well as the *perspicuity*, of language depends upon it.

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C O N T E N T S

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VERSES IN PRAISE OF

# VERSES

## IN PRAISE OF

# MR DRYDEN.



*To the unknown AUTHOR of ABSALOM and  
ACHITOPHEL.*

TAKE it as earnest of a faith renew'd,  
Your theme is vast, your verse divinely good:  
Where, tho' the Nine their beauteous strokes repeat,  
And the turn'd lines on golden anvils beat,  
It looks as if they strook 'em at a heat.  
So all serenely great, so just refin'd,  
Like angels love to human seed inclin'd,  
It starts a giant, and exalts the kind.  
'Tis spirit seen, whose fiery atoms rowl,  
So brightly fierce, each syllable's a soul.  
'Tis miniature of man, but he's all heart;  
'Tis what the world would be, but wants the art;  
To whom e'en the fanatics altars raise,  
Bow in their own despite, and grin your praise;  
As if a Milton from the dead arose,  
Fil'd off the rust, and the right party chose.  
Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the gloomy say;  
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too splay.

2      V E R S E S   I N   P R A I S E   O F

'Tis gracious all, and great : Push on your theme :  
 Lean your griev'd head on David's diadem.  
 David, that rebel Israel's envy mov'd ;  
 David, by God and all good men belov'd.

The beauties of your Absalom excel :  
 But more the charms of charming Annabel :  
 Of Annabel, than May's first morn more bright,  
 Chearful as Summer's noon, and chaste as Winter's night.  
 Of Annabel, the Muses' dearest theme ;  
 Of Annabel, the angel of my dream.  
 Thus let a broken eloquence attend,  
 And to your master-piece these shadows send.

N A T. L E E.

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*To the unknown* A U T H O R *of* A B S A L O M *and*  
 A C H I T O P H E L.

I Thought, forgive my sin, the boasted fire  
 Of Poets souls did long ago expire ;  
 Of folly or of madness did accuse  
 The wretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse ;  
 Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire  
 With more than human thoughts the tuneful quire.  
 But sure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream  
 Of rhymers slumb'ring by the Muses' stream.  
 Some livelier spark of heav'n, and more refin'd  
 From earthly dross, fills the great Poet's mind.  
 Witness these mighty and immortal lines,  
 Through each of which th' informing genius shines.  
 Scarce a diviner flame inspir'd the King,  
 Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.  
 Not David's self could in a nobler verse  
 His gloriously offending son rehearse ;  
 Tho' in his breast the Prophet's fury met,  
 The Father's fondness, and the Poet's wit.

Here all consent in wonder and in praise,  
 And to the unknown Poet altars raise.  
 Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,  
 As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,  
 (Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen)  
 Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian Queen.  
 Sure thou already art secure of fame,  
 Nor want'st new glories to exalt thy name :  
 What father else would have refus'd to own  
 So great a son as godlike Absalom ?

R. DUKE.

---

*To the conceal'd* AUTHOR of ABSALOM  
*and* ACHITOPHEL.

**H**AIL, heav'n-born Muse ! Hail, ev'ry sacred page !  
 The glory of our isle and of our age.  
 Th' inspiring sun to Albion draws more nigh,  
 The north at length teems with a work, to vie  
 With Homer's flame and Virgil's majesty.  
 While Pindus' lofty heights our Poet sought,  
 (His ravish'd mind with vast ideas fraught)  
 Our language fail'd beneath his rising thought.  
 This checks not his attempt ; for Maro's mines  
 He drains of all their gold, t' adorn his lines :  
 Through each of which the Mantuan genius shines.  
 The rock obey'd the pow'rful Hebrew guide,  
 Her flinty breast dissolv'd into a tide :  
 Thus on our stubborn language he prevails,  
 And makes the helicon in which he fails ;  
 The dialect, as well as sense, invents,  
 And, with his poem, a new speech presents.  
 Hail then, thou matchless Bard, thou great unknown,  
 That give your country fame, yet shun your own !

## \* VERSES IN PRAISE OF

In vain; for ev'ry where your praise you find,  
 And, not to meet it, you must shun mankind.  
 Your loyal theme each loyal reader draws,  
 And e'en the factious give your verse applause,  
 Whose light'ning strikes to ground their idol cause:  
 The cause, for whose dear sake they drank a flood  
 Of civil gore, nor spar'd the royal blood;  
 The cause, whose growth to crush, our prelates wrote  
 In vain, almost in vain our heroes fought;  
 Yet by one stab of your keen satire dies:  
 Before your sacred lines, their shatter'd Dagon lies.

Oh! if unworthy we appear to know  
 The Sire, to whom this lovely birth we owe:  
 Deny'd our ready homage to express,  
 And can at best but thankful be by guess;  
 This hope remains: May David's godlike mind,  
 (For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Author find;  
 And, having found, show'r equal favours down  
 On wit so vast, as cou'd oblige a crown.

N. TATE.

---

### *Upon the AUTHOR of the MEDAL.* *A SATIRE.*

ONCE more our awful Poet arms, t' engage  
 The threat'ning Hydra-faction of the age;  
 Once more prepares his dreadful pen to wield,  
 And ev'ry Muse attends him to the field.  
 By art and nature for this task design'd,  
 Yet modestly the fight he long declin'd;  
 Forbore the torrent of his verse to pour,  
 Nor loos'd his satire till the needful hour.  
 His Sov'reign's right, by patience half-betray'd,  
 Wak'd his avenging genius to his aid.

Bless'd Muse, whose wit with such a cause was crown'd,  
 And bless'd the cause that such a champion found!  
 With chosen verse upon the foe he falls,  
 And black sedition in each quarter galls;  
 Yet, like a Prince with subjects forc'd t' engage,  
 Secure of conquest he rebates his rage;  
 His fury not without distinction sheds,  
 Hurls mortal bolts, but on devoted heads;  
 To less-infected members gentle sound,  
 Or spares, or else pours balm into the wound.  
 Such gen'rous grace th' ingrateful tribe abuse,  
 And trespass on the mercy of his Muse:  
 Their wretched dogrel rhymers forth they bring,  
 To snarl and bark against the Poet's King;  
 A crew that scandalize the nation more,  
 Than all their treason-canting priests before.  
 On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornful smile,  
 But on their pow'rful patrons turns his style:  
 A style so keen, as e'en from faction draws  
 The vital poison, stabs to th' heart their cause.  
 Take then, great Bard, what tribute we can raise;  
 Accept our thanks, for you transcend our praise.

N. TATE

*To the unknown AUTHOR of the MEDAL, A  
 Satire; and of Absalom and Achitophel.*

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praise,  
 Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise:  
 They knew not the Lov'd DEITY; they knew,  
 Divine effects a cause divine did shew:  
 Nor can we doubt, when such these numbers are,  
 Such is their cause, tho' the worst Muse shall dare  
 Their sacred worth in humble verse declare.

# 6 VERSES IN PRAISE OF

As gentle Thames, charm'd with thy tuneful song,  
Glides in a peaceful majesty along;  
No rebel stone, no lofty bank does brave  
The easy passage of his silent wave:  
So, Sacred Poet, so thy numbers flow,  
Sinewy, yet mild as happy lovers woo;  
Strong, yet harmonious too as planets move,  
Yet soft as down upon the wings of love.  
How sweet does virtue in your dress appear;  
How much more charming, when much less severe!  
Whilst you our senses harmlessly beguile,  
With all th' allurements of your happy style;  
Y' insinuate loyalty with kind deceit,  
And into sense th' unthinking many cheat.  
So the sweet Thracian, with his charming lyre,  
Into rude nature virtue did inspire;  
So he the savage herd to reason drew,  
Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you.  
O that you would, with some such pow'ful charm,  
Enervate Albion to just valour warm!  
Whether much-suffering Charles shall theme afford,  
Or the great deeds of godlike James's sword.  
Again fair Gallia might be ours, again  
Another fleet might pass the subject main,  
Another Edward lead the Britons on,  
Or such an Ossory as you did moan;  
While in such numbers you, in such a strain,  
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.

Let false Achitophel the rout engage,  
Talk easy Absalom to rebel rage;  
Let frugal Shemei curse in holy zeal,  
Or modest Corah more new plots reveal;  
Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,  
Good David still maintains the royal state.  
Tho' each in vain such various ills employs,  
Firmly he stands, and e'en those ills enjoys;

Firm as fair Albion, midst the raging main,  
Surveys incircling danger with disdain,  
In vain the waves assault the unmov'd shore,  
In vain the winds with mingled fury roar,  
Fair Albion's beauteous cliffs shine whiter than before.

Nor shalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conspire,  
Tho' the worse rage of zeal's fanatic fire;  
Thou best, thou greatest of the British race,  
Thou only fit to fill great Charles's place.

Ah wretched Britons ! ah too stubborn isle !  
Ah stiff-neck'd Israel on blest Canaan's soil !  
Are those dear proofs of Heav'n's indulgence vain,  
Restoring David and his gentle reign ?  
Is it in vain thou all the goods dost know,  
Auspicious stars on mortals shed below,  
While all thy streams with milk, thy lands with honey flow ?  
No more, fond isle ! no more thyself engage  
In civil fury, and intestine rage :  
No rebel zeal thy duteous land molest,  
But a smooth calm soothe every peaceful breast.  
While in such charming notes divinely sings  
The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.

J. A D A M S.

On MR DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

[By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.]

**B**E gone, you slaves, you idle vermin go,  
Fly from the scourges, and your master know ;  
Let free, impartial, men from DRYDEN learn  
Mysterious secrets, of a high concern,  
And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,  
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.

# 8 VERSES IN PRAISE OF

What can you (Reverend Levi) here take ill?  
Men still had faults, and men will have them still:  
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do,  
Must be an Angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,  
And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,  
Our sects a more tyrannic pow'r assume,  
And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;  
That Church detain'd the legacy divine;  
Fanatics cast the pearls of Heaven to swine:  
What then have thinking honest men to do,  
But choose a mean between th' usurping two?

Nor can th' Egyptian patriarch blame thy Muse,  
Which for his firmness does his heat excuse:  
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,  
The PREFACE sure was his own act and deed.  
Our Church will have that Preface read, you'll say:  
'Tis true: But so she will th' Apocrypha;  
And such as can believe them, freely may.

But did that God (so little understood)  
Whose darling attribute is being good,  
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring  
Such various creatures, and make Man their King,  
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefest care,  
More wretched than the vilest insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?  
If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey  
To yelling furies, and for ever burn  
In that sad place from whence is no return,  
For unbelief in one they never knew,  
Or for not doing what they could not do!  
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,  
And so do all their followers that rebel:  
If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian stray,  
Shall the great gulph be shew'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind REDEEMER dy'd,  
Or the faln angels rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That CHRIST, who, at the great deciding day,  
 (For he declares what he resolves to say)  
 Will damn the Goats for their ill-natur'd faults,  
 And save the Sheep, for actions, not for thoughts;  
 Hath too much mercy to send men to hell,  
 For humble charity, and hoping well.

To what stupidity are zealots grown,  
 Whose inhumanity, profusely shown  
 In damning crouds of souls, may damn their own!  
 I'll err at least on the securer side,  
 A convert free from malice and from pride.

---

To MR DRYDEN, on his RELIGIO LATY.

THOSE Gods the pious Ancients did adore,  
 They learnt in verse devoutly to implore,  
 Thinking it rude to use the common way  
 Of talk, when they did to such beings pray.  
 Nay, they that taught religion first, thought fit  
 In verse its sacred precepts to transmit:  
 So Solon too did his first statutes draw,  
 And every little stanza was a law.  
 By these few precedents we plainly see  
 The primitive design of poetry;  
 Which by restoring to its native use,  
 You generously have rescu'd from abuse,  
 Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet numbers sing,  
 She vindicates her God, and godlike King.  
 Atheist, and rebel too, she does oppose;  
 (God and the KING have always the same foes.)  
 Legions of verse you raise in their defence,  
 And write the factious to obedience;  
 You the bold Arian to arms defy,  
 A conqu'ring champion for the Deity.

Against the whigs first parents, who did dare  
 To disinherit GOD-ALMIGHTY's Heir.  
 And what the hot-brain'd Arian first began,  
 Is carried on by the Socinian,  
 Who still associates to keep GOD a Man.  
 But 'tis the Prince of Poets task alone  
 T' assert the rights of GOD's and CHARLES's throne.  
 Whilst vulgar poets purchase vulgar fame,  
 By chaunting Chloris' or fair Phillis' name;  
 Whose reputation shall last as long,  
 As Fops and Ladies sing the amorous song.  
 A nobler subject wisely they refuse,  
 The mighty weight would crush their feeble Muse.  
 So story tells: A painter once would try  
 With his bold hand to limn a Deity;  
 And he, by frequent practising that part,  
 Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous art:  
 But when great Jove did to the workman sit,  
 The thunderer such horror did beget,  
 That put the frighted artist to a stand,  
 And made his pencil drop from's baffl'd hand.

---

*To my Friend MR JOHN DRYDEN, on his several excellent translations of the ancient Poets.*

[By G. GRANVILLE, Lord LANSDOWNE.]

A S flow'rs, transplanted from a southern sky,  
 But hardly bear, or in the raising die;  
 Missing their native sun, at best retain  
 But a faint odour, and survive with pain:  
 Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,  
 Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,  
 Is a dead image, and a senseless draught.

While we transfuse, the nimble spirit flies,  
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.  
Who then to copy Roman wit desire,  
Must imitate with Roman force and fire,  
In elegance of style and phrase the same,  
And in the sparkling genius, and the flame :  
Whence we conclude from thy translated song,  
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,  
Celestial Poet ! Soul of harmony !  
That ev'ry genius was reviv'd in thee.  
Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,  
Never to die, and take to heav'n their flight ;  
Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays they shine,  
All glorified, immortal, and divine.  
As Britain, in rich soil abounding wide,  
Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,  
Yet spreads her wanton sails on ev'ry shore  
For foreign wealth, insatiates still of more ;  
To her own wool the silks of Asia joins,  
And to her plenteous harvests India's mines :  
So DRYDEN, not contented with the fame  
Of his own works, tho' an immortal name,  
To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse,  
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose :  
Feasting our sense so many various ways,  
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise ?  
That by comparing others, all might see,  
Who most excel, are yet excel'd by thee.

---

To M R D R Y D E N.—By M R J O. A D D I S O N.

**H**OW long, Great Poet, shall thy sacred lays  
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise !  
Can neither injuries of time, or age,  
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage ?

Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote;  
 Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;  
 Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays  
 The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,  
 And second youth is kindled in thy breast.  
 Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,  
 And England boasts of riches not her own:  
 Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,  
 And Horace wonders at himself in thee.  
 Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle  
 In smoother numbers, and a clearer style;  
 And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,  
 Edges his satire, and improves his rage.  
 Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,  
 And still outshines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts the advantage of thy song,  
 And tells his story in the British tongue;  
 Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show  
 How thy own laurel first began to grow:  
 How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry Gods,  
 And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.

O may'st thou still the noble tale prolong,  
 Nor age, nor sickness interrupt thy song:  
 Then may we wond'ring read, how human limbs  
 Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams,  
 Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould  
 Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:  
 How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,  
 Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.  
 Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal  
 A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon.

June 2, 1693.

*From MR ADDISON'S Account of the English  
POETS.*

**B**UT see where artful DRYDEN next appears,  
Grown old in rhyme, but charming e'en in years.  
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords  
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.  
Whether in comic sounds, or tragic airs  
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles and tears.  
If satire or heroic strains she writes,  
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.  
From her no harsh, unartful numbers fall,  
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all:  
How might we fear our English poetry,  
That long has flourish'd, should decay in thee;  
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,  
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear!  
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store  
Has given already much, and promis'd more.  
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,  
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

*On ALEXANDER'S FEAST; or, The Power  
of Music. An ODE.*

[From MR POPE'S ESSAY on CRITICISM, l. 376.]

**H**EAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,  
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove  
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:  
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow  
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,  
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound.  
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

---

*To MR DRYDEN, upon his translation of the  
 third book of VIRGIL'S Georgics.*

PINDARIC ODE.—By MR JOHN DENNIS.

I.

WHILE mounting with expanded wings  
 The Mantuan swan unbounded heav'n explores,  
 While with seraphic sounds he tow'ring sings,  
 'Till to Divinity he soars :  
 Mankind stands wond'ring at his flight,  
 Charm'd with his music, and his height :  
 Which both transcend our praise.  
 Nay gods incline their ravish'd ears,  
 And tune their own harmonious spheres  
 To his melodious lays.  
 Thou, DRYDEN, canst his notes recite  
 In modern numbers, which express  
 Their music, and their utmost might :  
 Thou, wondrous Poet ! with success  
 Canst emulate his flight.

II.

Sometimes of humble rural things,  
 Thy muse, which keeps great Maro still in sight,  
 In middle air with varied numbers sings ;  
 And sometimes her sonorous flight  
 To heav'n sublimely wings.

But first takes time with majesty to rise,  
Then, without pride, divinely great,  
She mounts her native skies;  
And, goddess-like, retains her state  
When down again she flies.

Commands, which judgment gives, she still obeys,  
Both to depress her flight, and raise.

Thus Mercury from heav'n descends,  
And to this under world his journey bends,  
When Jove his dread commands has giv'n:  
But, still, descending, dignity maintains,  
As much a God upon our humble plains,  
As when he, tow'ring, re-ascends to heav'n.

## III.

But when thy Goddess takes her flight,  
With so much majesty, to such a height,  
As can alone suffice to prove,  
That she descends from mighty Jove:  
Gods! how thy thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine!  
Immortal spirit animates each line;  
Each with bright flame that fires our souls is crown'd,  
Each has magnificence of sound,  
And harmony divine.  
Thus the first orbs, in their high rounds,  
With shining pomp advance;  
And to their own celestial sounds  
Majestically dance.  
On, with eternal symphony, they roll,  
Each turn'd in its harmonious course,  
And each inform'd by the prodigious force  
Of an empyreal soul.

Not that I love thee more than I do  
 Thee, without which I cannot live;  
 She cannot but have a part  
 And, goddess-like, receive her share  
 When down again she lies.

Compounds, which without thee, the Bill  
 Is to be perfect, and the Bill  
 The perfecting of the Bill  
 And to the perfecting of the Bill  
 When love has made commands his law;  
 But still, dearest, thy beauty  
 As much a God upon our hearts  
 As when he, lowly, bows to pray.

But when the Goddess, in her pride,  
 With to temptation, to lead us on;  
 As can alone suffice to prove  
 That the dearest from us is gone;  
 God! how thy thoughts, thy thoughts, and thine;  
 Immortal spirit, as in each line;  
 Each with bright lines, in our hearts;  
 Each has made his home in our hearts.

And when, in our hearts,  
 This the first step, in the high course;  
 With this, the first step, in the high course;  
 And to their own, in the high course;  
 Mistakenly, in the high course;  
 On, with every step, in the high course;  
 And each, in the high course;  
 Ut an angel, in the high course.

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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

HEROIC STANZAS,  
On the DEATH of OLIVER CROMWELL.

*Written after his Funeral.*

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haste,  
Who would before have borne him to the sky,  
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,  
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

II.

Tho' our best notes are treason to his fame,  
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;  
Since Heaven, what praise we offer to his name,  
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Tho' in his praise no arts can lib'ral be,  
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,  
Add not to his immortal memory,  
But do an act of friendship to their own:

## IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,  
 Such monuments, as we can build, to raise;  
 Lest all the world prevent what we should do,  
 And claim a title in him by their praise.

## V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,  
 To draw a fame so truly circular?  
 For, in a round, what order can be shew'd,  
 Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

## VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from Heav'n alone;  
 For he was great ere fortune made him so:  
 And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,  
 Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

## VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,  
 But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;  
 Nor was his virtue poison'd, soon as born,  
 With the too early thoughts of being king.

## VIII.

Fortune (that easy mistress to the young,  
 But to her ancient servants coy and hard)  
 Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,  
 When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

## IX.

He private mark'd the fault of others' sway,  
 And set as sea-marks for himself to run:  
 Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray  
 By acts, their age too late would wish undone.

## X.

And yet dominion was not his design:  
 We owe that blessing, not to him, but Heav'n,  
 Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join;  
 Rewards, that less to him than us were given.

## XI.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,  
 First fought t' inflame the parties, then to poise:  
 The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor;  
 And did not strike to hurt, but made a noise.

## XII.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade:  
 He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;  
 He fought to hinder fighting, and assay'd  
 To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

## XIII.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,  
 Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,  
 And made to battles such heroic haste,  
 As if on wings of victory he flew.

## XIV.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame:  
 Still by new maps the island might be shewn,  
 Of conquests, which he strew'd where-e'er he came,  
 Thick as the Galaxy with stars is sown.

## XV.

His palms, tho' under weights they did not stand,  
 Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:  
 Heav'n in its portrait shew'd a workman's hand,  
 And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

## XVI.

Peace was the price of all its toil and care,  
 Which war had banish'd, and did now restore:  
 Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,  
 To seat themselves more surely than before.

## XVII.

Her safety rescu'd Ireland to him owes;  
 And treach'rous Scotland, to no int'rest true,  
 Yet bless'd that fate, which did his arms dispose  
 Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

## XVIII.

Nor was he like those stars, which only shine,  
When to pale mariners they storms portend :  
He had his calmer influence, and his mien  
Did love and majesty together blend.

## XIX.

'Tis true, his count'nance did imprint an awe ;  
And naturally all souls to his did bow,  
As wands of divination downward draw,  
And point to beds where sov'reign gold doth grow.

## XX.

When past all off'rings to Feretrian Jove,  
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield ;  
Successful councils did him soon approve  
As fit for close intrigues, as open field.

## XXI.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,  
Our once bold rival of the British main,  
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,  
And by our friendship with her idol, Gain.

## XXII.

Fame of th' asserted sea through Europe blown,  
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love ;  
Each knew that side must conquer he would own ;  
And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

## XXIII.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,  
Than the late Monsieur the grave Don outweigh'd :  
His fortune turn'd the scale where it was cast ;  
Tho' Indian mines were in the other laid.

## XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right :  
For tho' that some mean artist's skill were shown  
In mingling colours, or in placing light ;  
Yet still the fair designment was his own.

## XXV.

For from all tempers he could service draw ;  
The worth of each with its allay he knew,  
And, as the confident of Nature, saw  
How the complexions did divide and brew.

## XXVI.

Or he their single virtues did survey,  
By intuition in his own large breast,  
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,  
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

## XXVII.

When such heroic virtue Heav'n sets out,  
The stars, like commons, fullenly obey ;  
Because it drains them when it comes about,  
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

## XXVIII.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,  
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend ;  
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,  
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

## XXIX.

He made us free-men of the continent,  
Whom Nature did like captives treat before ;  
To nobler preys the English lion sent,  
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

## XXX.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,  
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard ;  
And trembling wish'd behind more Alps to stand,  
Altho' an Alexander were her guard.

## XXXI.

By his command, we boldly cross'd the line,  
And bravely fought where southern stars arise ;  
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,  
And that, which brib'd our fathers, made our prize.

## XXXII.

Such was our prince ; yet own'd a soul above  
The highest acts it could produce to show :  
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,  
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

## XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went less,  
But when fresh laurels courted him to live :  
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,  
As if above what triumphs earth can give.

## XXXIV.

His latest victories still thickest came,  
As, near the centre, motion doth increase ;  
'Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,  
Did, like the vestal, under spoils de cease.

## XXXV.

But first the ocean as a tribute sent  
That giant prince of all her watery herd ;  
And th' isle, when her protecting genius went,  
Upon his obsequies loud sighs confer'd.

## XXXVI.

No civil broils have since his death arose,  
But faction now by habit does obey ;  
And wars have that respect for his repose,  
As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea.

## XXXVII.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,  
His name a great example stands, to show  
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,  
Where piety and valour jointly go.

## ASTRÆA REDUX,

*A POEM on the happy Restoration and Return  
of his Sacred Majesty CHARLES II. 1660.*

*Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturneia Regna.* VIRG.

NOW with a general peace the world was blest,

While ours, a world divided from the rest,

A dreadful quiet felt, and, worser far

Than arms, a fullen interval of war :

Thus, when black clouds draw down the lab'ring skies,

Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,

And in that silence we the tempest fear.

Th' ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost,

On this hand gaining what on that he lost,

Tho' in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,

To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd :

And Heav'n, that seem'd regardless of our fate,

For France and Spain did miracles create :

Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace,

As nature bred, and int'rest did increase.

We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride

Must grow a lilly to the lilly's side,

While our cross stars deny'd us Charles his bed,

Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.

For his long absence-church and state did grone ;

Madness the pulpit, faction seiz'd the throne ;

Experienc'd age in deep despair was lost,

To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross.

Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,

Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had seen :

We thought our fires, not with their own content,

Had ere we came to age our portion spent.

Nor could our Nobles hope, their bold attempt,  
Who ruined crowns, would coronets exempt :  
For when, by their designing leaders taught  
To strike at power, which for themselves they fought,  
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd,  
Their blood to action by their prize was warm'd.  
The sacred purple then, and scarlet gown,  
Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.  
Thus when the bold Typhœus scal'd the sky,  
And forc'd great Jove from his own heav'n to fly,  
(What king, what crown from treason's reach is free,  
If Jove and Heav'n can violated be ?)  
The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosp'rous state,  
All suffer'd in the exil'd thund'rer's fate.  
The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,  
As winds at sea that use it to destroy :  
Blind as the Cyclops, and as wild as he,  
They own'd a lawless savage liberty,  
Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,  
Ere empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.  
How great were then our Charles his woes, who thus  
Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us !  
He, tosd by fate, and hurry'd up and down,  
Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,  
Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age,  
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.  
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,  
His manly courage overcame his fate.  
His wounds he took, like Romans on his breast,  
Which by his virtue were with laurels drest.  
As souls reach heav'n while yet in bodies pent,  
So did he live above his banishment.  
That sun, which we beheld with coz'n'd eyes  
Within the water, mov'd along the skies.  
How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,  
With full-spread sails to run before the wind !

But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,  
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.  
He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,  
But stay'd and suffer'd fortune to repent.  
These virtues Galba in a stranger sought;  
And Piso to adopted empire brought.  
How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,  
That must his suff'rings both regret and bless!  
For when his early valour Heav'n had cross'd,  
And all at Worcester but the honour lost,  
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,  
He made all countries, where he came, his own;  
And viewing Monarchs secret arts of sway,  
A royal factor for their kingdoms lay.  
Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,  
When to be God's Anointed was his crime,  
And, when restor'd, made his proud neighbours rue  
Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.  
Nor is he only by afflictions shown  
To conquer other realms, but rule his own:  
Recov'ring hardly what he lost before,  
His right endears it much, his purchase more.  
Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,  
No rash procedure will his actions stain:  
To bus'ness ripen'd by digestive thought,  
His future rule is into method brought;  
As they, who first proportion understand,  
With easy practice reach a master's hand.  
Well might the ancient poets then confer  
On night the honour'd name of Counsellor,  
Since, struck with rays of prosp'rous fortune blind,  
We light alone in dark afflictions find.  
In such adversities to scepters train'd,  
The name of Great his famous grandfire gain'd:  
Who yet a King alone in name and right,  
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;

Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast pow'rs,  
 As holy and as catholic as ours :  
 'Till fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,  
 Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.

Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,  
 No action leave to busy chronicles :  
 Such, whose supine felicity but makes  
 In story chasms, in epochas mistakes ;  
 O'er whom time gently shakes his wings of down,  
 'Till with his silent sickle they are mown.  
 Such is not Charles his too too active age,  
 Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage  
 Of some black star infecting all the skies,  
 Made him at his own cost like Adam wise.  
 Tremble, ye nations, who, secure before,  
 Laugh'd at those arms, that 'gainst ourselves we bore ;  
 Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,  
 Our lion now will foreign foes assail.  
 With Alga who the sacred altar strows ?  
 To all the sea-gods Charles an off'ring owes :  
 A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,  
 A lamb to you the tempests of the main :  
 For those loud storms, that did against him roar,  
 Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.  
 Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,  
 That by degrees they from each other go ;  
 Black steels unheeded from the neighb'ring white,  
 Without offending the well-cozen'd sight :  
 So on us stole our blessed change ; while we  
 Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.  
 Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny  
 To flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie,  
 Do seldom their usurping pow'r withdraw,  
 But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.  
 Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,  
 But lost in kindly heat of length'ned day.

Heav'n would no bargain for its blessings drive,  
But, what we could not pay for, freely give.  
The Prince of peace would, like himself, confer  
A gift unhop'd without the price of war:  
Yet, as he knew his blessings worth, took care,  
That we should know it by repeated pray'r;  
Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,  
As Heav'n itself is took by violence.  
Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show,  
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:  
Th' attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed hour  
Not come: So, like the watchful traveller,  
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,  
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.  
'Twas M o n k, whom Providence design'd to loose  
Those real bonds false freedom did impose.  
The blessed saints, that watch'd this turning scene,  
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,  
To see small clues draw vastest weights along,  
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.  
Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore  
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.  
With ease such fond chimæra's we pursue,  
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:  
But when ourselves to action we betake,  
It shuns the mint like gold that chymists make.  
How hard was then his task, at once to be  
What in the body natural we see?  
Man's architect distinctly did ordain  
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain;  
Through viewless conduits spirits do dispense  
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.  
'Twas not the hasty product of a day,  
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.  
He, like a patient angler, e'er he strook,  
Would let them play a-while upon the hook.

Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,  
At first embracing what it streight doth crush.  
Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,  
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude;  
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,  
'Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.  
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,  
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,  
And guard with caution that polluted nest,  
Whence legion twice before was dispossess'd:  
Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,  
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;  
Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,  
While to excess on martyrs tombs they drink.  
And as devouter Turks first warn their souls  
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:  
So these, when their black crimes they went about,  
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.  
Religion's name against itself was made;  
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade:  
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend  
Of souls in shew, but made the gold their end.  
Th' incens'd pow'rs beheld with scorn from high  
An heaven so far distant from the sky,  
Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the ground,  
And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound.  
'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit  
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.  
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,  
Lost by his wiles the pow'r his wit did gain.  
Henceforth their Fougue \* must spend at lesser rate,  
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.  
Suffer'd to live, they are like helots set,  
A virtuous shame within us to beget.

\* Their Fury. A French word.

For by example most we sinn'd before,  
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.  
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,  
We by our suff'rings learn to prize our bliss.  
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts  
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,  
When once they find their jealousies were vain,  
With double heat renew their fires again.  
'Twas this produc'd the joy, that hurry'd o'er  
Such swarms of English to the neighb'ring shore.  
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made  
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.  
Oh had you seen from Scheveline's barren shore,  
(Crouded with troops, and barren now no more)  
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring  
True sorrow, Holland to regret a King!  
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,  
And willing winds to their low'r'd sails deny'd.  
The way'ring streamers, flags, and standards out,  
The merry seamens rude but chearful shout;  
And last the cannons voice that shook the skies,  
And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,  
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.  
The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,  
But better to be lost in Charles his name,  
(Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)  
Receives her lord: The joyful London meets  
The princely York, himself alone a freight;  
The Swiftsure groans beneath great Glouc'ster's weight.  
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these,  
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.  
Heav'n could not own a providence, and take  
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.  
The same indulgence Charles his voyage blest'd,  
Which in his right had miracles confess'd.

Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,  
 At first embracing what it streight doth crush.  
 Wife leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,  
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The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.  
The same indulgence Charles his voyage bless'd,  
Which in his right had miracles confess'd.

The winds that never moderation knew,  
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;  
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge  
Their straightned lungs, or conscious of their charge.  
The British Amphytrite, smooth and clear,  
In richer azure never did appear;  
Proud her returning Prince to entertain  
With the submitted fasces of the main.

AND welcome now, great Monarch, to your own;  
Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion:  
It is no longer motion cheats your view,  
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.  
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,  
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.  
But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,  
Your heav'nly parentage and earthly too;  
By that same mildness, which your father's crown  
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.  
Not try'd to rules of policy, you find  
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.  
Thus, when th' ALMIGHTY would to Moses give  
A sight of all he could behold and live;  
A voice before his entry did proclaim  
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy in his name:  
Your pow'r to justice doth submit your cause,  
Your goodness only is above the laws;  
Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,  
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,  
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,  
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.  
And as those lees, that trouble it, refine  
The agitated soul of generous wine:  
So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,  
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.

Methinks I see those crouds on Dover's strand,  
Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,  
Chok'd up the beach with their still growing store,  
And made a wilder torrent on the shore :

While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,  
Those, who had seen you, court a second sight :  
Preventing still your steps, and making haste  
To meet you often wherefoe'er you pass.  
How shall I speak of that triumphant day,  
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May !

(A month that owns an interest in your name :  
You and the flow'rs are its peculiar claim.)  
That star, that at your birth shone out so bright,  
It stain'd the duller Sun's meridian light,  
Did once again its potent fires renew,  
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.

And now time's whiter series is begun,  
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run :  
Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,  
Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.  
Our nation with united int'rest blest,  
Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.  
Abroad our empire shall no limits know,  
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.  
Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide command,  
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land :  
And as old time his offspring swallow'd down,  
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.  
Their wealthy trade from pirate's rapine free,  
Our merchants shall no more advent'ers be :  
Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear,  
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.  
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes ;  
For what the pow'rful takes not, he bestows :  
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,  
May justly apprehend you still too near.

At home the hateful names of parties cease,  
 And factious souls are weary'd into peace.  
 The discontented now are only they,  
 Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:  
 Of those your edicts some reclaim from sins,  
 But most your life and blest example wins.  
 Oh happy Prince, whom Heaven hath taught the way  
 By paying vows to have more vows to pay!  
 Oh happy age! oh times like those alone,  
 By fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne!  
 When the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew  
 The world a monarch, and that monarch You.

---

*A PANEGYRICK on the Coronation of King*  
**CHARLES II. 1660.**

**I**N that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,  
 When life and sin one common tomb had found,  
 The first small prospect of a rising hill  
 With various notes of joy the ark did fill:  
 Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,  
 It left behind it false and slipp'ry ground;  
 And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,  
 'Till new-born Nature in fresh looks appear'd.  
 Thus, Royal Sir, to see you landed here,  
 Was cause enough of triumph for a year;  
 Nor would your care these glorious joys repeat,  
 'Till they at once might be secure and great:  
 'Till your kind beams, by their continu'd stay,  
 Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.  
 Such vapours, while your pow'rful influence dries,  
 Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.  
 Had greater haste these sacred rites prepar'd,  
 Some guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd:

But this untainted year is all your own ;  
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.  
We had not yet exhausted all our store,  
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more :  
As Heav'n, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,  
You give us manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,  
The season too comes fraught with new delight :  
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,  
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop :  
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy spring,  
And open'd scenes of flow'rs and blossoms bring,  
To grace this happy day, while you appear,  
Not King of us alone, but of the year.

All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart ;  
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part :  
Loud shouts the nations happiness proclaim,  
And Heav'n this day is feasted with your name.  
Your cavalcade the fair spectators view,  
From their high standings, yet look up to you.

From your brave train each singles out a prey,  
And longs to date a conquest from your day.  
Now charg'd with blessings while you seek repose,  
Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close ;

And glorious dreams stand ready to restore  
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.

Next, to the sacred temple you are led,  
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head :

How justly from the church that crown is due,  
Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you !

The grateful choir their harmony employ,  
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.

Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high,  
As flames do on the wings of incense fly :

Musick herself is lost ; in vain she brings  
Her choicest notes to praise the best of Kings :

Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,  
And lie like bees in their own sweetness drown'd.  
He that brought peace, and discord could atone,  
His name is music of itself alone.  
Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,  
And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread  
Through the large dome, the people's joyful sound,  
Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground :  
Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you,  
As heightned spirits fall in richer dew.  
Not that our wishes do increase your store,  
Full of yourself you can admit no more :  
We add not to your glory, but employ  
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.  
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,  
Create that joy, but full fruition :  
We know those blessings, which we must possess,  
And judge of future by past happiness.  
No promise can oblige a Prince so much  
Still to be good, as long to have been such.  
A noble emulation heats your breast,  
And your own fame now robs you of your rest.  
Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,  
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.  
You have already quench'd sedition's brand ;  
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.  
The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause  
So far from their own will as to the laws,  
You for their umpire and their synod take,  
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.  
Kind Heav'n so rare a temper did provide,  
That guilt repenting might in it confide.  
Among our crimes oblivion may be set ;  
But 'tis our King's perfection to forget.  
Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes  
From milder Heav'ns you bring, without their crimes.

Your calmness does no after-storms provide,  
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.  
When empire first from families did spring,  
Then every father govern'd as a King.  
But you, that are a Sov'reign Prince, allay  
Imperial pow'r with your paternal sway.  
From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,  
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends;  
Born to command the mistress of the seas,  
Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please.  
Hither in Summer ev'nings you repair,  
To take the *fraicheur* of the purer air:  
Undaunted here you ride when Winter raves,  
With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.  
More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays;  
No loyal subject dares that courage praise.  
In stately frigates most delight you find,  
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.  
What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,  
When even your pleasures serve for our defence.  
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,  
Where in new depths the wond'ring fishes glide:  
Here in a royal bed the waters sleep;  
When tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.  
Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,  
So safe are all things which our King protects.  
From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,  
Second alone to that it brought in you;  
A Queen, from whose chaste womb, ordain'd by fate,  
The souls of Kings unborn for bodies wait.  
It was your love before made discord cease:  
Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.  
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide  
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.  
This to a mighty King presents rich ore,  
While that with incense does a God implore.

Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,  
 This must receive a crown, or that must lose.  
 Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,  
 Are answers sought, and destinies fore-told :  
 Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,  
 And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.  
 Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,  
 Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate :  
 Choose only, Sir, that so they may possess  
 With their own peace their childrens' happiness.

---

*To the LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.*

[Presented on New-Years-Day, 1662.]

MY LORD,

**W**HILE flatt'ring crouds officiously appear,  
 To give themselves, not you, an happy year;  
 And by the greatness of their presents prove  
 How much they hope, but not how well they love ;  
 The Muses (who your early courtship boast,  
 Though now your flames are with their beauty lost)  
 Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot  
 They were your mistresses, the world may not :  
 Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove  
 Their former beauty by your former love ;  
 And now present, as ancient Ladies do,  
 That courted long, at length are forc'd to wooe.  
 For still they look on you with such kind eyes,  
 As those that see the church's Sovereign rise ;  
 From their own order chose, in whose high state  
 They think themselves the second choice of fate.  
 When our great monarch into exile went,  
 Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.

Thus once, when Troy was wrap'd in fire and smoke,  
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;  
They with the vanquish'd Prince and party go,  
And leave their temples empty to the foe.  
At length the Muses stand, restor'd again  
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;  
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by fate,  
While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.  
The nation's soul, our Monarch, does dispense,  
Through you, to us his vital influence;  
You are the channel, where those spirits flow,  
And work them higher, as to us they go.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,  
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky:  
So in this hemisphere our utmost view  
Is only bounded by our King and you:  
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,  
And beyond that no farther Heaven can find.  
So well your virtues do with his agree,  
That, though your orbs of diff'rent greatness be,  
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,  
His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd.  
Nor could another in your room have been,  
Except an emptiness had come between.  
Well may he then to you his cares impart,  
And share his burden where he shares his heart:  
In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find  
Their share of bus'ness in your lab'ring mind.  
So when the weary sun his place resigns,  
He leaves his light, and by reflexion shines.

Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws  
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,  
In your tribunal most herself does please;  
There only smiles because she lives at ease;  
And, like young David, finds her strength the more,  
When disincumber'd from those arms she wore.

Heav'n would your Royal Master should exceed  
Most in that virtue, which we most did need ;  
And his mild father (who too late did find  
All mercy vain, but what with pow'r was join'd)  
His fatal goodness left to sifter times,  
Not to increase, but to absolve our crimes :  
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew  
How large a legacy was left to you,  
(Too great for any subject to retain)  
He wisely ty'd it to the crown again :  
Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,  
As streams, thro' mines, bear tincture of their ore.  
While emp'ric politicians use deceit,  
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat ;  
You boldly shew that skill, which they pretend,  
And work by means as noble as your end :  
Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue,  
As men do Nature, 'till we came to you.  
And as the Indies were not found, before  
Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,  
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,  
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd ;  
So by your counsels we are brought to view  
A rich and undiscover'd world in you.  
By you our Monarch does that fame assure,  
Which Kings must have, or cannot live secure :  
For prosp'rous Princes gain their subjects heart,  
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.  
By you he fits those subjects to obey,  
As Heav'n's eternal Monarch does convey  
His pow'r unseen, and man to his designs  
By his bright ministers the stars inclines.  
Our setting sun, from his declining seat,  
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat :  
And, when his love was bounded in a few,  
That were unhappy that they might be true,

Made you the fav'rite of his last sad times,  
 That is, a suff'rer in his subjects crimes :  
 Thus those first favours, you receiv'd, were sent,  
 Like Heaven's rewards, in earthly punishment.  
 Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,  
 E'en then took care to lay you softly by ;  
 And wrap'd your fate among her precious things,  
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your King's.  
 Shewn all at once you dazzled to our eyes,  
 As new-born Pallas did the gods surprize :  
 When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,  
 She struck the warlike spear into the ground ;  
 Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,  
 And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the arts of peace,  
 Whose restless motions less than wars do cease !  
 Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise ;  
 And war more force, but not more pains, employs :  
 Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,  
 That, like the earth's, it leaves our sense behind.  
 While you so smoothly turn and rowl our sphere,  
 That rapid motion does but rest appear.  
 For, as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng  
 Of flying orbs while ours is born along,  
 All seems at rest to the deluded eye,  
 Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony :  
 So, carry'd on by your unwearied care,  
 We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.  
 Let envy then those crimes within you see,  
 From which the happy never must be free ;  
 Envy, that does with misery reside,  
 The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.  
 Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate  
 You can secure the constancy of fate,  
 Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,  
 By lesser ills the greater to redeem.

Nor can we this weak show'r a tempest call,  
 But drops of heat, that in the sun-shine fall.  
 You have already weary'd Fortune so,  
 She cannot farther be your friend or foe;  
 But sits all breathless, and admires to see  
 A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel.  
 In all things else above our humble fate,  
 Your equal mind yet swells not into state;  
 But, like some mountain in those happy isles,  
 Where in perpetual Spring young Nature smiles,  
 Your greatness shews: No horror to affright,  
 But trees for shade, and flow'rs to court the sight:  
 Sometimes the hill submits itself a while  
 In small descents, which do its height beguile;  
 And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,  
 Whose rise not hinders but makes short our way.  
 Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,  
 Sees rowling tempests vainly beat below;  
 And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears  
 Of love and friendship writ in former years.  
 Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,  
 Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.  
 Thus heav'nly bodies do our time beget,  
 And measure change, but share no part of it.  
 And still it shall without a weight increase,  
 Like this new-year, whose motions never cease.  
 For since the glorious course you have begun,  
 Is led by CHARLES, as that is by the Sun,  
 It must both weightless and immortal prove,  
 Because the centre of it is above.

S.

*Annus Mirabilis:*

T H E

Y E A R of W O N D E R S,

M, DC, LXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

AN HISTORICAL POEM

M. DCC. LXXV

YEAR OF WONDER

T. H. E.

Annals Mirabilis

# AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING POEM.

In a LETTER to

The Hon. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me,—and now, instead of an acknowledgement, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject, which any poet could desire. I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and success, of a most just and necessary war: In it, the care, management, and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a Royal Admiral, and of two incomparable Generals; the invincible courage of our Captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest argument that can be imagined; the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this

poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it: And I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the Nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this, but to a person, who has been ever forward to appear in all employments, whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our Monarch to his suffering subjects, —and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem Historical, not Epic, tho' both the actions and actors are as much heroic, as any poem can contain. But, since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the *Æneids*. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those, who rank Lucan, rather among Historians in verse, than Epic Poets: In whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judg'd them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have, certainly, a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme, and were less constrain'd in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of gram-

metrical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion; for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet: But in quatrains, he is to carry it farther on; and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those, who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be consider'd in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practised: And for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelle*, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman: All which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to *Gondibert*; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea: And if there be any such, in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his *Pharsalia*, yet I could not prevail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed, among our Poets, of the thundering of guns,

the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter ; but all these are common notions. And certainly, as those, who, in a logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy ; so those, who do it in any poetical description, would veil their ignorance.

*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,  
Cur ego, si neque ignoroque, Poeta salutor ?*

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn : And if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them ; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet, though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompens'd by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family, so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have perform'd on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments ; but this has been bountiful to me. They have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful : But here—*Omnia sponte sua reddidit justissima tellus*. I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field, so fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a Summer, and in both oppress'd the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit : It will not endure the test of danger ; the greatness of arms is only real : Other greatness burdens a nation with its weight ; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of

the best of Kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him ; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince.— But to return from this digression, to a farther account of my poem ; I must crave leave to tell you, that, as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems, is, or ought to be, of Wit ; and wit in the Poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, 'till it springs the quarry it hunted after ; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things, which it designs to represent. Wit written, is that which is well defin'd ; the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem ; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomasia ; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, effected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil ; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully, than Nature. So, then, the first happiness of the Poet's imagination, is properly invention, or finding of the thought ; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject ; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so sound and varied, in

apt, significant, and sounding words : The quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets ; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care ; for he pictures Nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be suppos'd the effect of sudden thought ; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that shews remoteness of thought, or labour, in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own : He relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty, than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour, as the force of his imagination. Tho' he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Alchiza, of Ovid ; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that, if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them : And that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil ! We see the objects he presents us with, in their native figures, in their proper motions ; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of

the Poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures :

— *Totamque infusa per artus*  
*Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.*

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

— *lumenque juventa*  
*Purpureum, & letos oculis afflarat honores :*  
*Quale manus addunt Ebori decus, aut ubi flavo*  
*Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.*

See his tempest, his funeral sports, his combat of Turnus and Æneas ; and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the plague, the country, the battle of bulls, the labour of the bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up : But the words, wherewith he describes them, are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Materiam superabat opus* : The very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject ; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which, you know, change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification ; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Piso's :

*Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum*  
*Reddiderit junctura novum*—

But I am sensible, I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art, which you both

know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem. I have followed him every where; I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough. My images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say, refin'd) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant, in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

*Et nova, fistaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si  
Græco fonte cadunt, parce detorta—*

The inference is exceeding plain: For if a Roman Poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege, to do it, with the same pre-requisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy, or the words, were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affection of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poetry: For they beget admiration, which

is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter: For the one shews nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shews her deformed, as in that of a Lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from Nature. But though the same images serve equally for the Epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, *Stantes in curribus Æmiliani*, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, *Spirantia mollius æra*: There is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shewn in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accus'd them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did *humi serpere*, that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, *Nunc non erat his locus*. I knew I addressed them to a Lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

To Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS, on  
the memorable victory gained by the DUKE  
against the *Hollanders*, June the 3d, 1665.  
And on her Journey afterwards into the  
North.

MADAM,

WHEN, for our sakes, your hero you resign'd  
To swelling seas, and every faithless wind ;  
When you releas'd his courage, and set free  
A valour fatal to the enemy ;  
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breast,  
(The mansion where soft love should only rest)  
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,  
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.  
Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide !  
Your honour gave us what your love deny'd :  
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue  
Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.  
That glorious day, which two such navies saw,  
As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give law,  
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,  
Held to them both the trident of the sea :  
The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast,  
As awfully as when God's people past :  
Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,  
These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.  
Then with the Duke your Highness rul'd the day :  
While all the brave did his command obey,  
The fair and pious under you did pray.  
How pow'rful are chaste vows ! the wind and tide  
You brib'd to combat on the English side.  
Thus to your much-lov'd Lord you did convey  
An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.

New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,  
(So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)  
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,  
Like distant thunder on a shiny day.  
For absent friends we were asham'd to fear,  
When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.  
Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore,  
But such a leader could supply no more.  
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,  
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.  
Fortune and victory he did pursue,  
To bring them as his slaves to wait on you.  
Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame,  
And the Fair triumph'd when the Brave o'ercame.  
Then, as you meant to spread another way  
By land your conquests, far as his by sea,  
Leaving our Southern clime, you march'd along  
The stubborn North, ten thousand cubits strong.  
Like Commons the Nobility resort,  
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court :  
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,  
Like some new envoy from the distant sun,  
And country beauties by their lovers go,  
Blessing themselves, and wondring at the show.  
So when the new-born Phoenix first is seen,  
Her feather'd subjects all adore their Queen,  
And while she makes her progress through the East,  
From every grove her numerous train's increast :  
Each poet of the air her glory sings,  
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

And now, Sir, 'tis time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I

hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks, *Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant*. I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come in to the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots. If not, you know the story of the gamester, who married the rich man's daughter, and, when her father denied the portion, christen'd all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things who, is,

S I R,

The most Obedient, and most

Faithful of your Servants,

From Charlton in Wiltshire,

Nov. 10, 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

# ANNUS MIRABILIS:

The YEAR of

W O N D E R S,

M, DC, LXVI.

**I**N thriving arts long time had Holland grown,  
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad :  
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own ;  
Our King they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

**II.**  
Trade, which, like blood, should circularly flow,  
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost :  
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,  
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

**III.**  
For them alone the Heav'n's had kindly heat,  
\* In Eastern quarries ripening precious dew :  
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,  
And in hot Ceilon spicy forests grew.

**IV.**  
The Sun but seem'd the lab'rer of the year ;  
† Each waxing moon supply'd her wat'ry store,

\* *In Eastern quarries, &c.*] Precious stones at first are dew, condens'd and hardened by the warmth of the Sun, or subterranean fires.

† *Each waxing, &c.*] According to their opinion, who think, that great heap of waters, under the line, is depressed into tides, by the moon, towards the poles.

To swell those tides, which from the line did bear  
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

## V.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,  
And swept the riches of the world from far;  
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong:  
And this may prove our second Punic war.

## VI.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?  
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)  
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;  
For they would grow too pow'rful, were it long.

## VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd so far,  
That each seven years the fit must shake each land:  
Where France will side to weaken us by war,  
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

## VIII.

See how he feeds th' \* Iberian with delays,  
To render us his timely friendship vain:  
And, while his secret soul on Flanders preys,  
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

## IX.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay  
O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in hand;  
And, prudently, would make them Lords at sea,  
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

## X.

This saw our King; and long within his breast  
His penfivè counfels balanc'd to and fro:  
He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd,  
And he less for it than usurpers do.

\* *Tb' Iberian.*] The Spaniard.

## XI.

His gen'rous mind the fair ideas drew  
 Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;  
 Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,  
 Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

## XII.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;  
 And still his subjects call'd aloud for war:  
 But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,  
 Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

## XIII.

He, first, survey'd the charge with careful eyes,  
 Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;  
 Yet judg'd, like vapours that from Limbecks rise,  
 It would in richer showers descend again.

## XIV.

At length resolv'd t' assert the wat'ry ball,  
 He in himself did whole Armado's bring:  
 Him aged seamen might their master call,  
 And choose for General, were he not their King.

## XV.

It seems as ev'ry ship their Sovereign knows,  
 His awful summons they so soon obey;  
 So hear the scaly herd when \* Proteus blows,  
 And so to pasture follow through the sea.

## XVI.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,  
 Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;  
 And Heav'n, as if there wanted lights above,  
 For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

\* *When Proteus blows.*] Cœruleus Proteus immania ponti  
 Armenta & magnas pascit sub gurgite phocas.

VIRG.

## XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,  
 Fir'd by the sun, or seeming so alone :  
 Or each some more remote and slippery star,  
 Which loses footing when to mortals shewn.

## XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,  
 Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born King ;  
 And now, a round of greater years begun,  
 New influence from his walks of light did bring.

## XIX.

Victorious York did, first, with fam'd success,  
 To his known valour make the Dutch give place :  
 Thus Heav'n our monarch's fortune did confess,  
 Beginning conquest from his royal race.

## XX.

But since it was decreed, auspicious King,  
 In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,  
 Heav'n, as a gage, would cast some precious thing,  
 And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.

## XXI.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,  
 Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament ;  
 Thus as an off'ring for the Grecian state,  
 He first was kill'd, who first to battle went.

## XXII.

\* Their Chief blown up, in air, not waves, expir'd,  
 To which his pride presum'd to give the law :  
 The Dutch confess'd Heav'n present, and retir'd,  
 And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

## XXIII.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,  
 Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd :

\* The Admiral of Holland.

So rev'rently men quit the open air,  
When thunder speaks the angry Gods abroad.

## XXIV.

\* And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,  
With all the riches of the rising sun :  
And precious sand † from Southern climates brought,  
The fatal regions where the war begun.

## XXV.

Like hunted Castors, conscious of their store,  
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coasts they bring :  
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,  
And Winter brooded on the Eastern spring.

## XXVI.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,  
Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie :  
And round about their murd'ring cannon lay,  
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

## XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,  
The English undertake th' unequal war :  
Seven ships alone by which the port is barr'd,  
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

## XXVIII.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those :  
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy •  
And to such height their frantic passion grows,  
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

## XXIX.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,  
And now their odours arm'd against them fly :

\* The Attempt at Berghen.

† Southern Climates.] Guinea.

Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,  
And some by aromatic splinters die.

## XXX.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,  
In Heav'n's inclemency some ease we find:  
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,  
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

## XXXI.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;  
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd  
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,  
The British ocean sent her mighty Lord.

## XXXII.

Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain  
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:  
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,  
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

## XXXIII.

The Son, who, twice three months on th' ocean tost,  
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,  
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,  
And parents arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

## XXXIV.

This careful husband had been long away,  
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;  
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day,  
On which their father promis'd to return.

## XXXV.

\* Such are the proud designs of human-kind,  
And so we suffer shipwreck every where!  
Alas, what port can such a pilot find,  
Who in the night of fate must blindly steer?

\* *Such are, &c.*] From Petronius; *Si bene calculum  
ponas ubique naufragium.*

## XXXVI.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill  
 Heav'n, in his bosom, from our knowledge hides :  
 And draws them in contempt of human skill,  
 Which oft, for friends, mistaken foes provides.

## XXXVII.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,  
 In whom we seek the \* German faith in vain :  
 Alas, that he should teach the English first,  
 That fraud and avarice in the church could reign !

## XXXVIII.

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,  
 Whose friendship's in his interest understood !  
 Since money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,  
 When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

## XXXIX.

'Till now, alone the mighty nations strove ;  
 The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand :  
 And † threatening France plac'd like a painted Jove,  
 Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

## XL.

That cunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,  
 Who envies us what he wants pow'r t' enjoy ;  
 Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,  
 And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

## XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,  
 He takes this time his secret hate to shew :  
 Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,  
 As one that neither seeks, nor shuns his foe.

\* *The German faith.*] Tacitus faith of them, *Nullo mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos esse.*

† War declar'd by France.

## XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:  
 France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.  
 But when with one three nations join to fight,  
 They silently confess that one more brave.

## XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;  
 But Charles the French as subjects does invite:  
 Would Heav'n for each some Solomon restore,  
 Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

## XLIV.

Were subjects so but only by their choice,  
 And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,  
 Our Prince alone would have the public voice;  
 And all his neighbours realms would desarts make.

## XLV.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,  
 Which without rashness he began before.  
 As honour made him first the danger choose,  
 So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

## XLVI.

The doubled charge his subjects love supplies,  
 Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:  
 So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,  
 And in his plenty their abundance find.

## XLVII.

With equal pow'r he does \* two Chiefs create,  
 Two such as each seem'd worthiest when alone;  
 Each able to sustain a nation's fate,  
 Since both had found a greater in their own.

## XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,  
 Yet neither envious of the other's praise;

\* Prince Rupert and Duke Albemarle sent to sea.

Their duty, faith, and int'rest too the same,  
Like mighty part'ners equally they raise.

## XLIX.

The Prince long time had courted fortune's love,  
But once possess'd did absolutely reign :  
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,  
And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

## L.

The Duke beheld, like Scipio with disdain,  
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more ;  
And shook aloft the fasces of the main,  
To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

## LI.

Together to the wat'ry camp they haste,  
Whom matrons passing to their children shew :  
Infants first vows for them to Heav'n are cast,  
And \* future people bless them as they go.

## LII.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,  
T' infect a navy with their gaudy fears ;  
To make slow fights, and victories but vain :  
But war, severely, like itself, appears.

## LIII.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,  
They make that warmth in others they expect :  
Their valour works like bodies on a glass,  
And does its image on their men project.

## LIV.

† Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,  
In number, and a fam'd Commander, bold :

\* *Future People.*] Examina infantium futurisque populus. *Plin. Jun. in Paneg. ad Traj.*

† Duke of Albemarle's Battle, first day.

The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,  
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

## LV.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,  
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:  
His murd'ring guns a loud defiance roar,  
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

## LVI.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight;  
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:  
\* Th' Elean plains could boast no nobler fight,  
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

## LVII.

Born each by other in a distant line,  
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:  
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,  
† But lands unfix'd, and floating nations strove.

## LVIII.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly take;  
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:  
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,  
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

## LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,  
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:  
Such port the elephant bears, and so defy'd  
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

## LX.

And as the built, so diff'rent is the fight;  
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:

\* Th' Elean, &c.] Where the Olympic games were celebrated.

† Land unfix'd.] From Virgil: *Credas innare revulsas Cycladas, &c.*

Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,  
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

## LXI.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,  
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives :  
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,  
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

## LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought ;  
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,  
E'en in their face his ship to anchor brought,  
And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

## LXIII.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,  
The foremost of his foes a-while withdraw :  
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,  
Who on high chairs the God-like fathers saw.

## LXIV.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,  
Here Trojan Chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek ;  
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,  
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

## LXV.

Mean-time, his busy mariners he hastes,  
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore ;  
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,  
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

## LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,  
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide :  
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,  
Whose crests, advancing, do the waves divide,

## LXVII.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the sea  
 They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet.  
 Berkley alone, who nearest danger lay,  
 Did a like fate with lost Crensa meet.

## LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue  
 The combat still, and they ashamed to leave :  
 Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,  
 And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

## LXIX.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,  
 And loud applause of their great Leader's fame :  
 In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,  
 And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd flame.

## LXX.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,  
 Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie :  
 Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,  
 (Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.)

## LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,  
 Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore :  
 Or in dark churches walk among the dead ;  
 They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

## LXXII.

\* The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,  
 'Till, from their main-top, joyful news they hear  
 Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,  
 And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

## LXXIII.

Our watchful General had discern'd, from far,  
 This mighty succour which made glad the foe :

\* Second day's battle.

He sigh'd, but, like a father of the war,

\* His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow,

## LXXIV.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,

Never, 'till, now unwilling to obey :

They, not their wounds, but want of strength deplore,

And think them happy, who with him can stay :

## LXXV.

Then to the rest, Rejoice, said he, to-day ;

In you the fortune of Great Britain lies :

Among so brave a people, you are they,

Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such a prize.

## LXXVI.

If number English courages could quell,

We should at first have shun'd, not met, our foes ;

Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell :

Courage from hearts, and not from numbers grows.

## LXXVII.

He said ; nor needed more to say : With haste

To their known stations cheerfully they go ;

And all at once disdaining to be last,

Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

## LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,

But bold in others, not themselves, they stood :

So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,

But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

## LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,

That, like the sword-fish in the whale, they fought :

The combat only seem'd a civil war,

'Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

\* His face, &c.] Spem vultu simulat, premit alto corde dolorem.  
Virg.

## LXXX.

Never had valour, no not ours, before,  
 Done ought like this upon the land or main,  
 Where not to be o'ercome was to do more  
 Than all the conquests former Kings did gain.

## LXXXI.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,  
 And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,  
 To see this fleet among unequal foes,  
 By which fate promis'd them their Charles should rise.

## LXXXII.

Mean-time the Belgians tack upon our rear,  
 And raking chase-guns through our sterns they send :  
 Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,  
 Who on their lions for the prey attend.

## LXXXIII.

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on :  
 (Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide :)  
 In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shewn,  
 Who burn contented by another's side.

## LXXXIV.

Sometimes, from fighting squadrons of each fleet,  
 Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,  
 Two grapling Etna's on the ocean meet,  
 And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

## LXXXV.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less;  
 And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main :  
 Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,  
 While they loss cheaper than the English gain.

## LXXXVI.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,  
 Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,  
 And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,  
 Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind ?

## LXXXVII.

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,  
 And fees the groves no shelter can afford,  
 With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,  
 Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

## LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare :  
 He could not conquer, and disdain'd to flee :  
 Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,  
 Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

## LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,  
 To see those perish who so well had fought ;  
 And, generously, with his despair he strove,  
 Resolv'd to live 'till he their safety wrought.

## XC.

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,  
 Of conquer'd nations tell, and Kings restor'd :  
 But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,  
 Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does afford.

## XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,  
 On which the foe his fruitless force employs :  
 His weak ones deep into his rear he bore,  
 Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

## XCII.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,  
 And following smoke obscur'd them from the foe :  
 Thus Israel safe from the Egyptian's pride,  
 By flaming pillars, and by clouds did go.

## XCIII.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,  
 But here our courages did theirs subdue ;  
 So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,  
 Which first the Asian Empire overthrew.

## XCIV.

The foe approach'd ; and one, for his bold sin,  
 Was sunk ; as he that touch'd the ark was slain,  
 The wild waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,  
 And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

## XCV.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood ;  
 As if they had been there as servants set,  
 To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,  
 And not pursue, but wait on his retreat.

## XCVI.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,  
 From shady coverts rous'd, the lion chase :  
 The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,  
 \* And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

## XCVII.

But if some one approach to dare his force,  
 He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round ;  
 With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,  
 And with the other tears him to the ground.

## XCVIII.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night ;  
 Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore :  
 † And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,  
 Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

## XCIX.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,  
 Where while her beams like glitt'ring silver play,  
 Upon the deck our careful General stood,  
 And deeply mus'd on the † succeeding day.

\* The Simile is Virgil's ; *Vestigia retro impropinata refert.*  
 † *Weary Waves.*] From Statius Sylv.

*Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus ; occidit horror*  
*Æquoris, antennis maria acclinata quiescant.*

‡ The third of June, famous for two former victories.

## C.

That happy sun, said he, will rise again,  
 Who twice victorious did our navy see :  
 And I alone must view him rise in vain,  
 Without one ray of all his star for me.

## CI.

Yet, like an English Gen'ral will I die,  
 And all the ocean make my spacious grave ;  
 Women and cowards on the land may lie :  
 The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

## CII.

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,  
 'Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh :  
 And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,  
 With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

## CIII.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,  
 His naked valour is his only guard :  
 • Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,  
 And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

## CIV.

Thus far had fortune pow'r, he forc'd to stay,  
 Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife :  
 This, as a ransom, Albemarle did pay,  
 For all the glories of so great a life.

## CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,  
 Whose waving streamers the glad General knows :  
 With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,  
 And ev'ry ship in swift proportion grows.

## • Third day.

## CVI.

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long,  
 And from that length of time dire omens drew  
 Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,  
 Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

## CVII.

Then, as an eagle, who, with pious care,  
 Was beating widely on the wing for prey,  
 To her now silent Eiry does repair,  
 And finds her callow infants forc'd away :

## CVIII.

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,  
 The broken air loud whistling as she flies :  
 She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,  
 And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

## CIX.

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight,  
 And spreads his flying canvass to the sound :  
 Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright;  
 Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

## CX.

As, in a drought, the thirsty creatures cry,  
 And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain ;  
 And first the martlet meets it in the sky,  
 And, with wet wings, joys all the feather'd train.

## CXI.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men  
 Salute th' appearance of the Prince's fleet :  
 And each ambitiously would claim the ken,  
 That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

## CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,  
 To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,  
 Now look like those, when rowling thunders roar,  
 And sheets of lightening blast the standing field.

## CXIII.

Full in the Prince's passage, hills of sand,  
 And dangerous flats, in secret ambush lay,  
 Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,  
 And sea-men with dissembled depths betray.

## CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who, like fal'n Angels, fear'd  
 This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,  
 And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,  
 To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

## CXV.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,  
 Secure of fame whene'er he pleas'd to fight:  
 His cold experience tempers all his heat,  
 And inbred worth doth boasting valour slight.

## CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,  
 And he the substance, not the appearance chose:  
 To rescue one such friend he took more pride,  
 Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

## CXVII.

But, when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,  
 Rupert and Albemarle together grow;  
 He joys to have his friend in safety found,  
 Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

## CXVIII.

The chearful soldiers, with new stores supply'd,  
 Now long to execute their spleenful will;  
 And, in revenge for those three days they try'd,  
 Wish one, like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

## CXIX.

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse fleet,  
 Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:

- \* With the first blushes of the morn they meet,  
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

## CXX.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,  
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men :  
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,  
And death new pointed his dull dart again.

## CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,  
And matchless courage since the former fight :  
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,  
'Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

## CXXII.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends  
His open side, and high above him shows :  
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,  
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

## CXXIII.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary pace,  
And fullenly to his revenge he sails :  
† So glides some troden serpent on the grass,  
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

## CXXIV.

Th' increasing sound is born to either shore,  
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear :  
Their passions double with the cannons roar,  
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

- \* Fourth day's battle.

† *So glides, &c.*] From Virgil :

*Quum medii nexus extremaque agmina cauda  
Solvuntur ; tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.*

## CXXV.

Ply'd thick and close as when the fight begun,  
 Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away :  
 So sick'n waining moons too near the sun,  
 And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

## CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,  
 Their ships like wasted patrimonies show ;  
 Where the thin scatt'ring trees admit the light,  
 And shun each others shadows as they grow.

## CXXVII.

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest  
 Two giant ships, the pride of all the main ;  
 Which, with his one, so vigorously he press'd,  
 And flew so home, they could not rise again.

## CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,  
 In vain upon the passing winds they call :  
 The passing winds through their torn canvass play,  
 And flapping sails on heartless sailors fall.

## CXXIX.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,  
 Dreadful as day let into shades below :  
 Without, grim death rides barefac'd in their sight,  
 And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

## CXXX.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,  
 Close by the board the Prince's main-mast bore ;  
 All three, now helpless, by each other lie,  
 And this offends not, and those fear no more.

## CXXXI.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain  
 A course, 'till tir'd before the dog she lay :

Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,  
Past pow'r to kill, as she to get away.

## CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;  
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;  
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,  
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

## CXXXIII.

The Prince unjustly does his stars accuse,  
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;  
For what they to his courage did refuse,  
By mortal valour never must be done.

## CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,  
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:  
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,  
• Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

## CXXXV.

The Gen'ral's force as kept alive by flight,  
Now not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:  
Lasting 'till Heav'n had done his courage right;  
When he had conquer'd, he his weakness knew.

## CXXXVI.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,  
And sighs to see him quit the wat'ry field:  
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,  
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

## CXXXVII.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,  
He stands confess'd e'en by the boastful Dutch;  
He only does his conquest disavow,  
And thinks too little what they found too much.

• From Horace:

*Quos opimus fallere & effugere est triumphus.*

## CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;  
 No tender thoughts of home his heart divide:  
 Domestic joys and cares he puts away;  
 For realms are households which the Great must guide.

## CXXXIX.

As those, who unripe veins in mines explore,  
 On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,  
 'Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,  
 And know it will be gold another day:

## CXL.

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,  
 Th' essay, and rudiments of great success:  
 Which all-maturing time must bring to light,  
 While he, like Heav'n, does each day's labour bless.

## CXLI.

Heav'n ended not the first or second day,  
 Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:  
 God and Kings work, when they their work survey,  
 A passive aptness in all subjects find.

## CXLII.

\* In burden'd vessels, first, with speedy care,  
 His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:  
 Thither the brawny carpenters repair,  
 And, as the surgeons of maim'd ships, attend.

## CXLIII.

With cord and canvass from rich Hamburg sent,  
 His navies molted wings he imps once more:  
 Tall Norway fir their masts in battle spent,  
 And English oak sprung leaks and planks restore.

\* His Majesty repairs the fleet.

## CXLIV.

All hands employ'd, \* the royal work grows warm :  
 Like lab'ring bees on a long Summer's day,  
 Some found the trumpet for the rest to swarm,  
 And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

## CXLV.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay  
 Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung :  
 Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,  
 Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

## CXLVI.

So here, some pick out bullets from the sides,  
 Some drive old okum through each seam and rift :  
 Their left hand does the calking iron guide,  
 The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

## CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand  
 (From friendly Sweden brought) the seams instops :  
 Which well laid o'er the salt sea waves withstand,  
 And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

## CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marling bind,  
 Or fear cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats :  
 To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,  
 And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes.

## CXLIX.

Our careful Monarch stands in person by,  
 His new cast cannons firmness to explore :  
 The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,  
 And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

## CL.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,  
 And ships which all last Winter were abroad ;

\* *Fervet opus* : The same similitude is Virgil.

And such as fitted since the fight had been,  
Or new from stocks, were fallen into the road.

## CLII.

\* The goodly London in her gallant trim,  
The Phoenix daughter of the vanish'd old,  
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,  
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

## CLII.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,  
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:  
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,  
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

## CLIII.

With roomy decks; her guns of mighty strength,  
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:  
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,  
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

## CLIV.

This martial present, piously design'd,  
The loyal city gave their best-lov'd King:  
And with a bounty ample as the wind,  
Built, fitted and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

## CLV.

† By viewing Nature, Nature's hand-maid, Art,  
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:  
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,  
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

## CLVI.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,  
An useless drift, which, rudely cut within,

\* Loyal London described.

† Digression concerning shipping and navigation.

And hollow'd, first a floating trough became,  
And cross some riv'let passage did begin.

## CLVII.

In shipping such as this, the Irish Kern,  
And untaught Indian, on the stream did glide :  
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,  
Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

## CLVIII.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,  
When, from lost empire, he to exile went,  
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,  
Where coin and first commerce he did invent.

## CLIX.

Rude as their ships was navigation then ;  
No useful compass or meridian known ;  
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,  
And knew no North but when the pole-star shone.

## CLX.

Of all who since have us'd the open sea,  
Than the bold English none more fame have won :  
\* Beyond the year, and out of Heav'n's high-way,  
They make discoveries where they see no fun.

## CLXI.

But, what so long in vain, and yet unknown,  
By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,  
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,  
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

## CLXII.

The ebbs of tides, and their mysterious flow,  
We, as Art's elements, shall understand,  
And as by line upon the ocean go,  
Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

\* *Extra anni solisque vias.* VIRO.

## CLXIII.

\* Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,  
 By which remotest regions are ally'd;  
 Which makes one city of the universe;  
 Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

## CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,  
 And view the ocean leaning on the sky:  
 From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,  
 And on the lunar world securely pry.

## CLXV.

This I foretel, from † your auspicious care,  
 Who great in search of God and Nature grow;  
 Who best your wise CREATOR's praise declare,  
 Since best to praise his works is best to know.

## CLXVI.

O truly Royal! who behold the law  
 And rule of beings in your MAKER's mind:  
 And thence, like Limbecks, rich ideas draw,  
 To fit the levell'd use of human-kind.

## CLXVII.

But first the toils of war we must endure,  
 And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas,  
 War makes the valiant of his right secure,  
 And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

## CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,  
 Whose fleet more mighty ev'ry day became  
 By late success, which they did falsely boast,  
 And now, by first appearing, seem'd to claim.

\* By a more exact measure of Longitude.

† Apostrophe to the Royal Society.

## CLXIX.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,  
 They knew to manage war with wise delay :  
 Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,  
 And, by their pride, their prudence did betray.

## CLXX.

Nor staid the English long ; but, well supply'd,  
 Appear as num'rous as th' insulting foe :  
 The combat now by courage must be try'd,  
 And the success the braver nation show.

## CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,  
 Which in the Straits last Winter was abroad ;  
 Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,  
 And on the mid-land sea the French had aw'd.

## CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,  
 Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet :  
 And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,  
 While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

## CLXXIII.

Holmes, the Achates of the Gen'ral's fight ;  
 Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold :  
 As once old Cato, in the Romans fight,  
 The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

## CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,  
 Whom his high courage to command had brought :  
 Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,  
 And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

## CLXXV.

Young Hollis, on a Muse by Mars begot,  
 Born, Cæsar like, to write and act great deeds :

Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,  
His right-hand doubly to his left succeeds.

## CLXXVI.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,  
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn :  
And, though to me unknown, they sure fought well,  
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

## CLXXVII.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail :  
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,  
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,  
And, with its weight, it shoulders off the tides.

## CLXXVIII.

Now anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,  
That Heav'n and earth, and the wide ocean rings ;  
A breeze from Westward waits their sails to fill,  
And rests, in those high beds, his downy wings.

## CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gath'ring storm foresaw,  
And durst not bide it on the English coast ;  
Behind their treach'rous shallows they withdraw,  
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

## CLXXX.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,  
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie ;  
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,  
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

## CLXXXI.

Then, if, at last, she find him fast beset,  
She issues forth, and runs along her loom :  
She joys to touch the captive in her net,  
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

## CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd, that, with disorder'd haste,  
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run :

Or, if with caution leisurely were past,  
 Their num'rous groſs might charge us one by one.

## CLXXXIII.

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above,  
 And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,  
 O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,  
 And, with spread ſails, to welcome battle go.

## CLXXXIV.

It ſeem'd as there the Britiſh Neptune flood,  
 With all his hoſts of waters at command,  
 Beneath them to ſubmit the officious flood;  
 \* And, with his trident, ſhov'd them off the ſand.

## CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they ſuddenly draw near,  
 And ſummon them to unexpected fight;  
 They ſtart like murderers, when ghoſts appear,  
 And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

## CLXXXVI.

† Now van to van the foremoſt ſquadrons meet,  
 The midmoſt battles haſtning up behind;  
 Who view, far off, the ſtorm of falling fleet,  
 And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

## CLXXXVII.

At length the adverſe Admirals appear;  
 The two bold champions of each country's right;  
 Their eyes deſcribe the liſts as they come near,  
 And draw the lines of death before they fight.

## CLXXXVIII.

The diſtance judg'd for ſhot of every ſize,  
 The liſtſtocks touch, the pond'rous ball expires:

— *levat ipſe Tridenti,*

*Et vaſtas aperit Syrtis, &c.*

VIRG.

† Second battle.

The vig'rous sea-man every port-hole plies,  
And adds his heart to every gun he fires.

## CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians side,  
For honour, which they seldom sought before :  
But now they by their own vain boasts were ty'd,  
And forc'd, at least in shew, to prize it more.

## CXC.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,  
And shame of being match'd by such a foe,  
Rouze conscious virtue up in every heart,  
\* And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

## CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,  
Which did two Gen'ral's fates, and Cæsar's bear :  
Each several ship a victory did gain,  
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

## CXCII.

Their batter'd Admiral too soon withdrew,  
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight :  
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,  
Who call'd that Providence which we call'd flight.

## CXCIII.

Never did men more joyfully obey,  
Or sooner understood the sign to flee :  
With such alacrity they bore away,  
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

## CXCIV.

O famous Leader of the Belgian fleet,  
Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear,  
As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,  
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

\* ——— *Possunt, quia posse videntur.*

VIRG.

## CXC.V.

Behold that navy, which, a while before,  
 Provok'd the tardy English close to fight;  
 Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,  
 As larks lie dar'd, to shun the hobbies flight.

## CXC.VI.

Who-e'er would English monuments survey,  
 In other records may our courage know :  
 But let them hide the story of this day,  
 Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

## CXC.VII.

Or if too busily they will enquire  
 Into a victory, which we disdain ;  
 Then let them know the Belgians did retire  
 \* Before the patron'd saint of injur'd Spain.

## CXC.VIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day  
 † To Philip's manes did an off'ring bring :  
 England, which first, by leading them astray,  
 Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her King.

## CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,  
 To check a monarchy that slowly grew :  
 But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,  
 Whose rising pow'r to swift dominion flew.

## CC.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,  
 And wander after pathless destiny :

\* *Patron Saint.*] St. James ; on whose day this victory  
 was gained.

† *Philip's manes.*] Philip the Second of Spain ; a-  
 gainst whom the Hollanders rebelling, were aided  
 by Queen Elizabeth,

Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,  
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

## CCI.

But what-e'er English to the bless'd shall go,  
And the Fourth Harry or First Orange meet;  
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,  
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

## CCII.

Now on their coasts our conqu'ring navy rides,  
Way-lays their merchants, and their land besets;  
Each day new wealth without their care provides;  
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

## CCIII.

So close behind some promontory lie  
The huge leviathans, t' attend their prey;  
And give no chace, but swallow in the frie,  
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

## CCIV.

Nor was this all : \* In ports and roads remote,  
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;  
Triumphant flames upon the water float,  
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

## CCV.

Those various squadrons, variously design'd,  
Each vessel freighted with a several load,  
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,  
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

## CCVI.

Some, bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,  
Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear:  
Some, for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,  
For folded turbants finest Holland bear.

\* Burning of the fleet, in the Vly, by Sir Robert Holmes.

## CCVII.

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,  
 And into cloth of spongy softness made,  
 Did into France or colder Denmark doom,  
 To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

## CCVIII.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,  
 Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest;  
 And, as the priests, who with their gods make bold,  
 Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

## CCIX.

\* But ah! how unsincere are all our joys!  
 Which, sent from heav'n, like light'ning make no stay:  
 Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,  
 Or grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way.

## CCX.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,  
 Which France and Holland wanted pow'r to cross,  
 We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,  
 And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

## CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,  
 Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;  
 Who, as by one he did our nation raise,  
 So, now, he with another pulls us down.

## CCXII.

Yet, London, Empress of the Northern clime,  
 By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;  
 † Great as the world's, which, at the death of time,  
 Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

\* Transition to the Fire of London.

† *Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia cœli ardeat,*  
 &c.

OVID.

## CCXIII.

As when some dire usurper Heav'n provides,  
To scourge his country with a lawless sway;  
His birth, perhaps, some petty village hides,  
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way.

## CCXIV.

Till fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,  
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on :  
His Prince, surpriz'd at first, no ill could doubt,  
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

## CCXV.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,  
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,  
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,  
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

## CCXVI.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,  
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid :  
All was the night's, and, in her silent reign,  
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

## CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,  
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose ;  
And, first, few scatt'ring sparks about were blown,  
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

## CCXVIII.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,  
And, mouldring as it went, in silence fed :  
'Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,  
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

## CCXIX.

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,  
Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold :

Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,  
And dares the world to tax him with the old :

## CCXX.

So scapes the insulting fire his narrow jail,  
And makes small out-lets into open air :  
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,  
And beat him downward to his first repair.

## CCXXI.

The winds, \* like crafty courtezans, withheld  
His flames from burning, but to blow them more :  
And, every fresh attempt, he is repell'd  
With faint denials, weaker than before.

## CCXXII.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,  
He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire ;  
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,  
And nods at ev'ry house his threatening fire.

## CCXXIII.

The ghosts of traitors from the Bridge descend,  
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice :  
About the fire into a dance they bend,  
And sing their Sabbath notes with feeble voice.

## CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate  
Above the palace of our slumb'ring King :  
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,  
And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

## CCXXV.

At length, the crackling noise, and dreadful blaze,  
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight ;

\* Like crafty, &c.] *Hæc arte tractabat cupidum virum,  
ut illius animum inopia accenderet.*

And long it was ere he the rest could raise,  
Whose heavy eye-lids yet were full of night.

## CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by fate,  
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire :  
And frighted mothers strike their breasts, too late,  
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

## CCXXVII.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;  
Now murmuring noises rise in ev'ry street :  
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,  
And, in the dark, men jostle as they meet.

## CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repose :  
But, if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,  
An humming through their waken city grows,  
And out upon each others wings they drive.

## CCXXIX.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day :  
Some run for buckets to the hollow'd quire :  
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play ;  
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

## CCXXX.

In vain : For, from the East, a Belgian wind  
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent :  
The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,  
And forward, with a wanton fury, went.

## CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,  
\* And lighten'd all the River with a blaze :  
The waken'd tides began again to roar,  
And wond'ring fish in shining waters gaze.

\* *Sigaa igni freta lata relucet.*

VIRG.

## CCXXXII.

Old father Thames rais'd up his rev'rend head,  
 But fear'd the fate of Simois would return :  
 Deep in his ooze he fought his sedgey bed,  
 And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

## CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean-time, walks in a broader grofs;  
 To either hand his wings he opens wide :  
 He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,  
 And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

## CCXXXIV.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;  
 Now with long necks from side to side they feed :  
 At length grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,  
 And a new colony of flames succeed.

## CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the town  
 The curling billows roul their restless tide :  
 In parties now they straggle up and down,  
 As armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide.

## CCXXXVI.

One mighty Squadron, with a side-wind sped,  
 Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,  
 By pow'rful charms of gold and silver led,  
 The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

## CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tow'r would go,  
 And slowly eats his way against the wind :  
 But the main body of the marching foe  
 Against th' Imperial Palace is design'd.

## CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the King,  
 Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest :  
 Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,  
 And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

## CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke,  
With gloomy pillars, cover all the place;  
Whose little intervals of night are broke  
By sparks that drive against his sacred face.

## CCXL.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,  
And pious tears which down his cheeks did show'r:  
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;  
So much the pity of a King has pow'r.

## CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,  
And what so well had merited his love:  
For never Prince in grace did more excel,  
Or royal city more in duty strove.

## CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:  
(Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs must redress;)  
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,  
And makes despairers hope for good success.

## CCXLIII.

Himself directs what first is to be done,  
And orders all the succours which they bring:  
The helpful and the good about him run,  
And form an army worthy such a King.

## CCXLIV.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,  
That, where it seizes, all relief is vain:  
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste  
That country, which would, else, the foe maintain.

## CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire;  
Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;

And from the precipice's brink retire,  
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

## CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a-while themselves consume,  
 But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,  
 They first lay tender bridges of their fume,  
 And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

## CCXLVII.

Part stay for passage, 'till a gust of wind  
 Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet :  
 Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind,  
 And climbing from below, their fellows meet.

## CCXLVIII.

Thus, to some desert plain, or old wood-side,  
 Dire night-hags come from far, to dance their round ;  
 And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,  
 Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

## CCXLIX.

No help avails : For, Hydra-like, the fire  
 Lifts up his hundred heads, to aim his way :  
 And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,  
 Before he rushes in to share the prey.

## CCL.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud :  
 Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more :  
 So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,  
 When others ruin may increase their store.

## CCLI.

As those, who live by shores, with joy behold  
 Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh ;  
 And from the rocks, leap down for shipwreck'd gold,  
 And seek the tempests which the others fly :

## CCLII.

So these but wait the owners last despair,  
And what's permitted to the flames invade;  
E'en from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,  
And on their backs, the spoils of Vulcan lade.

## CCLIII.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;  
And when the weary King gave place to night,  
His beams he to his Royal Brother lent,  
And so shone still in his reflective light.

## CCLIV.

Night came, but without darknefs or repose,  
A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom;  
Where souls distracted, when the trumpet blows,  
And half unready with their bodies, come.

## CCLV.

Those, who have homes, when home they do repair,  
To a last lodging call their wand'ring friends:  
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,  
To look how near their own destruction tends.

## CCLVI.

Those, who have none, sit round where once it was,  
And with full eyes each wonted room require:  
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,  
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

## CCLVII.

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal fire,  
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;  
And, while through burning lab'rins they retire,  
With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

## CCLVIII.

The most, in fields, like herded beasts, lie down,  
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;

And, while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,  
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

## CCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they gues  
What streets are burning now, and what are near,  
An infant, waking, to the paps would press,  
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

## CCLX.

No thought can ease them but their Sov'reign's care,  
Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing :  
E'en those, whom want might drive to just despair,  
Think life's a blessing under such a King.

## CCLXI.

Mean-time he sadly suffers in their grief,  
Out weeps an hermit, and out prays a saint :  
All the long night he studies their relief,  
How they may be supply'd, and he may want.

## CCLXII.

\* O God, said he, thou patron of my days,  
Guide of my youth in exile and distress !  
Who me unfriended brought'st, by wond'rous ways,  
The kingdom of my fathers to possess :

## CCLXIII.

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied care  
I since have labour'd for my people's good ;  
To bind the bruises of a civil war,  
And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

## CCLXIV.

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,  
And recompense, as friends, the good mis-led ;  
If mercy be a precept of thy will,  
Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

\* King's Prayer.

## CCLXV.

Or, if my heedless youth has step'd astray,  
 Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;  
 On me alone thy just displeasure lay,  
 But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

## CCLXVI.

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,  
 As humble earth, from whence at first we came:  
 Like flying shades before the clouds we shew,  
 And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

## CCLXVII.

O let it be enough what thou hast done;  
 When spotted deaths ran arm'd through ev'ry street,  
 With poison'd darts, which not the good could shun,  
 The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

## CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,  
 Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place:  
 And now those few, who are return'd again,  
 Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

## CCLXIX.

O pass not, LORD! an absolute decree,  
 Or bind thy sentence unconditional:  
 But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,  
 And, in that foresight, this thy doom recall.

## CCLXX.

Thy threat'nings, LORD! as thine, thou may'st revoke:  
 But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,  
 Continue still thyself to give the stroke,  
 And let not foreign foes oppress thy land.

## CCLXXI.

Th' ETERNAL heard, and from the heav'nly quire  
 Chose out the Cherub with the flaming sword;

And bade him swiftly drive the approaching fire  
From where our naval magazines were stor'd.

## CCLXXII.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,  
And like a shooting star he cleft the night :  
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd  
He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

## CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey  
On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd ;  
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,  
Ere faith in church-men without works was hear'd.

## CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans saw, with wat'ry eyes,  
Their founders charity in dust laid low ;  
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries :  
For he protects the poor who made them so.

## CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,  
Though thou wert sacred to thy MAKER's praise :  
Though made immortal by a Poet's song ;  
And Poets songs the Theban walls could raise.

## CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far  
The awful beauties of the sacred quire :  
But since it was profan'd by civil war,  
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

## CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,  
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey :  
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,  
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

## CCLXXVIII.

And, now, four days the Sun had seen our woes :  
 Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire :  
 It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose,  
 And farther from the fev'rish North retire.

## CCLXXIX.

In th' empyrean Heav'n, the blest'd abode,  
 The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,  
 Not daring to behold their angry God ;  
 And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

## CCLXXX.

At length th' ALMIGHTY cast a pitying eye,  
 And Mercy softly touch'd his melting breast :  
 He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,  
 And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

## CCLXXXI.

An hollow chrystal pyramid he takes,  
 In firmamental waters dipt above ;  
 Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,  
 And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

## CCLXXXII.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,  
 Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep :  
 Each household genius shews again his face,  
 And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

## CCLXXXIII.

Our King this more than natural change beholds ;  
 With sober joy his heart and eyes abound :  
 To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,  
 And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

## CCLXXXIV.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,  
 A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain ;

And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,  
And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain :

## CCLXXXV.

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew  
In every heart, which fear had froze before :  
The standing streets with so much joy they view,  
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

## CCLXXXVI.

The father of the people open'd wide  
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed :  
Thus God's Anointed, God's own place supply'd,  
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

## CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,  
And in their minds so deep did print the sense ;  
That, if their ruins sadly they regard,  
'Tis but with fear, the sight might drive him thence.

## CCLXXXVIII.

\* But so may he live long, that town to sway,  
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,  
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,  
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

## CCLXXXIX.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire ;  
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,  
That from his wars they poorly would retire,  
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

## CCXC.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,  
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,  
Their royal city did in dust behold,  
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

\* City's request to the King, not to leave them.

## CCXCI.

The utmost malice of the stars is past,  
 And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the town,  
 In their own plague and fire have breath'd their last,  
 Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

## CCXCII.

Now frequent Trines the happier lights among,  
 And high-rai'd Jove from his dark prison freed,  
 (Those weights took off that on his planet hung)  
 Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

## CCXCIII.

Methinks already, from this chymic flame,  
 I see a city of more precious mold :  
 Rich as the town which gives the \* Indies name,  
 With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

## CCXCIV.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,  
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,  
 And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,  
 Which Heav'n will to the death of time allow.

## CCXCV.

More great than human, now, and more † august,  
 New deified she from her fires does rise :  
 Her widening streets on new foundations trust,  
 And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

## CCXCVI.

Before, she like some shepherdes did show,  
 Who sat to bathe her by a river's side ;  
 Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,  
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

\* Mexico.

† Augusta, the old name of London.

## CCXCVII.

Now, like a maiden Queen, she will behold,  
 From her high turrets, hourly suitors come :  
 The East with incense, and the West with gold,  
 Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.

## CCXCVIII.

The silent Thames, her own domestic flood,  
 Shall bear her vessels, like a sweeping train ;  
 And often wind, as of his mistress proud,  
 With longing eyes to meet her face again.

## CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,  
 The glory of their towns no more shall boast ;  
 And Sein, that would with Belgian rivers join,  
 Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffick lost.

## CCC.

The vent'rous merchant, who design'd more far,  
 And touches on our hospitable shore,  
 Charm'd with the splendor of this northern star,  
 Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

## CCCI.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,  
 The wealth of France or Holland to invade :  
 The beauty of this town, without a fleet,  
 From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

## CCCI.

And, while this fam'd emporium we prepare,  
 The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,  
 That those, who now disdain our trade to share,  
 Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

## CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,  
 And the less dangerous part is left behind :  
 Our trouble now is but to make them dare,  
 And not so great to vanquish as to find.

## CCCIV.

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go,  
 But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;  
 A constant trade-wind will securely blow,  
 And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

## THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

## A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM.

[*Sacred to the happy memory of King CHARLES II.*]

*Fortunati ambo ! si quid mea carmina possunt,  
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aeo.* VIRG.

## I.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb :  
 Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe ;  
 Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow ;  
 And the sad soul retires into her inmost room :  
 Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief ;  
 But, unprovided for a sudden blow,  
 Like Niobe we marble grow ;  
 And petrify with grief.  
 Our British Heav'n was all serene ;  
 No threat'ning cloud was nigh,  
 Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky :  
 We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily,  
 As the first age in Nature's golden scene.  
 Supine amidst our flowing store,  
 We slept securely, and we dreamt of more :  
 When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard ;  
 It took us unprepar'd, and out of guard,  
 Already lost before we fear'd.

The amazing news of Charles at once was spread ;  
 At once the gen'ral voice declar'd,  
 Our gracious Prince was dead.  
 No sickness known before, no slow disease,  
 To soften grief by just degrees :  
 But like an hurrican on Indian seas,  
 The tempest rose ;  
 An unexpected burst of woes ;  
 With scarce a breathing space betwixt,  
 This now becalm'd, and perishing the next.  
 As if great Atlas from his height  
 Shou'd sink beneath his heav'nly weight,  
 And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall  
 (As once it shall) [nether ball ;  
 Shou'd gape immense, and, rushing down, o'erwhelm this  
 So swift and so surprising was our fear :  
 Our Atlas fell indeed ; but Hercules was near.

## II.

His pious brother, sure the best  
 Who ever bore that name,  
 Was newly risen from his rest ;  
 And, with a fervent flame,  
 His usual morning vows had just address'd  
 For his dear Sov'reign's health ;  
 And hop'd to have 'em heard,  
 In long increase of years,  
 In honour, fame, and wealth :  
 Guiltless of greatness thus he always pray'd,  
 Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made  
 On his own head shou'd be repay'd.  
 Soon as the ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,  
 (Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace)  
 Who can describe th' amazement in his face !  
 Horror in all his pomp was there,  
 Mute and magnificent without a tear ;  
 And then the hero first was seen to fear.

Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,  
 So hasty and so artless was his grief :  
 Approaching greatness met him with her charms  
 Of pow'r and future state :  
 But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,  
 He shook her from his arms.  
 Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw  
 God's image, God's Anointed, lay ;  
 A wild distraction, void of awe,  
 And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law ;  
 Without motion, pulse, or breath,  
 A senseless lump of sacred clay,  
 An image, now, of death :  
 Amidst his sad attendants groans and cries ;  
 The lines of that ador'd, forgiving face,  
 Distorted from their native grace ;  
 An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.  
 The pious Duke——Forbear, audacious Muse,  
 No terms, thy feeble art can use,  
 Are able to adorn so vast a woe :  
 The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show ;  
 His like a Sov'reign did transcend ;  
 No wife, no brother, such a grief cou'd know,  
 Nor any name, but friend.

## III.

O wond'rous changes of a fatal scene,  
 Still varying to the last !  
 Heav'n, though its hard decree was past,  
 Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again ;  
 And Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.  
 Heav'n half repented of the doom,  
 And almost griev'd it had foreseen,  
 What by foresight it will'd eternally to come.  
 Mercy above did hourly plead  
 For her resemblance here below ;  
 And mild forgiveness intercede  
 To stop the coming blow.

New miracles approach'd th' æth'ial throne,  
 Such as his wond'rous life had oft and lately known,  
 And urg'd that still they might be shown.  
 On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,  
 Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,  
 Himself defending what he cou'd  
 From all the glories of his future fate.  
 With him th' innumerable crowd  
 Of armed prayers  
 Knock'd at the gates of Heav'n, and knock'd aloud;  
 The first well-meaning rude petitioners,  
 All for his life assail'd the throne,  
 All wou'd have brib'd the skies by offering up their own.  
 So great a throng not Heav'n itself cou'd bar;  
 'Twas almost born by force, as in the giants war.  
 The pray'rs, at least, for his reprieve were heard;  
 His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:  
 Against the sun the shadow went;  
 Five days, those five degrees were lent  
 To form our patience, and prepare th' event.  
 The second causes took the swift command,  
 The med'cinal head, the ready hand,  
 All eager to perform their part;  
 All but Eternal doom was conquer'd by their art:  
 Once more the fleeting soul came back  
 T' inspire the mortal frame,  
 And in the body took a doubtful stand,  
 Doubtful and hov'ring like expiring flame,  
 That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the  
 brand.

## IV.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,  
 Took the same train, the same impetuous bound:  
 The drooping town in smiles again was drest;  
 Gladness, in every face express'd,  
 Their eyes before their tongues confess'd.

Men met each other with erected look,  
The steps were higher that they took ;  
Each to congratulate his friend made haste,  
And long inveterate foes saluted as they past.  
Above the rest heroic James appear'd,  
Exalted more, because he more had fear'd :  
His manly heart, whose noble pride  
Was still above  
Dissembled hate, or varnish'd love,  
Its more than common transport cou'd not hide ;  
But, like an \* Eagle, rode in triumph o'er the tide.  
Thus, in alternate course,  
The tyrant passions, hope and fear,  
Did in extremes appear,  
And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.  
Thus, at half ebb, a rowling sea  
Returns, and wins upon the shore ;  
The wat'ry herd, affrighted at the roar,  
Rest on their fins a-while, and stay,  
Then backward take their wond'ring way :  
The Prophet wonders more than they  
At prodigies but rarely seen before, (sway.  
And cries, A King must fall, or kingdoms change their  
Such were our counter-tides at land, and so  
Prefaging of the fatal blow,  
-In their prodigious ebb and flow.  
The royal soul, that, like the lab'ring moon,  
By charms of art was hurried down,  
Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,  
Came but a-while on liking here ;  
Soon weary of the painful strife,  
And made but faint essays of life :

\* An Eagle is a tide swelling above another tide, which  
I have myself observed on the river Trent.

An evening light, soon shut in night ;  
 A strong distemper, and a weak relief ;  
 Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

## V.

The sons of art all med'cines try'd,  
 And every noble remedy apply'd ;  
 With emulation each essay'd  
 His utmost skill ; nay more, they pray'd :  
 Was never losing game with better conduct play'd ;  
 Death never won a stake with greater toil,  
 Nor e'er was fate so near a foil :  
 But, like a fortress on a rock,  
 Th' impregnable disease their vain attempts did mock :  
 They mind it near ; they batter'd from afar  
 With all the cannon of the med'cinal war :  
 No gentle means could be essay'd ;  
 'Twas beyond parley when the siege was lay'd :  
 The extremest ways they first ordain,  
 Prescribing such intolerable pain,  
 As none but Cæsar cou'd sustain :  
 Undaunted Cæsar underwent  
 The malice of their art, nor bent  
 Beneath whate'er their pious rigour cou'd invent.  
 In five such days he suffer'd more  
 Than any suffer'd in his reign before :  
 More, infinitely more, than he  
 Against the worst of rebels cou'd decree,  
 A traitor, or twice pardon'd enemy.  
 Now art was tir'd without success ;  
 No racks cou'd make the stubborn malady confess.  
 The vain insurancers of life,  
 And they who most perform'd and promis'd less,  
 Ev'n Short and Hobbes forsook the unequal strife.

Death and despair was in their looks;  
No longer they consult their memories or books;  
Like helpless friends, who view from shore  
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,  
So stood they with their arms across,  
Not to assist, but to deplore  
Th' inevitable loss.

## VI.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound,  
Which e'en the best can hardly bear:  
He took the summons void of fear,  
And, unconcern'dly, cast his eyes around;  
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.

What death cou'd do he lately try'd,  
When in four days he more than dy'd.

The same assurance all his words did grace;  
The same majestic mildness held its place;  
Nor lost the Monarch in his dying face:  
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,  
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

## VII.

As if some angel had been sent  
To lengthen out his government,  
And to fortel as many years again,  
As he had number'd in his happy reign;  
So chearfully he took the doom

Of his departing breath;  
Nor shrunk, nor step'd aside for death;  
But with unalter'd pace, kept on,  
Providing for events to come.

When he resign'd the throne,  
Still he maintain'd his kingly state,  
And grew familiar with his fate:  
Kind, good, and gracious to the last,  
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast.

# P O E M S O N 32

Oh truly good and truly great,  
 For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!  
 All that on earth he held most dear,  
 He recommended to his care,  
 To whom both Heav'n  
 The right had giv'n,  
 And his own love bequeath'd supreme command:  
 He took and press'd that ever loyal hand,  
 Which cou'd in peace secure his reign,  
 Which cou'd in wars his pow'r maintain,  
 That hand, on which no plighted vows were ever vain.  
 Well, for so great a trust, he chose  
 A Prince, who never disobey'd,  
 Not when the most severe commands were laid;  
 Nor want nor exile with his duty weigh'd:  
 A Prince, on whom, if Heav'n its eyes cou'd close,  
 The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

## VIII.

That King, who liv'd to God's own heart,  
 Yet less serenely died than he:  
 CHARLES left behind no harsh decree,  
 For school-men with laborious art  
 To salve from cruelty:  
 Those, for whom love could no excuses frame,  
 He graciously forgot to name.  
 Thus far my Muse, though rudely has design'd  
 Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind;  
 But neither pen nor pencil can express  
 The parting brother's tenderness:  
 Though that's a term too mean and low;  
 (The blest above a kinder word may know:)  
 But what they did, and what they said,  
 The Monarch who triumphant went,  
 The militant who staid,  
 Like painters, when their heightning arts are spent,  
 I cast into a shade.

That all-forgiving King,  
 The type of him above,  
 That inexhausted spring  
 Of clemency and love,  
 Himself to his next self accus'd,  
 And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd,  
 For faults not his, for guilt and crimes  
 Of godless men, and of rebellious times;  
 For an hard exile, kindly meant,  
 When his ungrateful country sent  
 Their best Camillus into banishment;  
 And fore'd their Sov'reign's act, they cou'd not his consent.  
 Oh how much rather had that injur'd Chief  
 Repeated all his sufferings past,  
 Than here a pardon begg'd at last,  
 Which given, cou'd give the dying no relief!  
 He bent, he sunk beneath his grief;  
 His dauntless heart wou'd fain have held  
 From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd:  
 Perhaps the god-like Hero, in his breast,  
 Disdain'd, or was asham'd to show  
 So weak, so womanish a woe, [fest.  
 Which yet the brother and the friend so plentifully con-

## IX.

Amidst that silent show'r, the Royal mind  
 An easy passage found,  
 And left its sacred earth behind;  
 Nor murm'ring groan express'd, nor lab'ring sound,  
 Nor any least tumultuous breath;  
 Calm was his life, and quiet was his death;  
 Soft as those gentle whispers were,  
 In which th' ALMIGHTY did appear;  
 By the still sound the Prophet knew him there.  
 That peace, which made thy prosperous reign to shine,  
 That peace, thou leav'st to thy imperial line,  
 That peace, Oh happy shade, be ever thine!

## X.

For all those joys thy restauration brought,  
 For all the miracles it wrought,  
 For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd  
 Into the nation's bleeding wound,  
 And care that after kept it sound;  
 For numerous blessings yearly show'r'd,  
 And property with plenty crown'd;  
 For freedom still maintain'd alive,  
 Freedom, which in no other land will thrive,  
 Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,  
 Without whose charms, e'en peace would be  
 But a dull quiet slavery:  
 For these, and more, accept our pious praise;  
 'Tis all the subsidy  
 The present age can raise;  
 The rest is charg'd on late posterity:  
 Posterity is charg'd the more,  
 Because the large abounding store,  
 To them, and to their heirs, is still entail'd by thee:  
 Succession, of a long descent,  
 Which chastly in the channels ran,  
 And from our demi-gods began,  
 Equal almost to time in its extent:  
 Through hazards numberless and great,  
 Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,  
 And fix'd the fairest gem that decks th' imperial crown.  
 Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat;  
 Not senates, insolently loud,  
 (Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd);  
 Not foreign or domestic treachery,  
 Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.  
 So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,  
 Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look:  
 Like a well-temper'd sword, it bent at will,  
 But kept the native toughness of the steel.

## XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy Hero's name;  
But draw him strictly so,  
That all, who view the piece, may know  
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:  
The load's too weighty: Thou may'st choose  
Some parts of praise, and some refuse:  
Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish  
than the Muse.  
In scanty truth thou hast confin'd  
The virtues of a royal mind,  
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind:  
His conversation, wit, and parts,  
His knowledge in the noblest, useful arts,  
Were such, dead authors could not give;  
But habitudes of those who live;  
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:  
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;  
His apprehension quick, his judgment true;  
That the most learn'd, with shame confess  
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

## XII.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,  
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed  
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,  
If science rais'd her head,  
And soft humanity, that from rebellion fled.  
Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before;  
But all uncultivated lay  
Out of the solar walk and Heav'n's high way;  
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,  
And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it bore:  
The Royal husbandman appear'd,  
And plough'd, and sow'd, and till'd;

The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd,  
 And blest the obedient field :  
 When, straight, a double harvest rose ;  
 Such as the swarthy Indian mows ;  
 Or happier climates near the line,  
 Or paradise manur'd and drest by hands divine.

## XIII.

As when the new-born phoenix takes his way,  
 His rich paternal regions to survey,  
 Of airy choiristers a numerous train  
 Attend his wondrous progress o'er the plain ;  
 So, rising from his father's urn,  
 So glorious did our CHARLES return.  
 Th' officious Muses came along,  
 A gay harmonious choir of angels ever young :  
 The Muse that mourns him now his happy triumph  
 sung.  
 Ev'n they cou'd thrive in his auspicious reign ;  
 And such a plenteous crop they bore  
 Of purest and well-winnow'd grain,  
 As Britain never knew before.  
 Tho' little was their hire, and light their gain,  
 Yet somewhat to their share he threw :  
 Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,  
 Like birds of paradise, that liv'd on morning dew.  
 Oh never let their lays his name forget !  
 The pension of a Prince's praise is great.  
 Live then, thou great encourager of arts,  
 Live ever in our thankful hearts ;  
 Live blest above, almost invoc'd below ;  
 Live, and receive this pious vow,  
 Our patron once, our guardian angel now.  
 Thou Fabius of a sinking state,  
 Who didst, by wise delays, divert our fate ;  
 When faction like a tempest rose,  
 In death's most hideous form,

Then art to rage thou didst oppose,  
To weather out the storm :  
Not quitting thy supreme command,  
Thou held'st the rudder with a steady hand,  
'Till safely on the shore the bark did land :  
The bark, that all our blessings brought,  
Charg'd with thyself and JAMES, a doubly royal freight.

## XIV.

Oh frail estate of human things,  
And slippery hopes below !  
Now to our cost your emptiness we know ;  
(For 'tis a lesson dearly bought)  
Assurance here is never to be sought.  
The best, and best belov'd of Kings,  
And best deserving to be so,  
When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow  
Of faction and conspiracy,  
Death did his promis'd hopes destroy :  
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.  
What mists of Providence are these,  
Through which we cannot see !  
So saints, by supernatural pow'r set free,  
Are left at last in martyrdom to die ;  
Such is the end of oft repeated miracles.  
Forgive me, HEAV'N, that impious thought,  
'Twas grief for CHARLES, to madness wrought,  
That question'd thy Supreme decree !  
Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,  
Even in thy saints and angels wrong,  
His fellow-citizens of immortality :  
For twelve long years of exile born,  
Twice twelve we number'd since his blest return :  
So strictly wer't thou just to pay,  
Even to the driblet of a day.  
Yet still we murmur, and complain  
The quails and manna shou'd no longer rain :

Those miracles 'twas needless to renew ;  
The chosen flock has now the promis'd land in view.

## XV.

A warlike Prince ascends the regal state,  
A Prince, long exercis'd by fate :  
Long may he keep, tho' he obtains it late !  
Heroes in Heav'n's peculiar mold are cast ;  
They, and their Poets, are not form'd in haste :  
Man was the first in Gon's design, and man was made  
False Heroes, made by flattery so, [the last.  
Heav'n can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow ;  
But, ere a Prince is to perfection brought,  
He costs Omnipotence a second thought.

With toil and sweat,  
With hardning cold, and forming heat,  
The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,  
Before th' impenetrable shield was wrought,  
It looks as if the Maker would not own  
The noble work for his,  
Before 'twas try'd and found a master-piece.

## XVI.

View then a Monarch ripen'd for a throne.  
Alcides thus his race began,  
O'er infancy he swiftly ran ;  
The future God, at first, was more than man ;  
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,  
Even o'er his cradle lay in wait.  
And there he grapled first with fate :  
In his young hands the hissing snakes he prest ;  
So early was the Deity confest :  
Thus, by degrees, he rose to Jove's imperial seat ;  
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.  
Like his, our Hero's infancy was try'd ;  
Betimes the furies did their snakes provide ;  
And to his infant arms oppose  
His father's rebels, and his brothers foes :  
The more oppress'd, the higher still he rose :

Those were the preludes of his fate,  
 That form'd his manhood to subdue  
 The Hydra of the many-headed, hissing crew.

## XVII.

As after Numa's peaceful reign,  
 The martial Ancus did the scepter wield,  
 Furbish'd the rusty sword again,  
 Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,  
 And led the Latins to the dusty field:  
 So JAMES the drowsy genius wakes  
 Of Britain, long entranc'd in charms,  
 Restless, and slumb'ring on its arms: (shakes.  
 'Tis rous'd, and with a new-strung nerve the spear already  
 No neighing of the warrior steeds,  
 No drum, or louder trumpet, needs  
 T' inspire the coward, warm the cold;  
 His voice, his sole appearance makes 'em bold.  
 Gaul and Batavia dread the impending blow;  
 Too well the vigour of that arm they know;  
 They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal foe.  
 Long may they fear this awful Prince,  
 And not provoke his lingering sword.  
 Peace is their only sure defence,  
 Their best security his word.  
 In all the changes of his doubtful state,  
 His truth like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate:  
 For him to promise, is to make it fate.  
 His valour can triumph o'er land and main;  
 With broken oaths his fame he will not stain;  
 With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain.

## XVIII.

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy adamantin book;  
 And let his wond'ring senate see,  
 If not thy firm immutable decree,  
 At least the second page of great contingency;  
 Such as consists with wills originally free:

Let them with glad amazement look  
 On what their happiness may be :  
 Let them not still be obstinately blind,  
 Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,  
 Or with malignant penury  
 To starve the royal virtues of his mind.  
 Faith is a Christian's, and a subject's test ;  
 Oh give them to believe, and they are surely blest !  
 They do ; and, with a distant view, I see  
 Th' amended vows of English loyalty :  
 And all beyond that object there appears  
 The long retinue of a prosperous reign,  
 A series of successful years,  
 In orderly array, a martial, manly train.  
 Behold e'en to remoter shores  
 A conquering navy proudly spread ;  
 The British cannon formidably roars,  
 While, starting from his oozy bed,  
 Th' asserted ocean rears his reverend head,  
 To view and recognize his ancient Lord again :  
 And, with a willing hand, restores  
 The fasces of the main.

# BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A POEM on the PRINCE, born on the 10th  
 June, 1688.

OUR vows are heard betimes, and Heav'n takes care  
 To grant before we can conclude the pray'r :  
 Preventing angels met it half the way,  
 And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.  
 Just on the day, when the high mounted Sun  
 Did farthest in its Northern progress run,

He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere  
 Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,  
 To view a brighter Sun in Britain born;  
 That was the business of his longest morn;  
 The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.

Departing Spring cou'd only stay to shed  
 Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,  
 But left the manly Summer in her stead,  
 With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,  
 And to fulfil the promise of the year.  
 Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious Heir,  
 This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

\* Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend,  
 The paraclete in fiery pomp descend;  
 But when his wond'rous † Octave roll'd again,  
 He brought a Royal infant in his train.  
 So great a blessing to so good a King  
 None but th' ETERNAL COMFORTER cou'd bring.

Or did the mighty TRINITY conspire,  
 As once in council to create our Sire?  
 It seems as if they sent the new-born Guest  
 To wait on the procession of their feast;  
 And on their sacred anniverſe decreed  
 To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.  
 Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,  
 An emblem of their mystic union show'd:  
 The mighty Trine the triple empire shar'd,  
 As every person wou'd have one to guard.

Hail, Son of pray'rs! by holy violence  
 Drawn down from Heav'n; but long be banish'd thence,  
 And late to thy paternal skies retire:  
 To mend our crimes whole ages wou'd require;  
 To change th' inveterate habit of our sins,  
 And finish what thy god-like Sire begins.

\* Whit-Sunday.

† Trinity-Sunday.

Kind Hear'n, to make us Englishmen again,  
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The sacred cradle to your charge receive,  
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;  
Thy father's angel and thy father join  
To keep possession, and secure the line;  
But long defer the honours of thy fate;  
Great may they be like his, like his be late;  
That JAMES his running century may view,  
And give this Son an auspice to the new.

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay;  
For see the \* dragon winged on his way;  
To watch the † travail, and devour the prey.  
Or, if allusions may not rise so high,  
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,  
The snakes besieg'd his young divinity:  
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;  
For opposition makes a Hero great.  
To needful succour all the good will run,  
And Jove assert the godhead of his son.

O still repining at your present state,  
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,  
Look up, and read in characters of light,  
A blessing sent you in your own despoit.  
The manna falls, yet that celestial bread  
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you feed.  
May not your fortune be like their's, exil'd,  
Yet forty years to wander in the wild:  
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,  
To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest.

Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow  
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,

\* Alluding only to the Common-wealth party, here and  
in other places of the poem. † Rev. xii. 4.

By tracing Heav'n, his footsteps may be found :  
 Behold! how awfully he walks the round !  
 God is abroad, and, wond'rous in his ways,  
 The rise of empires, and their fall surveys ;  
 More (might I say) than with an usual eye,  
 He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie,  
 And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.  
 Already has he lifted high the \* sign,  
 Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constantine :  
 The † Moon grows pale at that presaging sight,  
 And half her train of Stars have lost their light.

Behold another ‡ Sylvester, to bless  
 The sacred standard, and secure success ;  
 Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,  
 As fills and crowds his universal seat.

Now view at home a § second Constantine ;  
 (The former too was of the British line)  
 Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,  
 Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd ?  
 O ! did not Heaven, by its eternal doom,  
 Permit those evils, that this good might come ?  
 So manifest, that e'en the moon-ey'd sects  
 See whom and what this Providence protects.  
 Methinks, had we within our minds no more  
 Than that one shipwreck on the fatal || ore,  
 That only thought may make us think again,  
 What wonders God reserves for such a reign.  
 To dream that chance his preservation wrought,  
 Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought ;

\* The Cross.

† The Crescents, which the Turks bear for their Arms.

‡ The Pope in the time of Constantine the Great, alluding to the present Pope.

§ King James the Second. || The Lemmon Ore.

Or the surviving eight were not design'd  
To people earth, and to restore their kind:

When humbly on the Royal babe we gaze,  
The manly lines of a majestic face  
Give awful joy: 'Tis paradise to look  
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book:  
If the first opening page so charms the sight,  
Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!  
See how the venerable infant lies  
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes  
The Father's soul, with an undaunted view,  
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.  
See on his future subjects how he smiles,  
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;  
But with an open face, as on his throne,  
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own:  
Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout  
May find no room for a remaining doubt;  
'Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,  
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.

\* Fain wou'd the fiends have made a dubious birth,  
Loth to confess the Godhead cloth'd in earth:  
But sicken'd after all their baffled lies,  
To find an heir apparent in the skies:  
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,  
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.

Not great † Æneas stood in plainer day,  
When, the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,  
He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden face,  
Shining with all his Goddess mother's grace:  
For she herself had made his count'nance bright,  
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.

If our victorious † Edward, as they say,  
Gave Wales a Prince on that propitious day,

\* Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness.

† VIRG. Æneid I.

‡ Edward the Black Prince, born on Trinity-Sunday.

Why may not years revolving with his fate  
 Produce his like, but with a longer date?  
 One, who may carry to a distant shore  
 The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.  
 But why shou'd James or his young Hero stay  
 For slight prefages of a name or day?  
 We need no Edward's fortune to adorn  
 That happy moment when our Prince was born:  
 Our Prince adorns this day, and ages hence  
 Shall with his birth-day for some future Prince.

Great MICHAEL, Prince of all th' æth'ial hosts,  
 And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;  
 And thou, th' adopted \* patron of our isle,  
 With chearful aspects on this infant smile:  
 The pledge of Heav'n, which, dropping from above,  
 Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,  
 When, to the dregs, we drank the bitter draught;  
 Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,  
 Nor did th' avenging Angel yet retire,  
 But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire.  
 Then perjurd plots, the still-impending test,  
 And worse—but charity conceals the rest:  
 Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;  
 Require not, Gracious God! thy martyrs blood;  
 But let their dying pangs, their living toil,  
 Spread a rich harvest through their native soil:  
 A harvest ripening for another reign,  
 Of which this Royal babe may reap the grain.

Enough of early saints one womb has giv'n;  
 Enough increas'd the family of Heav'n:  
 Let them for his, and our atonement go;  
 And reigning blest above, leave him to rule below.

\* St. George.

Enough already has the year foreshow'd  
 His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd,  
 The meads were floated with a weeping spring,  
 And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing;  
 The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,  
 And the same shiv'ring sweat his Lord attains.  
 When will the minister of wrath give o'er?  
 Behold him at \* Araunah's threshing-floor:  
 He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand,  
 Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's hand.  
 David has bought the Jebusite's abode,  
 And rais'd an altar to the living God.

Heav'n, to reward him, make his joys sincere;  
 No future ills, nor accidents appear,  
 To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.  
 Five months to discord and debate were giv'n:  
 He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.  
 Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be blest,  
 And prelude to the realms perpetual rest!

Let his baptismal drops for us atone;  
 Lustrations for † offences not his own.  
 Let conscience, which is int'rest ill disguis'd,  
 In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land baptis'd.

‡ Un-nam'd as yet; at least unknown to fame;  
 Is there a strife in Heav'n about his name;  
 Where every famous predecessor vies,  
 And makes a faction for it in the skies?  
 Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?  
 Such was the sacred § Tetragrammaton.

\* Alluding to the passage in the 1st Book of Kings, ch. xxiv.

† Original Sin.

‡ The Prince christen'd, but not named.

§ JEHOVAH, or the name of God, unlawful to be pronounc'd by the Jews.

Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd :  
 Thus the true name of \* Rome was kept conceal'd,  
 To shun the spells and forceries of those,  
 Who durst her infant majesty oppose.  
 But when his tender strength in time shall rise  
 To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes ;  
 This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,  
 Shall be too narrow to contain his name :  
 Th' artillery of Heav'n shall make him known ;  
 † Crete could not hold the God, when Jove was grown.

As Jove's ‡ increase, who from his brain was born,  
 Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,  
 Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste  
 Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd ;  
 So this Imperial babe rejects the food  
 That mixes Monarchs with Plebeian blood :  
 Food that his inborn courage might controul,  
 Extinguish all the father in his soul,  
 And for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,  
 Might re-produce some second Richard's reign.  
 Mildness he shares from both his parent's blood :  
 But Kings too tame are despicably good :  
 Be this the mixture of this Regal child,  
 By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news  
 Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse ;  
 Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,  
 Swift to foretell whatever she desir'd.  
 Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,  
 And read the book which Angels cannot read ?

\* Some authors say, That the true name of Rome was kept a secret ; *ne hostes incantamentis Deos elicerent.*

† Candia, where Jupiter was born and bred secretly.

‡ Pallas or Minerva ; said by the Poets to have been bred up by hand.

How was I punish'd when the \* sudden blast,  
 The face of Heav'n, and our young sun o'ercast!  
 Fame, the swift ill, increasing as the roll'd,  
 Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises told:  
 At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,  
 And, like contagion, struck the Loyal down.  
 Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,  
 The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.  
 Here black rebellion shooting from below  
 (As earth's † gigantic brood by moments grow)  
 And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:  
 An apoplex of grief! so low were driv'n  
 The faints, as hardly to defend their Heav'n.

As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,  
 Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,  
 Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,  
 'Till the third settles what the former shook;  
 Such heavings had our souls; 'till, slow and late,  
 Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.  
 By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,  
 To pray'rs was granted, and by pray'rs restor'd.

So ere the ‡ Shunamite a son conceiv'd,  
 The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.  
 A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;  
 But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.  
 The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,  
 Ran, pray'd, and sent his past'ral staff before,  
 Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd,  
 'Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul return'd.

Thus mercy stretches out her hand, and saves  
 Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain  
 Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,

\* The sudden false report of the Prince's death.

† Those giants are feign'd to have grown 15 ells every day.

‡ In the second Book of Kings, chap. iv.

Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd  
On the flat field, and on the naked void;  
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,  
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;  
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear  
The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past;  
For Heav'n will exercise us to the last;  
Sometimes will check us in our full career,  
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;  
That, still depending on his daily grace,  
His every mercy for an alms may pass,  
With sparing hands will diet us to good;  
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.  
So feeds the mother bird her craving young  
With little morsels, and delays 'em long.

True, this last blessing was a royal feast;  
But, where's the wedding-garment on the guest?  
Our manners, as religion were a dream,  
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.  
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,  
And injuries with injuries repell;  
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,  
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.  
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,  
And vainly thought the \* present ark their guard:  
But when the haughty Philistines appear,  
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;  
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.  
Ah! lest our crimes shou'd snatch this pledge away,  
And make our joys the blessings of a day!  
For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives,  
God to his promise, not our practice gives.  
Our crimes wou'd soon weigh down the guilty scale,  
But James, and Mary, and the Church prevail.

\* 1 Sam. iv. 10.

Nor \* Amalek can rout the Chosen Bands,  
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.

By living well, let us secure his days,  
Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.  
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,  
But charity and great examples gain.  
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day;  
'Tis God like God in his own coin to pay.

But you, propitious Queen, translated here,  
From your mild heav'n, to rule our rugged sphere,  
Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year :  
You, who your native climate have bereft  
Of all the virtues, and the vices left ;  
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,  
Though beautiful is well in pious lost ;  
So lost as star-light is dissolv'd away,  
And melts into the brightness of the day ;  
Or gold about the regal diadem,  
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.  
What can we add to your triumphant day ?  
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.

For shou'd our thanks awake the rising sun,  
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run, (done. }  
That, tho' the longest day, wou'd soon, too soon be  
Let Angels voices with their harps conspire,  
But keep th' auspicious infant from the choir ;  
Late let him sing above, and let us know  
No sweeter music, than his cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, great Monarch, more  
Than such an annual income to your store ;  
The day, which gave this Unit, did not shine  
For a less omen, than to fill the Trine.  
After a Prince, an Admiral beget ;  
The Royal Sov'reign wants an anchor yet.

\* Exod. xvii. 8.

Our isle has younger titles still in store,  
 And when th' exhausted land can yield no more,  
 Your line can force them from a foreign shore.

The name of Great your martial mind will suit;  
 But justice is your darling attribute :

Of all the Greeks, 'twas but \* one Hero's due,  
 And, in him, Plutarch prophesy'd of you.

A Prince's favours but on few can fall,  
 But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some Kings the name of conquerors have assum'd,  
 Some to be great, some to be Gods presum'd;  
 But boundless pow'r, and arbitrary lust,  
 Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;  
 They shun'd the praise this god-like virtue gives,  
 And fear'd a title, that reproach'd their lives.

The pow'r, from which all Kings derive their state,  
 Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,  
 Is equal both to punish and reward;  
 For few wou'd love their God, unless they fear'd.

Resistless force and immortality  
 Make but a lame, imperfect, DEITY :  
 Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,  
 And deathless being e'en the damn'd enjoy :  
 And yet Heav'n's attributes, both last and first,  
 One without life, and one with life accurst;  
 But justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he,  
 That cou'd it fail, the Godhead cou'd not be.  
 This virtue is your own; but life and state  
 Are one to fortune subject, one to fate;  
 Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;  
 Nor hopes, nor fears, your steady hand beguile;  
 Yourself our balance hold, the world's our isle.

\* ARISTIDES. See his Life in Plutarch.

S A T I R E *upon the* D U T C H.*Written in the year 1662.*

**A**S needy gallants, in the scriv'ner's hands, (lands;  
 Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd  
 The first fat buck of all the season'd sent,  
 And keeper takes no fee in compliment;  
 The dotage of some Englishmen is such,  
 To fawn on those, who ruin them, the Dutch.  
 They shall have all, rather than make a war  
 With those, who of the same religion are,  
 The Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;  
 Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.  
 Some are resolv'd, not to find out the cheat,  
 But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.  
 What injuries soe'er upon us fall,  
 Yet still the same religion answers all.  
 Religion wheedl'd us to civil war,  
 Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now wou'd spare.  
 Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,  
 They have no more religion, faith! than you.  
 Int'rest's the God they worship in their state,  
 And we, I take it, have not much of that.  
 Well monarchies may own religion's name,  
 But states are atheists in their very frame.  
 They share a sin; and such proportions fall,  
 That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.  
 Think on their rapine, falshood, cruelty,  
 And that what once they were, they still wou'd be.  
 To one well-born th' affront is worse and more,  
 When he's abus'd and baff'd by a boor.  
 With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;  
 They've both ill nature and ill manners too.

Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation;  
 For they were bred ere manners were in fashion:—  
 And their new commonwealth has set them free  
 Only from honour and civility.  
 Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,  
 Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.  
 Their sway became 'em with as ill a mein,  
 As their own paunches swell above their chin.  
 Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,  
 And only two Kings touch can cure the tumour.  
 As Cato did in Africk fruits display;  
 Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:  
 All loyal English will like him conclude;  
 Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdu'd.

## MACFLECKNOE.

ALL human things are subject to decay,  
 And, when fate summons, Monarchs must obey;  
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young  
 Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;  
 In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,  
 Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.  
 This aged Prince, now flourishing in peace,  
 And blest with issue of a large increase;  
 Worn out with business, did at length debate  
 To settle the succession of the state:  
 And, pond'ring, which of all his sons was fit  
 To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,  
 Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads, that he  
 Should only rule, who most resembles me.  
 Sh—— alone my perfect image bears,  
 Mature in dulness from his tender years:  
 Sh—— alone, of all my sons, is he,  
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,  
 But Sh—— never deviates into sense.  
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,  
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;  
 But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray,  
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.  
 Besides, his goodly fabrick fills the eye,  
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty;  
 Thoughtless as Monarch's oaks, that shade the plain,  
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.  
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,  
 Thou last great Prophet of tautology.  
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,  
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way;  
 And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggot, came  
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.  
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,  
 When to King John of Portugal I sung,  
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,  
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,  
 With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,  
 Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;  
 And big with hymn, commander of an host,  
 The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.  
 Methinks I see the new Arion sail,  
 The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.  
 At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore,  
 The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar:  
 Echoes from Pissing-Alley Sh—— call,  
 And Sh—— they resound from Aston-Hall.  
 About thy boat the little fishes throng  
 As at the morning toast, that floats along.  
 Sometimes, as Prince of thy harmonious band,  
 Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.  
 St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,  
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme:

Though they in number as in sense excel;  
 So just, so like tautology, they fell,  
 That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore  
 The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,  
 And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here stopt the good old Sire, and wept for joy,  
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.  
 All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,  
 That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,  
 (The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd)  
 An ancient fabric, rais'd to inform the sight,  
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:  
 A watch-tower once; but now so fate ordains,  
 Of all the pile an empty name remains:  
 From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,  
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,  
 Where there vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,  
 And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep\*.  
 Near these a nursery erects its head  
 Where Queens are form'd, and future Heroes bred;  
 Where unsledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,  
 Where infant punks their tender voices try\*,  
 And little Maximins the Gods defy.  
 Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,  
 Nor greater Johnson dares in socks appear;  
 But gentle Simkin just reception finds  
 Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:  
 Pure clinches the suburban Muse affords,  
 And Panten waging harmless war with words.

\* *Parodies on these lines of COWLEY, (Davideis, B. I.)*

Where their vast courts the mother-waters keep,  
 And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

—————Where unsledg'd tempests lie,  
 And infant winds their tender voices try.

Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,  
Ambitionously design'd his Sh——'s throne.  
For antient Decker prophecy'd long since,  
That in this pile should reign a mighty Prince,  
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense :  
To whom true dulness should some Pſyches owe,  
But worlds of miſers from his pen ſhould flow ;  
Humouriſts and hypocrites it ſhould produce,  
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now Empreſs Fame had publiſh'd the renown  
Of Sh——'s coronation through the town.  
Rouz'd by report of fame, the nations meet,  
From near Bunhill, and diſtant Watling-ſtreet.  
No Perſian carpets ſpread th' imperial way.  
But ſcatter'd limbs of mangled Poets lay :  
From duſty ſhops neglected authors come,  
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.  
Much Heywood, Shirly, Ogleby there lay,  
But loads of Sh—— almoſt chok'd the way.  
Bilk'd ſtationers for yeomen ſtood prepar'd,  
And H—n was captain of the guard.  
The hoary Prince in majeſty appear'd,  
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.  
At his right hand our young Aſcanius ſate,  
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the ſtate.  
His brows thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,  
And lambent dulneſs play'd around his face.  
As Hannibal did to the altars come,  
Swore by his Sire a mortal foe to Rome ;  
So Sh—— ſwore, nor ſhould his vow be vain,  
'That he 'till death true dulneſs would maintain ;  
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,  
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with ſenſe.  
The King himſelf the ſacred unction made,  
As King by office, and as Prieſt by trade.

In his sinister hand, instead of ball,  
 He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;  
 Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,  
 At once his scepter, and his rule of sway;  
 Whose righteous lore the Prince had practis'd young,  
 And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.  
 His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,  
 That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.  
 Just at the point of time, if Fame not lye,  
 On his left hand twelve reverend Owls did fly.  
 So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,  
 Prefage of sway from twice six vultures took.  
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,  
 And omens of his future empire take.  
 The Sire then shook the honours of his head,  
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed  
 Full on the filial dulness: Long he stood,  
 Repelling from his breast the raging God;  
 At length burst out in this prophetic mood.

Heav'ns! bless my Son, from Ireland let him reign  
 To far Barbadoes on the Western main;  
 Of his dominion may no end be known,  
 And greater than his father's be his throne;  
 Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen!—  
 He paus'd, and all the people cry'd Amen.  
 Then thus continu'd he: My Son, advance  
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance.  
 Success let others teach, learn thou from me  
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.  
 Let Virtuoso's in five years be writ;  
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.  
 Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,  
 Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;  
 Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,  
 And in their folly shew the writers wit.

Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,  
And justify their author's want of sense.  
Let 'em be all by thy own model made  
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;  
That they to future ages may be known,  
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.  
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,  
All full of thee, and dis'ring but in name.  
But let no alien S—d—y interpose,  
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.  
And when false flowers of rhetorick thou would'st cult,  
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;  
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,  
Sir Formal's oratory will-be thine:  
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,  
And does thy Northern Dedications fill.  
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,  
By arrogating Johnson's hostile name.  
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,  
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.  
Thou art my blood, where Johnson has no part:  
What share have we in Nature or in Art?  
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,  
And rail at arts he did not understand?  
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,  
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?  
Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kifs my arse,  
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?  
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,  
As thou whole Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine?  
But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,  
His always floats above, thine sinks below.  
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,  
New humours to invent for each new play:  
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,  
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:

Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,  
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.  
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence  
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.  
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,  
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.  
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;  
Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.  
With whate'er gall thou set'st thyself to write,  
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.  
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,  
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.  
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame  
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram.  
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command  
Some peaceful province in acrostick land,  
There thou may'st Wings display and Altars raise,  
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.  
Or if thou would'st thy different talents suit,  
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.

He said: But his last words were scarcely heard:  
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,  
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.  
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,  
Born upwards by a subterranean wind.  
The mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,  
With double portion of his father's art.

With roses they were on one side tall,  
And in all changes that way leads the wall.  
Not for the mountain only make progress  
Of flowers; there's a sympathy of stone.  
A one of mine in the large hall a wall,  
For now thou'rt in a building of wit.  
Like mine, the gentle numbers have there;  
Thy rustic name gives thanks, thy rustic here.  
With others thou'rt in the light to see,  
Thy influence falls never die.  
I thy influence have enough to see,  
It does not touch the hill top, and die.  
The eagle calls not to purchase time  
In keen language, but mild language.  
I have wings, and choose for thy command  
Not to be in the air, but in the land.  
There thou may'st wings display and fill the air,  
And others one poor word in the land wear.  
Of this world's life, different talents have,  
Set to their own, and set to their own.  
The one: But the one who were to be  
For him and I, and a very paper'd  
And down they are the very same bird  
Shining he let his wings not be  
Born of a bird, but of a bird  
The eagle fell in a very paper'd  
With their wings in the air, and

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A P O E M.

— Si propius stes  
Te capiet magis —

ABSAJOM AND ACHTIPHIEL

A P O E M

By the Author of  
"The History of the

# TO THE READER.

**T**IS not my intention to make an apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest: But he who draws his pen for one party, must expect to make enemies of the other. For Wit and Fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the Fanatic Church, as well as in the Popish; and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: But the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause, will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet, if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there's a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: If I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges: For the least concern'd are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the Satire (where justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an edge. They, who can criticise so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced at their own cost, that I can write severely, with more ease than I can gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens follies, when I could have de-

claim'd against their vices: And other mens virtues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I effect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you Commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the Government. You cannot be so unconscionable, as to charge me for not subscribing of my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing; though 'tis hard for an author to judge against himself. But more probably 'tis in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent, on both sides, will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavour'd to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam, not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself, to shew Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waste; and if the draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece, with the reconciliation of

Abſalom to David. And who knows but this may come to paſs ? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the ſtory : There ſeems, yet, to be room left for a compoſure ; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt Achitophel, but am content to be accus'd of a good-natur'd error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himſelf may at laſt be ſaved. For which reaſon, in this Poem he is neither brought to ſet his houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his perſon afterwards as he in wiſdom ſhall think fit. God is infinitely merciful ; and his vicegerent is only not ſo, becauſe he is not infinite.

The true end of Satire, is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honeſtly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the phyſician to the patient, when he preſcribes harſh remedies to an inveterate diſeaſe : For thoſe are only in order to prevent the ſurgeon's work of an *Enſe reſcindendum*, which I wiſh not to my very enemies. To conclude all ; If the body-politick have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as neceſſary in a hot, diſtemper'd, ſtate, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

[illegible]

## A KEY to

## ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Abethdin,	Lord Chancellor.
ABSALOM,	DUKE of MONMOUTH.
ACHITOPHEL,	Lord SHAFTSBURY.
Adriel,	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag,	Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.
Amiel,	Mr. Seymour, <i>Speaker</i> .
Annabel,	<i>Duchess of Monmouth.</i>
Balaam,	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak,	Barnet.
Barzillai,	Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba,	<i>Duchess of Portsmouth.</i>
Benaiah,	General Sackville.
Bezaliel,	Duke of Beaufort,
Caleb,	Lord Grey.
Corah,	Dr. Oates.
DAVID,	King CHARLES II.
Doeg,	Settle.
EGYPT,	FRANCE.
<i>Ethnic Plot,</i>	<i>Popish Plot.</i>
HEBRON,	SCOTLAND.
Hebrew Priests,	<i>English Clergy.</i>
Hushai,	Hyde Earl of Rochester.
VOL. I.	N I

<i>Jebusites,</i>	<i>Papists.</i>
JERUSALEM,	LONDON.
Ben. Jochanan,	Johnson.
Jonas,	Sir W. Jones.
Jotham,	<i>Marquis of Halifax.</i>
Ishbosheth,	Richard Cromwell.
ISRAEL,	ENGLAND.
Ishachar,	T. Thynne, <i>Esq.</i>
Judas,	Ferguson.
Mephibosheth,	Pordage.
MICHAL,	Q. CATHARINE.
Nadab,	Lord Howard of Eserick.
Og,	Shadwell.
Phaleg,	Forbes.
PHARAOH,	KING OF FRANCE.
<i>Sagan of Jerusalem,</i>	<i>Bishop of London.</i>
Sanhedrim,	Parliament.
SAUL,	OLIVER CROMWELL.
Shimei,	Sheriff Bethel.
Solymean, Rout,	London Rebels.
TYRE,	HOLLAND.
Uzza,	J. H.
Zadoc,	Archbishop Sancroft.
Zimri,	Duke of Buckingham.

## A B S A L O M

AND

## A C H I T O P H E L.

**I**N pious times, ere priest-craft did begin,  
 Before Polygamy was made a sin;  
 When man on many multiply'd his kind,  
 Ere one to one was, cursedly, confin'd:  
 When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd  
 Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;  
 Then Israel's Monarch, after Heav'n's own heart,  
 His vigorous warmth did variously impart  
 To wives and slaves; and, wide as his command,  
 Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.  
 Michal, of Royal blood, the crown did wear;  
 A foil ungrateful to the tiller's care:  
 Not so the rest; for several mothers bore  
 To god-like David several sons before.  
 But, since like slaves his bed they did ascend,  
 No true succession could their seed attend.  
 Of all the numerous progeny was none  
 So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:  
 Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,  
 His Father got him with a greater gust;  
 Or that his conscious destiny made way,  
 By manly beauty, to imperial sway.  
 Early in foreign fields he won renown,  
 With Kings and States ally'd to Israel's crown:

N 2

In peace the thoughts of war he cou'd remove,  
And seem'd as he were only born for love.  
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please :  
His motions all accompany'd with grace;  
And Paradise was open'd in his face.  
With secret joy, indulgent David view'd  
His youthful image in his Son renew'd :  
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd ;  
And made the charming Annabel his bride.  
What faults he had (for who from faults is free ?)  
His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not see.  
Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,  
Were constru'd youth that purg'd by boiling o'er ;  
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,  
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.  
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,  
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd.  
But life can never be sincerely blest :  
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.  
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmur'ing race,  
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace ;  
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,  
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd please ;  
(Gods they had try'd of every shape and size.  
That god-smiths cou'd produce, or priests devise :)  
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,  
Began to dream they wanted liberty ;  
And when no rule, no precedent was found,  
Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound ;  
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,  
And thought that all but savages were slaves.  
They, who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,  
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego ;  
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,  
And, with a general shout, proclaim'd him King :

Those very Jews, who, at their very best,  
 Their humour more than loyalty exprest;  
 Now wonder'd why, so long, they had obey'd  
 An idol-monarch, which their hands had made;  
 Thought they might ruin him they cou'd create,  
 Or melt him to that golden calf, a State.  
 But these were random bolts: No form'd design,  
 Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:  
 The sober part of Israel, free from stain,  
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;  
 And, looking backward with a wise affright,  
 Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight:  
 In contemplation of whose ugly scars,  
 They curst the memory of civil wars.  
 The moderate sort of men, thus qualify'd,  
 Inclined the balance to the better side;  
 And David's mildness manag'd it so well,  
 The bad found no occasion to rebel.  
 But, when to sin our bias'd nature leans,  
 The careful Devil is still at hand with means;  
 And providently pimps for ill desires:  
 The good old cause reviv'd, a plot requires.  
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,  
 To raise up Commonwealths, and ruin Kings,  
 Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem  
 Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;  
 And theirs the native right——  
 But when the chosen people grew more strong,  
 The rightful cause at length became the wrong:  
 And every loss the men of Jebus bore,  
 They still were thought God's enemies the more.  
 Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,  
 Submit they must to David's government:  
 Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,  
 Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;

And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,  
 Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood;  
 This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;  
 For Priests of all religions are the same.  
 Of whatso'er descent their godhead be,  
 Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,  
 In his defence his servants are as bold,  
 As if he had been born of beaten gold.  
 The Jewish Rabbins, though their enemies,  
 In this conclude them honest men and wise:  
 For 'twas their duty, all the Learned think,  
 T' espouse his cause, by whom they eat and drink.  
 From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,  
 Bad in itself, but represented worse;  
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;  
 With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;  
 Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the multitude;  
 But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.  
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,  
 To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.  
 Succeeding times did equal folly call,  
 Believing nothing, or believing all.  
 Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;  
 Where Gods were recommended by their taste.  
 Such sav'ry Deities must needs be good,  
 As serv'd at once for worship and for food.  
 By force they could not introduce these Gods;  
 For ten to one, in former days, was odds.  
 So fraud was us'd (the sacrificer's trade):  
 Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.  
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,  
 And rak'd, for converts, even the court and stews:  
 Which Hebrew Priests the more unkindly took,  
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock.  
 Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay  
 By guns, invented since full many a day:

Our author swears it not; but who can know  
How far the Devil and Jebusites may go  
This Plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,  
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:  
For as when raging fevers boil the blood,  
The standing lake soon floats into a flood;  
And ev'ry hostile humour, which before  
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er:  
So several factions, from this first ferment,  
Work up to foam, and threat the government.  
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,  
Oppos'd the power, to which they could not rise.  
Some had in courts been great, and, thrown from thence,  
Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence.  
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown,  
From pardon'd rebels, kinsmen to the throne,  
Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high;  
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men cou'd tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;  
A name to all succeeding ages curst:  
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;  
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;  
In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:  
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,  
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.  
A daring pilot in extremity;  
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high,  
He fought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,  
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.  
Great Wits are sure to madness near ally'd,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;  
Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,  
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?

Punish a body, which he cou'd not please;  
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease;  
 And all to leave, what with his toil he won;  
 To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son;  
 Got, while his soul did huddl'd notions try;  
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy;  
 In friendship false, implacable in hate;  
 Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule the State;  
 To compass this, the triple bond he broke;  
 The pillars of the public safety shook;  
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:  
 Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,  
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.  
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,  
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes:  
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,  
 Where none can sin against the people's will?  
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,  
 Since in another's guilt they find their own?  
 Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;  
 The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.  
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin,  
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;  
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;  
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.  
 Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,  
 With virtues only proper to the gown;  
 Or, had the rankness of the soil been freed  
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;  
 David, for him, his tuneful harp had strung,  
 And Heav'n had wanted one immortal song.  
 But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.  
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess  
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,  
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.  
 Now, manifest of crimes, contriv'd long since,  
 He stood at bold defiance with his Prince;  
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause  
 Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.  
 The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;  
 Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.  
 By buzzing emissaries, fills the ears  
 Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears  
 Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,  
 And proves the King himself a Jebusite.  
 Weak arguments! which yet, he knew full well,  
 Were strong with people easy to rebel.  
 For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews  
 Tread the same track when she the prime renews;  
 And once in twenty years, their scribes record,  
 By natural instinct they change their Lord.  
 Achitophel still wants a Chief, and none  
 Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.  
 Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,  
 (For politicians neither love nor hate :)  
 But, for he knew, his title, not allow'd,  
 Would keep him still depending on the crowd :  
 That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be  
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.  
 Him he attempts, with studied arts to please,  
 And sheds his venom in such words as these.

Auspicious Prince! at whose nativity  
 Some royal planet rul'd the Southern sky;  
 Thy longing country's darling and desire;  
 Their cloudy pillar, and their guardian fire :  
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand  
 Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land :  
 Whose dawning day, in every distant age,  
 Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage :

The people's pray'r, the glad diviner's theme,  
 The young mens vision, and the old mens dream!  
 Thee, Saviour! thee the nation's vows confess,  
 And, never satisfy'd with seeing, blest;  
 Swift unespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,  
 And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.  
 How long wilt thou the general joy detain,  
 Starve, and defraud the people of thy reign;  
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days,  
 Like one of Virtue's fools that feed on praise;  
 'Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,  
 Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?  
 Believe me, Royal Youth, thy fruit must be  
 Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.  
 Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,  
 Some lucky revolution of their fate:  
 Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,  
 (For human good depends on human will)  
 Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,  
 And from the first impression takes the bent:  
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,  
 And leaves repenting folly far behind.  
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,  
 And spreads her locks before her as she flies.  
 Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,  
 Not dar'd, when fortune call'd him, to be King,  
 At Gath an exile he might still remain,  
 And Heav'n's anointing oil had been in vain.  
 Let his successful youth your hopes engage;  
 But shun th' example of declining age;  
 Behold him setting in his Western skies,  
 The shadows length'ning as the vapours rise.  
 He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand  
 The joyful people throng'd to see him land,  
 Cov'ring the beech, and black'ning all the strand;

But, like the Prince of Angels, from his height,  
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:  
 Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn:  
 (Our only blessing since his curst return :)  
 Those heaps of people, which one sheaf did bind,  
 Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of wind.  
 What strength can he to your designs oppose,  
 Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?  
 If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,  
 A foreign aid wou'd more incense the Jews:  
 Proud Egypt wou'd dissembled friendship bring;  
 Foment the war, but not support the King:  
 Nor wou'd the Royal party e'er unite  
 With Pharaoh's arms, t' assist the Jebusite;  
 Or if they shou'd, their int'rest soon wou'd break,  
 And, with such odious aid, make David weak.  
 All sorts of men, by my successful arts,  
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd hearts  
 From David's rule: And 'tis their general cry,  
 Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.  
 If you, as champion of the public good,  
 Add to their arms a Chief of royal blood,  
 What may not Israel hope, and what applause  
 Might such a Gen'ral gain by such a cause.  
 Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r,  
 Fair only to the fight, but solid pow'r.  
 And nobler is a limited command,  
 Giv'n by the love of all your native land,  
 Than a successive title, long and dark,  
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,  
 When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds!  
 Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,  
 Yet, sprung from high, is of celestial seed:  
 In God 'tis glory; and, when men aspire,  
 'Tis but a spark too much of heav'nly fire.

Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,  
 Too full of Angels metal in his frame,  
 Unwarily was led from Virtue's ways,  
 Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise;  
 Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,  
 (For royal blood within him struggled still)  
 He thus reply'd. — And what pretence have I  
 To take up arms for public liberty?  
 My father governs with unquestion'd right;  
 The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;  
 A Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;  
 And Heav'n by wonders has espous'd his cause;  
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?  
 Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?  
 What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,  
 Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?  
 Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;  
 Inclined to mercy, and averse from blood.  
 If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,  
 His crime is God's beloved attribute.  
 What could he gain, his people to betray,  
 Or change his right for arbitrary sway?  
 Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign  
 His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.  
 If David's rule Jerusalem displease,  
 The Dog-Star heats their brains to this disease;  
 Why then should I, encouraging the bad,  
 Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?  
 Were he a tyrant, who, by lawless might,  
 Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,  
 Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands  
 Wou'd curb my spirits, and restrain my hands:  
 The people might assert their liberty;  
 But what was right in them, were crime in me;  
 His favour leaves me nothing to require,  
 Prevents my wishes, and out-runs desire;

What more can I expect while David lives ?  
 All but his kingly diadem he gives :  
 And that—but here he paus'd ; then sighing, said,—  
 Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.  
 For when my father from his toils shall rest,  
 And late augment the number of the blest,  
 His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,  
 Or the collat'ral line, where that shall end.  
 His brother, tho' oppress'd with vulgar spite,  
 Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,  
 Of every royal virtue stands possess'd ;  
 Still dear to all the bravest and the best.  
 His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim ;  
 His loyalty the King, the world his fame.  
 His mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find ;  
 For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.  
 Why should I then repine at Heav'n's decree,  
 Which gives me no pretence to royalty ;  
 Yet oh that fate, propitiously inclin'd,  
 Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind,  
 To my large soul not all her treasure lent,  
 And then betray'd it to a mean descent !  
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,  
 And David's part disdains my mother's mould.  
 Why am I scant'd by a niggard birth ?  
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth ;  
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,  
 Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.

Him staggering so when hell's dire agent found,  
 While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,  
 He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies :

Th' Eternal God, supremely good and wise,  
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain :  
 What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign ?

Against your will your arguments have shown,  
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.  
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;  
But manly force becomes the diadem.  
'Tis true, he grants the people all they crave;  
And more, perhaps, than subjects ought to have:  
For lavish grants suppose a Monarch tame,  
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.  
But, when should people strive their bonds to break,  
If not when Kings are negligent or weak?  
Let him give on 'till he can give no more,  
The thrifty Sanhedrim shall keep him poor;  
And every shekel, which he can receive,  
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.  
To ply him with new plots, shall be my care;  
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;  
Which when his treasure can no more supply,  
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy  
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears—  
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;  
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,  
He shall be naked left to public scorn.  
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,  
My arts have made obnoxious to the State;  
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,  
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.  
His right, for sums of necessary gold,  
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;  
'Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,  
To pass your doubtful title into law;  
If not, the people have a right supreme  
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.  
All empire is no more than pow'r in trust,  
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.  
Succession, for the general good design'd,  
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:

If altering that the people can relieve,  
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.  
The Jews well know their pow'r : Ere Saul they chose,  
Gob was their King, and Gob they durst depose.  
Urge now your piety, your filial name,  
A father's right, and fear of future fame ;  
The public good, that universal call,  
To which e'en Heaven submitted, answers all.  
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind ;  
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.  
Our fond begetters, who would never die,  
Love but themselves in their posterity.  
Or let his kindness by th' effects be try'd,  
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.  
God said, he lov'd your father ; could he bring  
A better proof, than to anoint him King ?  
It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,  
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.  
Would David have you thought his darling son ?  
What means he then to alienate the crown ?  
The name of godly he may blush to bear :  
'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his heir.  
He to his brother gives supreme command,  
To you a legacy of barren land ;  
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,  
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.  
Then the next heir, a Prince severe and wise,  
Already looks on you with jealous eyes ;  
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,  
And marks your progress in the peoples hearts ;  
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains :  
He meditates revenge, who least complains ;  
And like a lion, slumb'ring in the way,  
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,  
His fearless foes within his distance draws,  
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws ;

'Till, at the last, his time for fury found,  
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground :  
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er, and spares,  
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.  
Your case no tame expedients will afford :  
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,  
Which for no less a stake than life you draw ;  
And self-defence is Nature's eldest law.  
Leave the warm people no considering time ;  
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.  
Prevail yourself of what occasion gives,  
But try your title while your father lives :  
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,  
Proclaim, you take them in the King's defence ;  
Whose sacred life each minute would expose  
To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes.  
And who can sound the depth of David's soul ?  
Perhaps his fear, his kindness may controul.  
He fears his brother, though he loves his son,  
For plighted vows too late to be undone.  
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd :  
Like womens leachery to seem constrain'd.  
Doubt not : But, when he most affects the frown,  
Commit a pleasing rape upon the Crown.  
Secure his person to secure your cause :  
'They, who possess the Prince, possess the laws.  
He said, and this advice, above the rest,  
With Absalom's mild nature suited best ;  
Unblam'd of life (ambition set aside)  
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puffed with pride.  
How happy had he been, if destiny  
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high !  
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,  
And blest all other countries but his own.  
But charming greatness since so few refuse,  
'Tis juster to lament him, than accuse.

Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,  
With blandishments to gain the public love :  
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,  
And popularly prosecute the plot.  
To further this, Achitophel unites  
The mal-contents of all the Israelites :  
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,  
For several ends, to serve the same design.  
The best, and of the Princes some were such,  
Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too much :  
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts ;  
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.  
By these the springs of property were bent,  
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.  
The next for int'rest sought t' embroil the state,  
To sell their duty at a dearer rate ;  
And make their Jewish markets of the throne ;  
Pretending public good, to serve their own.  
Others thought Kings an useless heavy load,  
Who cost too much, and did too little good.  
These were for laying honest David by,  
On principles of pure good husbandry.  
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,  
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.  
Who follow next, a double danger bring,  
Not only hating David, but the King ;  
The Solymæan rout ; well vers'd, of old,  
In godly fiction, and in treason bold ;  
Cowering and quaking at a conqu'ror's sword ;  
But lofty to a lawful Prince restor'd ;  
Saw with disdain an Ethnick plot begun,  
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be out-done.  
Hot Levites headed these ; who pull'd before  
From th' Ark, which in the judges days they bore ;

Refum'd their cant, and, with a zealous cry,  
Pursu'd their old belov'd theocracy :  
Where Sanhedrim and Priest enslav'd the nation,  
And justified their spoils by inspiration :  
For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race,  
If once dominion they could found in grace ?  
These led the pack ; though not of surest scent,  
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.  
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,  
Of the true old enthusiastic breed :  
'Gainst form and order they their pow'r employ,  
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.  
But far more numerous was the herd of such,  
Who think too little, and who talk too much.  
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,  
Ador'd their fathers god, and property ;  
And, by the same blind benefit of fate,  
The Devil and the Jesuiste did hate :  
Born to be fav'd, e'en in their own despight,  
Because they could not help believing right.  
Such were the tools : But a whole hydra more  
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.  
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the land ;  
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand :  
A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;  
But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon :  
Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking ;  
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,  
With something new to wish, or to enjoy !  
Railing and praising were his usual themes ;  
And both (to shew his judgment) in extremes :

So over violent, or over civil,  
That every man, with him, was God, or Devil.  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art :  
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert.  
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late :  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought relief  
By forming parties, but cou'd ne'er be Chief :  
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell  
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel :  
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
As left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse  
Of Lords, below the dignity of verse.  
Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the best :  
Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles, all the rest.  
And therefore, in the name of dulness, be  
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free :  
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,  
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.  
Let friendship's holy band some names assure ;  
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.  
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,  
Whom Kings no titles gave, and God no grace :  
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw  
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.  
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,  
The wretch, who Heav'n's Anointed dar'd to curse ;  
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring  
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his King ;  
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,  
And never broke the Sabbath, but for gain :  
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,  
Or curse, unless against the government.  
Thus, heaping wealth, by the most ready way  
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray ;

The city, to reward his pious hate  
Against his master, chose him Magistrate.  
His hand a vase of justice did uphold;  
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.  
During his office, treason was no crime;  
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:  
For Shimei, though not prodigal of self,  
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.  
When two or three were gather'd to declaim  
Against the Monarch of Jerusalem,  
Shimei was always in the midst of them:  
And, if they curs'd the King when he was by,  
Would rather curse than break good company.  
If any durst his factious friends accuse,  
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;  
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause  
Wou'd free the suffering saint from human laws.  
For laws are only made to punish those,  
Who serve the King, and to protect his foes.  
If any leisure time he had from pow'r,  
(Because 'tis sin to mis-employ an hour:)  
His business was, by writing to persuade,  
That Kings were useless, and a clog to trade:  
And, that his noble style he might refine,  
No Rechabite more shun'd the fumes of wine.  
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrivel board  
The grossness of a city feast abhor'd:  
His cooks, with long dispute, their trade forgot:  
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot,  
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;  
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:  
For towns, once burnt, such Magistrates require.  
As dare not tempt God's Providence by fire.  
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,  
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:

And Moses' laws he held in more account;  
 For forty days of fasting on the mount.  
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,  
 Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.  
 Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;  
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,  
 High as the serpent of thy metal made,  
 While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.  
 What, tho' his birth were base, yet comets rise  
 From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.  
 Prodigious actions may as well be done  
 By weaver's issue, as by Prince's son.  
 This arch-attestor for the public good  
 By that one deed ennobles all his blood.  
 Whoever ask'd the witnesses high race,  
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?  
 Ours was a Levite, and, as times went then,  
 His tribe were God ALMIGHTY'S gentlemen;  
 Sunk were his eyes, his voice both harsh and loud,  
 Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud;  
 His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace  
 A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.  
 His memory, miraculously great,  
 Cou'd plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;  
 Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,  
 For human wit cou'd never such devise.  
 Some future truths are mingled in his book;  
 But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:  
 Some things like visionary sight appear;  
 The spirit caught him up, the LORD knows where;  
 And gave him his rabbinical degree,  
 Unknown to foreign university.  
 His judgment yet his mem'ry did excel;  
 Which piec'd his wondrous evidences so well,  
 And suited to the temper of the times,  
 Then groaning under Jesuitic crimes,

Let Israel's foes suspect his heav'nly call,  
 And rashly judge his writ apocryphal ;  
 Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made :  
 He takes his life, who takes away his trade.  
 Where I myself in witness Corah's place,  
 The wretch, who did me such a dire disgrace,  
 Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot,  
 To make him an appendix of my plot.  
 His zeal to Heav'n made him his Prince despise,  
 And load his person with indignities.  
 But zeal peculiar privilege affords,  
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words :  
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,  
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.  
 What others in his evidence did join,  
 (The best that cou'd be had for love or coin)  
 In Corah's own predicament will fall :  
 For Witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,  
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the Court :  
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,  
 And fir'd with near possession of a crown.  
 Th' admiring crowd are dazled with surprize,  
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes.  
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show ;  
 On each side bowing popularly low :  
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,  
 And with familiar ease repeats their names.  
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with arts,  
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.  
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,  
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,  
 Few words he said ; but easy those and fit,  
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate ;  
 Though far unable to prevent your fate :

Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause  
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!  
Yet oh! that I alone cou'd be undone,  
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!  
Now all your liberties a spoil are made;  
Ægypt and Tyros intercept your trade,  
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.

My father, whom with reverence yet I name,  
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;  
And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,  
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;  
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;  
And all his pow'r against himself employs.  
He gives, and let him give, my right away:  
But why should he his own, and yours betray?  
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,  
And he alone from my revenge is freed.  
Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his eyes)  
'Tis all the aid my present pow'r supplies:  
No Court-informer can these arms accuse;  
These arms my sons against their fathers use;  
And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign  
May make no other Israelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail;  
But common interest always will prevail:  
And pity never ceases to be shown,  
To him, who makes the people's wrongs his own.  
The crowd (that still believe their Kings oppress)  
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:  
Who now begins his progress to ordain  
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train:  
From East to West his glories he displays,  
And, like the Sun, the promis'd land surveys.  
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,  
And shouts of joy salute him from afar;

Each house receives him as a guardian God,  
And consecrates the place of his abode.  
But hospitable treats did most commend  
Wife Issachar, his wealthy Western friend.  
This moving Court, that caught the people's eyes,  
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise :  
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent  
To sound the depths, and fathom, where it went,  
The people's hearts ; distinguish friends from foes ;  
And try their strength before they came to blows.  
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence  
Of specious love, and duty to their Prince.  
Religion, and redress of grievances,  
Two names that always cheat, and always please,  
Are often urg'd ; and good King David's life  
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.  
Thus in a pageant shew a plot is made ;  
And peace itself is war in masquerade.  
Oh foolish Israel ! never warn'd by ill !  
Still the same bait, and circumvented still !  
Did ever men forsake their present ease,  
In midst of health imagine a disease ;  
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,  
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree ?  
What shall we think ? Can people give away,  
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway ?  
Then they are left defenceless to the sword  
Of each unbounded, arbitrary, Lord :  
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,  
If Kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.  
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,  
And Kings are only officers in trust,  
Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd  
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd.  
If those who gave the scepter could not tie  
By their own deed their own posterity,

How then cou'd Adam bind his future race?  
 How cou'd his forfeit on mankind take place?  
 Or how cou'd Heav'nly justice damn us all,  
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?  
 Then Kings are slaves to those who they command,  
 And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.  
 Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd  
 Is mischievously seated in the crowd:  
 For who can be secure of private right,  
 If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?  
 Nor is the people's judgment always true;  
 The most may err as grossly as the few;  
 And faultless Kings run down, by common cry,  
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.  
 What standard is there in a fickle rout,  
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?  
 Nor only crowds; but Sanhedrims, may be  
 Infected with this public lunacy.  
 And share the madness of rebellious times,  
 To murder Monarchs for imagin'd crimes.  
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,  
 Not Kings alone, the Godhead's images,  
 But Government itself at length must fall  
 To Nature's state, where all have right to all.  
 Yet, grant our Lords the people Kings can make,  
 What prudent men a settled throne wou'd shake?  
 For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,  
 That change they covet makes them suffer more.  
 All other errors but disturb a State:  
 But innovation is the blow of fate.  
 If ancient fabricks nod, and threat to fall,  
 To patch the flaws, and buttress up the wall,  
 Thus far 'tis duty: But here fix the mark;  
 For all beyond it is to touch the ark;  
 To change foundations, cast the frame anew,  
 Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;

At once divine and human laws controul,  
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.  
The tamp'ring world is subject to this curse,  
To physick their disease into a worse.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?  
How fatal 'tis to be too good a King!  
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;  
Who dare be such, must be the people's foes.  
Yet some there were, e'en in the worst of days;  
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file, Barzillai first appears;  
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.  
Long since the rising rebels he withstood  
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:  
Unfortunately brave, to buoy the State:  
But sinking underneath his master's fate:  
In exile with his godlike Prince he mourn'd;  
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.  
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's art:  
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart;  
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,  
The fighting Warriour, and recording Muse.  
His bed cou'd once a fruitful issue boast;  
No more than half a father's name is lost.  
His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,  
By me (so Heav'n will have it) always mourn'd,  
And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime  
B' unequal fates, and Providence's crime:  
Yet not before the goal of honour won,  
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:  
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.  
Oh narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,  
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!  
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,  
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:

Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd ;  
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stop'd.  
Oh ancient honour ! oh unconquer'd hand,  
Whom foes unpunish'd never cou'd withstand !  
But Israel was unworthy of his name :  
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.  
It looks as Heav'n our ruin had design'd,  
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.  
Now, free from earth, thy difencumber'd soul  
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole :  
From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,  
To aid the guardian angel of thy King.  
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight :  
No pinions can pursue immortal height :  
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,  
And tell thy soul she should have fled before :  
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse  
To hang on her departed patron's hearse ?  
Now take thy sleepy flight from Heav'n, and see  
If thou canst find on earth another he :  
Another he wou'd be too hard to find ;  
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.  
Zadoc the Priest, whom, shunning pow'r and place,  
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.  
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,  
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem ;  
Him of the Western dome, whose weighty sense  
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.  
The prophets sons, by such example led,  
To learning and to loyalty were bred :  
For colleges on bounteous Kings depend,  
And never rebel was to arts a friend.  
To these succeed the Pillars of the laws ;  
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.  
Next them, a train of loyal Peers ascend ;  
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,

Himself a Muse : In Sanhedrims debate  
True to his Prince, but not a slave of State :  
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,  
That from his disobedient son were torn.  
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought ;  
Endu'd by Nature, and by learning taught,  
To move assemblies, who but only try'd  
The worse a-while, then chose the better side :  
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too ;  
So much the weight of one brave man can do.  
Hushai, the friend of David in distress ;  
In public storms of manly steadfastness :  
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,  
And join'd experience to his native truth.  
His frugal care supply'd the wanting throne ;  
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own :  
'Tis easy conduct when Exchequers flow ;  
But hard the task to manage well the low :  
For sovereign pow'r is too depress'd or high,  
When Kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.  
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,  
For Amiel : Who can Amiel's praise refuse ?  
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet  
In his own worth, and without title great :  
The Sanhedrim long time as Chief he rul'd,  
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd :  
So dext'rous was he in the Crown's defence,  
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,  
That as their band was Israel's tribes in small,  
So fit was he to represent them all.  
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,  
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend :  
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,  
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way ;  
While he withdrawn at their mad labours smiles,  
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief ; a small but faithful band  
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,  
And tempt th' united fury of the land.  
With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent,  
To batter down the lawful Government.  
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,  
In Sanhedrims to plume the regal rights ;  
The true successor from the Court remov'd ;  
The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.  
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,  
They shew'd the King the danger of the wound ;  
That no concessions from the throne wou'd please,  
But lenitives fomented the disease :  
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,  
Was made the lure to draw the people down :  
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate  
Had turn'd the plot to ruin Church and State :  
The Council violent, the rabble worse :  
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,  
And long revolving in his careful breast  
Th' event of things, at last, his patience tir'd,  
Thus, from his royal throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,  
The godlike David spoke ; with awful fear  
His train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,  
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd :  
So willing to forgive th' offending age ;  
So much the father did the King assuage,  
But now so far my clemency they slight,  
Th' offenders question my forgiving right.  
That one was made for many, they contend :  
But 'tis to rule ; for that's a Monarch's end.  
They call my tenderness of blood, my fear :  
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.

Yet, since they will divert my native course,  
 'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.  
 Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,  
 Are burdens for a camel, not a King.  
 Kings are the public pillars of the State,  
 Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight :  
 If my young Sampson will pretend a call  
 To shake the column, let him share the fall :  
 But, oh, that yet he would repent and live !  
 How easy 'tis for parents to forgive !  
 With how few tears a pardon might be won  
 From Nature pleading for a darling Son !  
 Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,  
 Rais'd up to all the height his frame cou'd bear !  
 Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,  
 He would have given his soul another turn :  
 Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense  
 Is one that wou'd by law supplant his Prince ;  
 The people's brave, the politician's tool ;  
 Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.  
 Whence comes it, that religion and the laws  
 Should more be Absalom's than David's cause ?  
 His old instructor, ere he lost his place,  
 Was never thought endu'd with so much grace.  
 Good Heav'ns, how faction can a patriot paint !  
 My rebel ever proves my people's faint.  
 Wou'd they impose an heir upon the throne ?  
 Let Sanhedrims be taught to give their own,  
 A King's at least a part of Government ;  
 And mine as requisite as their consent ;  
 Without my leave a future King to chuse,  
 Infers a right the present to depose.  
 True, they petition me t' approve their choice :  
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.  
 My pious subjects for my safety pray ;  
 Which to secure, they take my pow'r away.

From plots and treasons Heav'n preserve my years,  
But save me most from my petitioners.  
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave;  
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.  
What then is left, but with a jealous eye  
To guard the small remains of royalty?  
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,  
And the same law teach rebels to obey:  
Votes shall no more establish'd pow'r controul,  
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.  
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,  
Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they prove;  
For Gods and godlike Kings their care express,  
Still to defend their servants in distress.  
Oh that my pow'r to saving were confin'd!  
Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind,  
To make examples of another kind? }  
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?  
Oh curst effects of necessary law!  
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!  
Beware the fury of a patient man.  
Law they require, let Law then shew her face;  
They could not be content to look on Grace,  
Her hinder parts but with a daring eye  
To tempt the terror of her front, and die.  
By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,  
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.  
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,  
'Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;  
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,  
Which was their principle of life before.  
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:  
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.  
Nor doubt th' event: For factious crowds engage,  
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.

Then let 'em take an unresisted course ;  
 Retire, and traverse, and delude their force :  
 But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,  
 And rise upon them with redoubled might :  
 For lawful pow'r is still superior found ;  
 When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground.

He said : Th' ALMIGHTY, nodding, gave consent ;  
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.  
 Henceforth a series of new time began,  
 The mighty years in long procession ran :  
 Once more the godlike David was restor'd,  
 And willing nations knew their lawful Lord.

## PART

## PART of the SECOND PART of

## ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

N. B. The rest of this Poem, written by Mr TATE, is extant in the *Second Part of Miscellany Poems*, publish'd by Mr DRYDEN.

NEXT these, a troop of busy spirits press,  
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less.  
With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd  
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;  
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,  
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.  
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,  
To sell their conscience, and espouse the cause.  
Such stipends those vile hircings best besit,  
Priests without grace, and Poets without wit.  
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,  
Judas, that keeps the rebels pension-purse;  
Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee:  
Judas, that well deserves his name-sake's tree:  
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects  
His college for a nursery of sects;  
Young prophets with an early care secures,  
And with the dung of his own arts manures.  
What have the men of Hebron here to do?  
What part in Israel's promis'd land have you?  
Here Phaleg the Lay-Hebronite is come,  
'Cause like the rest he cou'd not live at home;  
Who from his own possessions cou'd not drain  
An omer even of Hebronitish grain;  
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high  
Of injur'd subjects alter'd property:

An emblem of that buzzing insect just,  
 That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.  
 Can dry bones live; or skeletons produce  
 The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?  
 Slim Phaleg cou'd, and at the table fed,  
 Return'd the grateful product to the bed.  
 A waiting man to trav'ling Nobles chose,  
 He his own laws wou'd saucily impose;  
 'Till bastinado'd back again he went,  
 To learn those manners he to teach was sent.  
 Chastis'd, he ought to have retreated home,  
 But he reads politicks to Absalom.  
 For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,  
 To his own country willingly return'd.  
 But leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,  
 And to talk treason for his daily bread,  
 Let Hebron, nay let Hell produce a man,  
 So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan.  
 A Jew of humble parentage was he,  
 By trade a Levite, though of low degree.  
 His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd;  
 But for the drudgery of Priests was hir'd,  
 To read and pray in linen ephod brave,  
 And pick up single shekels from the grave.  
 Married at last, but finding charge come faster,  
 He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his master;  
 Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool;  
 They got a villain, and we lost a fool.  
 Still violent, whatever cause he took,  
 But most against the party he forsook.  
 For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,  
 Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.  
 So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains,  
 To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.  
 But as the Dev'l owes all his imps a shame,  
 He chose th' Apostate for his proper theme;

With little pains he made the picture true,  
And from reflection took the rogue he drew.  
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation  
In every age a murmuring generation;  
To trace 'em from their infancy of sinning,  
And shew 'em factious from their first beginning;  
To prove they cou'd rebel, and rail, and mock,  
Much to the credit of the chosen flock;  
A strong authority, which must convince,  
That saints own no allegiance to their Prince:  
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,  
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.  
But, tell me, did the drunken Patriarch bless  
The son that shew'd his father's nakedness?  
Such thanks the present Church thy pen will give,  
Which proves rebellion was so primitive.  
Must ancient failings be examples made?  
Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.  
As thou the Heathen and the Saint hast drawn,  
Methinks th' Apostate was the better man:  
And thy hot father (waving my respect)  
Not of a mother Church, but of a sect.  
And such he needs must be of thy inditing;  
This comes of drinking asses milk, and writing.  
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,  
(As profit is the loudest call of grace)  
His temple, dispossest'd of one, would be  
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,  
And shew rebellion bare, without a gown;  
Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,  
Who rhyme below ev'n David's psalms translated.  
Some in my speedy pace I must out-run,  
As lame Mephibosheth the wizard's son:  
To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,  
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;

And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,  
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;  
Who, by my Muse, to all succeeding times  
Shall live, in spite of their own dogrel rhimes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,  
Made still a blund'ring kind of melody;  
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin;  
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;  
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,  
And, in one word, heroically mad:  
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,  
But fagotted his notions as they fell,  
And if they rhim'd and rattl'd, all was well,  
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,  
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature:  
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think;  
All his occasions are to eat and drink.  
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,  
He means you no more mischief than a parrot:  
The words for friend and foe alike are made;  
To fetter 'em in verse is all his trade.  
For almonds he'll cry, Whore to his own mother,  
And call young Absalom King David's brother.  
Let him be gallows-free by my consent,  
And nothing suffer since he nothing meant:  
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,  
This animal's below committing treason:  
Shall he be hang'd, who never could rebel?  
That's a preferment for Achitophel.  
The woman, that committed buggary,  
Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;  
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led  
The dog, that never heard the statute read,  
Railing in other men may be a crime,  
But ought to pass for mere instinct in him:

Instinct he follows, and no farther knows;  
 For to write verse with him, is to transprose.  
 'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,  
 Who makes Heaven's gate a lock to its own key.  
 Let him rail on; let his invective Muse  
 Have four and twenty letters to abuse;  
 Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,  
 Indict him of a capital offence.  
 In fire-works give him leave to vent his spite;  
 Those are the only serpents he can write:  
 The height of his ambition is, we know,  
 But to be master of a puppet-show:  
 On that one stage his works may yet appear,  
 And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some;  
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come,  
 Og from a treason tavern rolling home.  
 Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,  
 Goodly and great he falls behind his link.  
 With all his bulk there's nothing lost in Og,  
 For every inch, that is not fool, is rogue;  
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,  
 As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.  
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,  
 He curses God: but God before curst him:  
 And if man cou'd have reason, none has more,  
 That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.  
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew  
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;  
 To what wou'd he on quail and pheasant swell,  
 That ev'n on tripe and carrion cou'd rebel?  
 But tho' Heav'n made him poor, (with rev'rence speaking)  
 He never was a poet of God's making.  
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,  
 With this prophetic blessing, — *Be thou dull;*

Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight  
 Fit for thy bulk; do any thing but write:  
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;  
 A strong nativity, but for the pen.  
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,  
 Still thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink.  
 I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,  
 For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane:  
 Rhyme is the rock, on which thou art to wreck;  
 'Tis fatal to thy fame, and to thy neck.  
 Why should thy metre good King David blast?  
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.  
 Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,  
 Thou, whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?  
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,  
 O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:  
 Doeg, to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,  
 A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.  
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,  
 For writing treason, and for writing dull.  
 To die for faction is a common evil;  
 But to be hang'd for nonsense, is the Devil.  
 Hadst thou the glories of thy King express'd,  
 Thy praises had been Satire at the best;  
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,  
 Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's Anointed.  
 I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes;  
 For who would read thy life, that reads thy rhimes?  
 But of King David's foes be this the doom;  
 May all be like the young man Absalom:  
 And for my foes, may this their blessing be,  
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

EPITOME

THE

M E D A L,

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

Per Graium populos, medizque per Eldis urbem  
Ibat ovans, Divumque sibi poscebat honores.

Q<sup>2</sup>

the first of these was the establishment of the  
Lutheran faith in the north of England, which  
was accomplished by the efforts of the  
Lutheran missionaries, who were sent to  
the north of England by the Lutherans of  
the north of Germany.

the second of these was the establishment of the

Calvinist faith in the south of England, which

was accomplished by the efforts of the

Calvinist missionaries, who were sent to

the south of England by the Calvinists of

the south of Germany.

the third of these was the establishment of the

Anglican faith in the north of England, which

was accomplished by the efforts of the

Anglican missionaries, who were sent to

the north of England by the Anglicans of

the north of Germany.

the fourth of these was the establishment of the

Anglican faith in the south of England, which

was accomplished by the efforts of the

Anglican missionaries, who were sent to

the south of England by the Anglicans of

the south of Germany.

the fifth of these was the establishment of the

Anglican faith in the north of England, which

was accomplished by the efforts of the

Anglican missionaries, who were sent to

the north of England by the Anglicans of

the north of Germany.

the sixth of these was the establishment of the

Anglican faith in the south of England, which

was accomplished by the efforts of the

Anglican missionaries, who were sent to

the south of England by the Anglicans of

the south of Germany.

the seventh of these was the establishment of the

Anglican faith in the north of England, which

was accomplished by the efforts of the

Anglican missionaries, who were sent to

the north of England by the Anglicans of

the north of Germany.

# E P I S T L E T O T H E W H I G S.

**F**OR to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice, as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own hero: 'Tis the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landskip of the tower, nor the rising sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new Sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the Graver has made a good market of it: All his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so inhand'd, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him; but must be content to see him here. I must confess, I am no great artist; but sign-post-painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true: And though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted history; as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your medal: The head would be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a spike of

the tower ; a little nearer to the sun ; which would then break out to better purpose. You tell us, in your preface to the *No-Protestant Plot*, that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your modesty. I suppose you mean that little, which is left you : For it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg ; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while, you pretend not only zeal for the publick good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men, who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you ; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question : What right has any man among you, or any association of men (to come nearer to you) who, out of Parliament cannot be consider'd in a publick capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in factious clubs, to vilify the Government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings ? Who made you judges in Israel ? Or how is it consistent with your zeal for the publick welfare, to promote sedition ? Does your definition of *loyal*, which is to serve the King according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power, with which you own he is invested ? You complain, that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people ; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour, what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many : If you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it ; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's disposition or his practice ; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his

ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government, and the benefit of laws, under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the publick liberty; And if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine, that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinc'd from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your papers; and to shew you that I have, the third part of your *No-Protestant-Plot* is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet call'd the *Growth of Popery*; as manifestly as Milton's defence of the English people is from Buchanan, *de jure regni apud Scotos*; or your first covenant, and new association, from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any one, who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says, it was reported, that Poltrot a Huguenot murder'd Francis Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza; or that it was a Huguenot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian (for our Church abhors so devilish a tenet) who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering Kings, of a different persuasion in religion. But I am able to prove from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental; and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a

vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed, Act of Parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be oblig'd by it. The passage is in the same third part of the *No-Protestant Plot*; and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association you neither wholly justify nor condemn: But as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the pageantries of worship, but, in times of war, when they are hard press'd by arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent; so, now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword: 'Tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: One with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other, without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was contriv'd by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seiz'd; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe, as your own jury. But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate, who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting; That, when you think of answering this Poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: For

then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit. By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to waive the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no free-born subjects. If God has not blest'd you with the talent of rhiming, make use of my poor stock and welcome; let your verses run upon my feet: And for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and, in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but above all the rest, commend me to the Non-conformist parson, who writ the *Whip and Key*. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying Help, at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste-paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin. And, perhaps, 'tis the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse, for a member of their society, who has had his livery pull'd over his ears: And even Protestant socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name.

A dissenter in poetry from sense and English, will make as good a Protestant rhimer, as a dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little, above the vulgar epithets of prophane and saucy Jack, and Atheistick Scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him? By which well-manner'd and charitable expressions, I was certain of his sect, before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now, if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please; for the short on it is, it is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

THE

# THE MEDAL.

## A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

**O**F all our antic fights, and pageantry,  
 Which English idiots run in crowds to see,  
 The Polish Medal bears the prize alone :  
 A monster, more the favourite of the town,  
 Than either fairs or theatres have shown.  
 Never did Art so well with Nature strive ;  
 Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive :  
 So like the man ; so golden to the sight,  
 So base within, so counterfeit and light.  
 One side is fill'd with title and with face ;  
 And, lest the King should want a regal place,  
 On the reverse, a tow'r the town surveys ;  
 O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.  
 The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,  
*Latamur*, which, in Polish, is rejoice.  
 The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd ;  
 And a new canting holiday design'd.  
 Five days he sat, for every cast and look ;  
 Four more than God to finish Adam took.  
 But who can tell what essence Angels are,  
 Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer ?  
 O cou'd the style that copy'd every grace,  
 And plow'd such furrows for an eunuch face,  
 Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing will,  
 The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill !  
 A martial hero first, with early care,  
 Blown like a pigmy by the winds, to war :

A beardless Chief ; a rebel, ere a man :  
 (So young his hatred to his Prince began.)  
 Next this, (how wildly will ambition steer!)  
 A vermin-wriggling in th' usurper's ear ;  
 Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold,  
 He cast himself into the saint-like mould ;  
 Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain ;  
 The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.  
 But as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,  
 His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.  
 There split the saint : For hypocritic zeal  
 Allows no sins but those it can conceal.  
 Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope :  
 Saints must not trade ; but they may interlope.  
 Th' ungodly principle was all the same ;  
 But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.  
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack :  
 His nimble wit out-ran the heavy pack.  
 Yet still he found his fortune at a stay ;  
 Whole droves of blockheads choking up the way ;  
 They took, but not rewarded, his advice ;  
 Villain and Wit exact a double price.  
 Pow'r was his aim : But, thrown from that pretence,  
 The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,  
 And malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.  
 Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd ;  
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.  
 Behold him now exalted into trust ;  
 His counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.  
 E'en in the most sincere advice he gave,  
 He had a grudging still to be a knave.  
 The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years,  
 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears :  
 At best as little honest as he cou'd :  
 And, like the white witches, mischievously good.

To his first byass, longingly, he leans ;  
 And rather wou'd be great by wicked means.  
 Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold ;  
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold,)  
 From hence those tears ; that Hium of our woe ;  
 Who helps a pow'rful friend, fore-arms a foe.  
 What wonder if the waves prevail so far,  
 When he cut down the banks that made the bar ?  
 Seas follow but their nature to invade ;  
 But he by art our native strength betray'd.  
 So Sampson to his foe his force confess'd,  
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast.  
 But, when this fatal counsel, found too late,  
 Expos'd its author to the public hate ;  
 When his just Sov'reign, by no impious way,  
 Cou'd be seduc'd to arbitrary sway ;  
 Forfaken of that hope, he shifts the sail ;  
 Drives down the current with a pop'lar gale ;  
 And shews the fiend confess'd, without a veil.  
 He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,  
 But not convey'd to kingly Government ;  
 That claims successive bear no binding force ;  
 That coronation oaths are things of course ;  
 Maintains, the multitude can never err ;  
 And sets the people in the Papal Chair.  
 The reason's obvious : Int'rest never lyes ;  
 The most have still their int'rest in their eyes ;  
 The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wise.  
 Almighty crowd ! thou shorten'st all dispute ;  
 Pow'r is thy essence, wit thy attribute ;  
 Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,  
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths, in thy Pindaric way.  
 Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,  
 When Phocian and when Socrates were try'd :  
 As righteously they did those dooms repent ;  
 Still they were wise, whatever way they went.

Crowds err not, tho' to both extremes they run;  
 To kill the father, and recall the Son.  
 Some think the fools were most, as times went then;  
 But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men.  
 The common cry is e'en religion's test;  
 The Turk's is, at Constantinople, best;  
 Idols in India, popery at Rome;  
 And our own worship only true at home:  
 And true, but for the time; 'tis hard to know  
 How long we please it shall continue so.  
 This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;  
 So all are God-a-mighties in their turns.  
 A tempting doctrine, plausible and new:  
 What fools our fathers were, if this be true!  
 Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,  
 Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:  
 And, that a lawful pow'r might never cease,  
 Secur'd succession, to secure our peace.  
 Thus property and sov'reign sway at last,  
 In equal balances were justly cast.  
 But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse;  
 Instructs the beast to know his native force;  
 To take the bit between his teeth, and fly  
 To the next headlong steep of anarchy.  
 Too happy England, if our good we knew;  
 Wou'd we possess the freedom we pursue!  
 The lavish Government can give no more:  
 Yet we repine; and plenty makes us poor.  
 God try'd us once; our rebel-fathers fought;  
 He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they fought;  
 'Till master'd by their own usurping brave,  
 The free-born subject sunk into a slave.  
 We lothe our manna, and we long for quails;  
 Ah! what is man when his own wish prevails?  
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill!  
 Proud of his pow'r, and boundless in his will!

That Kings can do no wrong we must believe;  
 None can they do, and must they all receive?  
 Help, Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,  
 When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!  
 Already they have lost their best defence,  
 The benefit of laws, which they dispense;  
 No justice to the righteous cause allow'd;  
 But baffled by an arbitrary crowd;  
 And Medals grav'd, their conquest to record,  
 The stamp and coin of their adopted Lord.

The man, who laugh'd but once, to see an ass  
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistle pass,  
 Might laugh again, to see a jury chaw  
 The prickles of unpalatable law.  
 The witnesses, that, leech-like, liv'd on blood,  
 Sucking for them were medicinally good;  
 But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,  
 Then justice and religion they foreswore;  
 Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore,  
 Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd;  
 And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side.  
 They rack e'en scripture to confess their cause;  
 And plead a call to preach, in spite of laws.  
 But that's no news to the poor injur'd page;  
 It has been us'd as ill in every age;  
 And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take;  
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?  
 Happy, who can this talking trumpet seize;  
 They make it speak what-ever sense they please.  
 'Twas fram'd, at first, our oracle to enquire;  
 But, since our sects in prophecy grow higher,  
 The text inspires not them; but they the text inspire.

London, thou great Emporium of our Isle!  
 O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!  
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert?  
 Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted part?

I call'd thee Nile ; the parallel will stand :  
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land ;  
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,  
Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.  
Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee ;  
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.  
Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous band ;  
But still the Canaanite is in the land.  
Thy military Chiefs are brave and true ;  
Nor are thy disinchant'd Burghers few.  
The head is loyal which thy heart commands ;  
But what's a head with two such gouty hands ?  
The wise and wealthy love the surest way,  
And are content to thrive and to obey.  
But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave ;  
None are so busy as the fool and knave.  
Those let me curse ; what vengeance will they urge,  
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge ;  
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,  
Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King !  
In gospel phrase their chapmen they betray :  
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.  
The knack of trades is, living on the spoil ;  
They boast, e'en when each other they beguile.  
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,  
That 'tis their charter, to defraud their King.  
All hands unite of every jarring sect ;  
They cheat the country first, and then infect.  
They, for God's cause, their Monarchs dare dethrone :  
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own.  
Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan  
Of murd'ring Kings, or the French Puritan,  
Our sacrilegious sects their guides out-go,  
And Kings and kingly pow'r wou'd murder too.  
What means their trait'rous combination less,  
Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess ?

But treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd;  
Successful crimes alone are justify'd.  
The men, who no conspiracy wou'd find,  
Who doubts but, had it taken, they had join'd;  
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence,  
At first without, at last against their Prince.  
If sov'reign right by sov'reign pow'r they scan,  
The same bold maxim holds in God and man;  
God were not safe, his thunder cou'd they shun;  
He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.  
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,  
The rich possession was the murd'ers own.  
In vain to sophistry they have recourse:  
By proving theirs no plot, they prove 'tis worse;  
Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force.  
Which, though not actual, yet all eyes may see  
'Tis working, in th' immediate pow'r to be:  
For, from pretended grievances they rise,  
First to dislike, and after to despise:  
Then, Cyclop-like, in human flesh to deal;  
Chop up a minister, at every meal:  
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;  
But clip his regal rights within the ring.  
From thence, t' assume the pow'r of peace and war;  
And ease him by degrees of public care.  
Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,  
He shou'd have leave to exercise his name;  
And hold the cards, while Commons play'd the game.  
For what can pow'r give more than food and drink,  
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?  
These are the cooler methods of their crime,  
But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;  
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,  
And grin and whet like a Croatian band,  
That waits impatient for the last command.

Thus out-laws open villany maintain;  
 They steal not, but in squadrons scowr the plan:  
 And, if their pow'r the passengers subdue,  
 The most have right, the wrong is in the few.  
 Such impious axioms foelishly they show:  
 For, in some soils, republics will not grow:  
 Our temp'rate isle will no extremes sustain,  
 Of pop'lar sway, or arbitrary reign;  
 But slides between them both into the best;  
 Secure in freedom, in a Monarch blest:  
 And though the climate, vex'd with various winds,  
 Works, through our yielding bodies, on our minds,  
 The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,  
 To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the people's hearts,  
 O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts!  
 Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,  
 And broke the bonds she plighted to her Lord;  
 What curses on thy blasted name will fall?  
 Which age to age their legacy shall call;  
 For all must curse the woes, that must descend on all. }  
 Religion thou hast none: Thy Mercury  
 Has pass'd through every sect, or theirs through thee.  
 But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains;  
 And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.  
 What else inspires the tongue, and swells the breasts.  
 Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,  
 That preach up thee for God; dispense thy laws,  
 And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause;  
 Fresh fumes of madness raise; and toil and sweat  
 To make the formidable cripple great?  
 Yet, shou'd thy crimes succeed, shou'd lawless pow'r  
 Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,  
 Thy canting friends thy mortal foes wou'd be:  
 Thy God and theirs will never long agree.

For thine (if thou hast any) must be one  
That lets the world and human-kind alone :  
A jolly God, that passes hours too well  
To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with hell :  
That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,  
And wink at crimes he did himself commit.

A tyrant theirs ; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints  
A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints ;  
A Heav'n, like Bedlam, slovenly and sad ;  
Fore-doom'd for souls, with false religion mad.

Without a vision Poets can fore-show  
What all but fools, by common sense, may know :  
If true succession from our isle should fail,  
And crowds profane with impious arms prevail ;  
Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,  
Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,  
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit age. }  
The swelling poison of the sev'ral sects,  
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,  
Shall burst its bag ; and fighting out their way,  
The various venoms on each other prey.  
The Presbyter, puffed up with spiritual pride,  
Shall on the necks of the lewd Nobles ride ;  
His brethren damn, the civil pow'r defy ;  
And parcel out republic prelacy.  
But short shall be his reign ; his rigid yoke  
And tyrant pow'r will puny sects provoke ;  
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,  
Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring crane.  
The cut-throat sword and clamorous gown shall jar,  
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war :  
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend ;  
Lords envy Lords, and friends with every friend }  
About their impious merit shall contend.  
The surly Commons shall respect deny,  
And justle Peerage out with property.

Their Gen'ral either shall his trust betray,  
 And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;  
 Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,  
 In hate of Kings, shall cast anew the frame;  
 And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.

Thus inborn broils the factions wou'd engage,  
 Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage;  
 'Till halting vengeance overtook our age;  
 And our wild labours, wearied into rest,  
 Reclin'd us on a rightful Monarch's breast.

———— *Pudet hac opprobria vobis  
 Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.*

LELIGIO

O R, A

L A Y M A N ' s F A I T H .

A P O E M.

**Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.**————



IN POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Their blood was shed for me, and  
 And from the ground, as waters, they  
 On thee, O Mother, have been poured,  
 A river of tears, that will wash the stains  
 And wash away the blood, and give thee  
 Their blood for me, O Mother, wash the stains

.....

1900

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18. 11. 1911. 10. 11. 1911.

OF A

Л. А. Я. М. А. И. Е. А. И. Н.

A P O E M.

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# P R E F A C E.

**A** Poem with so bold a title, and a name prefix'd, from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat, in defence both of himself, and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that being a Layman, I ought not to have concern'd myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of Divinity; I could answer, that, perhaps, Laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things. But in the due sense of my own weakness, and want of learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark; but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place, I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend Divines of the Church of England: So that the weapons, with which I combat irreligion, are already consecrated; though, I suppose, they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause, against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errors; which yet, I hope, are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caus'd me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally

inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions, in a subject which is above it. But whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no farther mine, than as they are authoriz'd, or at least uncondemn'd, by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have us'd the necessary precaution, of shewing this paper, before it was publish'd, to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State; and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleas'd to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend, than to do it out of complaisance. 'Tis true, he had too good a taste to like it all; and, amongst some other faults, recommended to my second view, what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athanasius; which he advis'd me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough, that I had done more prudently to have follow'd his opinion: But then I could not have satisfied myself, that I had done honestly, not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that Heathens, who never did, nor, without miracle, cou'd hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that, before the coming of our SAVIOUR, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation, which was confin'd to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah, we read of one only, who was accurs'd; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserv'd for Japhet (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our SAVIOUR in the flesh, shou'd be all involv'd in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be intitled to the hopes of salvation: As if a bill of exclusion had pass'd

only on the fathers, which debar'd not the sons from their succession : Or that so many ages had been deliver'd over to hell, and so many reserv'd for Heaven; and that the Devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion, which was taught by Noah to all his sons, might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Shem, is manifest: But when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarm'd into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others; in process of time, their descendants lost, by little and little, the primitive and purer rights of Divine worship, retaining only the notion of one Deity; to which succeeding generations added others: For men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to Gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of Nature, as the next in dignity, was substituted; and that is it, which St Paul concludes to be the rule of the Heathens; and by which they are hereafter to be judg'd. If my supposition be true, then the consequence, which I have assum'd in my poem, may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of reveal'd religion in the posterity of Noah; and that our modern philosophers, nay and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintain'd, that by their force mankind has been able to find out, that there is one Supreme Agent or intellectual Being, which we call God; that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply consider'd, and without the benefit of Divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God by the weak pinions of our reason;

but he has been pleas'd to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the Heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of Motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is, by its own virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out, by them, that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They, who wou'd prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: 'Tis to take away the pillar from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig: 'Tis to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible (as it is not) to reach Heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way, impotently conceited of his own model, and his own materials: Reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while 'tis exercis'd about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last, to know God by his own methods; at least so much of him, as he is pleas'd to reveal to us in the sacred scriptures: To apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of Heaven impress'd upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy Bishop Anthanasius; the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion, which is, That Heathens may possibly be sav'd: In the first place, I desire it may be consider'd, that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which

(till I am better inform'd) is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several texts of scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man, who is read in Church history, knows, that belief was drawn up after long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the Father; and that, thus compil'd, it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took, was look'd on as an orthodox believer. 'Tis manifest from hence, that the Heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it: For its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well consider'd, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid, from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, *whosoever will be sav'd*, be restrained only to those, to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the Anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of CHRIST, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from caviling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the Church; where, on the days appointed, 'tis publicly read: For, I suppose, there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a heresy, which seems to have been refin'd out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution to be avoided: And therefore the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interpos'd her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene, and this of Athanasius, might

perhaps be spar'd : For what is supernatural, will always be a mystery in spite of exposition : And for my own part, the plain Apostles creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended; and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the scripture is a rule; that, in all things needful to salvation, it is clear, sufficient, and ordain'd by GOD ALMIGHTY for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to Heathens: Because whatsoever is obscure, is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: The Papists, indeed, more directly; because they have kept the scripture from us, what they could; and have reserv'd to themselves, a right of interpreting what they have deliver'd, under the pretence of infallibility: And the Fanatics, more collaterally; because they have assum'd what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit; and have detorted those texts of scripture, which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the Civil Government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous (at least in appearance) to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their Peerage and Commons are excluded from Parliaments, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repeal'd. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe. For 'tis not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outted from their fat possessions, wou'd endeavour a re-entrance against those

whom they account Heretics. As for the late design, Mr Coleman's letters, for ought I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of Parliament: For I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the Government; and our understandings, as well as our wills, are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, How can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over Kings, not only in spirituals, but temporals. Not to name Mariano, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santaret, Simanca, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman, or Parsons; besides many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, That the Pope can depose and give away the right of any Sovereign Prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little warp: But if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him, like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Christianorum Dominatu*, from exercising dominion over Christians: And to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, (as a learned priest has lately written), that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de fide*, and that consequently they are not oblig'd by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to

the purpose; for 'tis a maxim in their Church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most receiv'd and most authoriz'd. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the King of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi Domini*, and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord: Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that King John was depos'd by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And (which makes the more for Bellarmine) the French King was again ejected, when our King submitted to the Church, and the Crown received under the sordid condition of vassalage.

'Tis not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late King, and to declare their innocency in this plot. I will grant their behaviour, in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excus'd as to the second; I mean, when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for 'tis a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk. But that saying of their father Cref. is still running in my head, that they may be dispens'd with in their obedience to an Heretic Prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: For that (as another of them tells us) is only the effect of Christian prudence. But when once they shall get power to shake him off, an Heretic is no lawful King; and consequently, to rise against him, is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they wou'd follow the advice, which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our Church; namely, that they wou'd join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doc-

trines, which deny the Pope's authority of deposing Kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: To which I should think they might easily be induc'd, if it be true that this present Pope has condemn'd the doctrine of King-killing (a thesis of the Jesuits) amongst others, *ex cathedra* (as they call it) or in open consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the Government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics of the English Church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have us'd it so, as if their business was not to be sav'd, but to be damn'd, by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation, that it had still remain'd in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that Government, which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies in the first translation of Tyndal produced in few years, let my Lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasion'd, a sentence pass'd on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth (who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun) every one knows, that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with Popery, were forc'd, for fear of persecution, to change climates; from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them, who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our Reformation. Which though they cunningly

conceal'd at first (as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful Monarchy, which was prescrib'd for a rebellious Common-wealth) yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in Court or Parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members in the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded. From the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the Parliament against the whole Government Ecclesiastical. Then came out volumes in English and Latin, in defence of their tenets; and immediately practices were set on foot, to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: And Martin Mar-Prelate (the marvel of those times) was the first Presbyterian scribbler, who sanctify'd libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done (says my author) upon this account; that (their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted) they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in Court and Parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: For to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate. Even the most saint-like of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the Government, yet were pleas'd, and grin'd at it with a pious smile; and call'd it a judgement of God against the Hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouth'd and scur-

rilious from their infancy : And if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief ; the Presbytery, and the rest of our Schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible Church in the Christian world.

'Tis true, the Government was too strong at that time for a rebellion ; but to shew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths water'd at it : For two of their gifted brotherhood (Hacket and Coppinger) as the story tells us, got up into a peas-cart, and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force : So that, however it comes about, that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their saint and patroness ; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her ; and, in all probability, they wanted but a fanatic Lord Mayor, and two Sheriffs of their party, to have compass'd it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions, which he had given them towards the end of his preface, breaks out in this prophetic speech : " There is in every one of  
" these considerations, most just cause to fear, lest our  
" hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence  
" (meaning the Presbyterian discipline) should cause po-  
" sterity to feel those evils, which as yet are more easy  
" for us to prevent, than they would be for them to re-  
" medy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience. The seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth ; the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the martyr ; and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow,—nay, I fear, 'tis unavoidable, if the conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth : And 'tis the observation of Maimbourgh, in his history of Calvinism ; that wherever that discipline was planted and embrac'd, rebellion, civil-war, and misery attended it. And how, indeed, should it happen otherwise ? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were Papists, our Holy Father rid us, by pretending authority out of the scriptures to depose Princes. When we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnish'd themselves with the same weapons, and out of the same magazine, the Bible. So that the scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of Governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turn'd to their destruction ; and never, since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And 'tis to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of King-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worse party of the Papists, the most frontless flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been espous'd, defended, and are still maintain'd by the whole body of Non-conformists and Republicans. 'Tis but dubbing themselves the people of God, which 'tis the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe ; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose. If they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election ; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper ; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spar'd : Though, at the same time, I am not ignorant, that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as

they do the mercy of the Government : In the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me, is, as I before advis'd the Papists, to disclaim their principles, and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen, when they obey the King ; and true Protestants, when they conform to the Church discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that the verses were written for an ingenious young Gentleman, my friend, upon his translation of *The Critical History of the Old Testament*, compos'd by the learned Father Simon : The verses therefore are address'd to the translator of that work ; and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critick, as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry, in this poem ; I must tell him, that, if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem, design'd purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic ; for here the poet is presum'd to be a kind of law-giver, and those three qualities, which I have nam'd, are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way, is for the passions ; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul, by shewing their objects out of their true proportion ; either greater than the life, or less : But instruction is to be given, by shewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reason'd into truth.

they do the duty of the Government: in the one they think it right, and elsewhere it is wrong; in the other, the law is not to be broken, and in the one it is to be broken. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen, when they obey the King; and true Englishmen, when they conform to the Church discipline.

It remains that I recusing the reader, that the verses were written for an ingenious young Gentleman, my friend, upon his translation of the Church History of the Old Testament, composed by the learned Father Simon: The verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what I thought to be, appropriate.

Will any one be so sensible a critic, as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry, in this poem; I must tell him, that if he has not read it, I have flattered him, and hope the style of his verses is not ill imitated here. The execution of a poem, designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic; for this the poet is bound to take a kind of law, and those three duties, which I have named, are proper to the legislative style. The style, elevated, and figurative way, is for the poet; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are by nature the first, the strongest, and the most obvious of the passions; either greater than the life, or less: but instruction is to be given by the words, and not by the passions. A man is to be checked, who builds, not to be rational into truth.

## RELIGIO LAICI.

**D**IM, as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars  
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,  
 Is reason to the soul : And as on high,  
 Those rowling fires discover but the sky,  
 Not light us here ; so reason's glimmering ray  
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
 But guide us upward to a better day.  
 And as those nightly tapers disappear,  
 When day's bright Lord ascends our hemisphere ;  
 So pale grows reason at religion's sight ;  
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.  
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led,  
 From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head ;  
 And found that one first principle must be :  
 But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE ;  
 Whether some soul incompassing this ball,  
 Unmade, unmov'd ; yet making, moving all ;  
 Or various atoms interfering dance  
 Leapt into form, the noble work of chance ;  
 Or this great All was from eternity ;  
 Not e'en the Stagirite himself cou'd see ;  
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.  
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state ;  
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate :  
 But least of all could their endeavours find  
 What most concern'd the good of human-kind :  
 For happiness was never to be found ;  
 But vanish'd from 'em, like enchanted ground.

\* One thought *content* the good to be enjoy'd ;  
 This every little *accident* destroy'd :  
 The *wiser madmen* did for *virtue* toil ;  
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil :  
 In *pleasure*, some their glutton souls wou'd sleep ;  
 But found their line too short, the well too deep ;  
 And leaky vessels which no *bliss* cou'd keep.  
 Thus *anxious thoughts* in *endless circles* rowl,  
 Without a *centre* where to fix the *soul* :  
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end.  
 How can the *less* the *greater* comprehend ?  
 Or *finite reason* reach *infinity* ?  
 For what cou'd fathom G O D, were more than He.

† The *Deist* thinks he stands on firmer ground ;  
 Cries, *εὐρηκα* ; The mighty secret's found :  
 God is that *spring of good* ; *supreme*, and *best* ;  
 We, made to serve, and in that service *blest*.  
 If so, some *rules* of worship must be giv'n,  
 Distributed alike to all by Heav'n ;  
 Else God were *partial*, and to some deny'd  
 The means his justice shou'd for all provide.  
 This general worship is to PRAISE and PRAY ;  
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay :  
 And when frail Nature slides into *offence*,  
 The sacrifice for crimes is *penitence*.  
 Yet, since th' effects of Providence, we find,  
 Are variously dispens'd to human-kind ;  
 That *vice triumphs*, and *virtue suffers* here,  
 (A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear)  
 Our reason prompts us to a *future state* ;  
 The last appeal from *fortune*, and from *fate* :

\* Opinions of the several sects of philosophers concerning the *Summum Bonum*.

† System of Deism.

Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;  
The *bad* meet punishment; the *good*, reward.

\* Thus man by his own strength to Heav'n wou'd soar;  
And wou'd not be oblig'd to God for more.  
Vain, wretched creature, how art thou mis-led  
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!  
These truths are not the product of thy mind,  
But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.  
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,  
And reason saw not, 'till *faith* sprung the light.  
Hence all thy *natural worship* takes the source:  
'Tis *revelation* what thou think'st *discourse*.  
Else, how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,  
Which so obscure to *Heathens* did appear?  
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:  
Nor † he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.  
Hast thou a wit so deep or so sublime,  
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?  
Canst thou, by *reason*, more of God-head know,  
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?  
Those giant wits, in happier ages born,  
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,  
Knew no such *system*; no such piles cou'd raise  
Of *natural worship*, built on pray'r and praise,  
To one sole G O D:  
Nor did remorse, to expiate sin, prescribe;  
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:  
The guiltless *victim* groan'd for their offence,  
And *crucity* and *blood* was *penitence*.  
If *sheep* and *oxen* cou'd atone for men,  
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!  
And great oppressors might Heav'n's wrath beguile,  
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!

\* Of reveal'd religion.

† Socrates.

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend *Infinity*?  
 And must the terms of peace be given by *thee*?  
 Then *thou* art *justice* in the *last appeal*;  
*Thy easy God* instructs thee to *rebel*:  
 And, like a King remote, and weak, must take  
 What satisfaction *thou* art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a *pow'r* too *just*, and *strong*,  
 To wink at *crimes*, and bear unpunish'd *wrong*;  
 Look humbly upward, see his will disclose  
 The *forfeit* first, and then the *fine* impose:  
 A *mult* thy poverty cou'd never pay,  
 Had not *Eternal Wisdom* found the way;  
 And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store;  
*His justice* makes the *fine*, *his mercy* quits the *score*.  
 See God descending in thy human frame;  
 Th' *offended* suff'ring in th' *offender's* name:  
 All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,  
 And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence  
 Of man is made against *Omnipotence*;  
 Some price, that bears *proportion*, must be paid,  
 And *infinite* with *infinite* be weigh'd.  
 See then the *Deist* lost: *Remorse* for *vice*  
 Not paid, or, paid, *inadequate* in price;  
 What farther means can *reason* now direct,  
 Or what relief from *human* wit expect?  
 That shews us *sick*; and sadly are we sure  
 Still to be *sick*, 'till *Heav'n* reveal the *cure*:  
 If then *Heaven's will* must needs be understood,  
 (Which must, if we want *cure*, and *Heaven* be good)  
 Let all records of *will* reveal'd be shown;  
 With *scripture* all in equal balance thrown,  
 And our one sacred book will be that one.

*Proof* needs not here; for whether we compare  
 That impious, idle, superstitious ware

Of rites, *lustrations*, *offerings*, which before,  
 In various ages, various countries bore,  
 With *Christian faith* and *virtues*, we shall find  
 None answering the great ends of human-kind,  
 But *this one rule of life* : That shews us best  
 How God may be *appeas'd*, and *mortals blest*.  
 Whether from length of *time* its worth we draw,  
 The world is scarce more *ancient* than the *law*;  
 Heav'n's early care *prescrib'd* for every age ;  
 First, in the *soul*, and, after, in the *page*.  
 Or, whether more *abstractedly* we look,  
 Or on the *writers*, or the *written book*,  
 Whence, but from *Heav'n*, cou'd men *unskill'd* in arts,  
 In several ages born, in several parts,  
 Weave such *agreeing truths* ? or *how*, or *why*.  
 Shou'd *all* conspire to cheat us with a *lye* ?  
 Unask'd their *pains*, *ungrateful* their *advice*,  
 Starving their *gain*, and *martyrdom* their *price*.

If on the book itself we cast our view,  
 Concurrent *Heathens* prove the story *true* :  
 The *doctrine*, *miracles* ; which must convince :  
 For *Heav'n* in *them* appeals to *human sense* :  
 And though they *prove not*, they *confirm* the *cause*,  
 When what is *taught* agrees with *Nature's laws*.

Then for the *style* ; *majestic* and *divine*,  
 It speaks no less than God in every line :  
*Commanding words* ; whose force is still the same  
 As the first *fiat* that produc'd our frame.  
 All faiths *beside*, or did by *arms* ascend,  
 Or *sense* indulg'd has made *mankind* their *friend* :  
 This *only doctrine* does our *lusts oppose* ;  
 Unfed by *Nature's soil*, in which it grows ;  
 Cross to our *interests*, curbing *sense*, and *sin* ;  
 Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,  
 It thrives through *pain* ; its own tormentors *tires* ;  
 And with a *stubborn patience* still aspires.

To what can *reason* such effects assign  
Transcending *Nature*, but to *laws divine*?  
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;  
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.

But stay: \* The *Deist* here will urge anew,  
No *supernatural worship* can be true:  
Because a *general law* is that alone,  
Which must to *all*, and *every where* be known:  
A style so large as not *this book* can claim,  
Nor ought that bears *reveal'd religion's name*:  
'Tis said, the sound of a *Messiah's birth*  
Is gone through all the habitable earth;  
But still that text must be confin'd alone  
To what was *then* inhabited, and known:  
And what provision cou'd from *thence* accrue  
To *Indian souls*, and worlds discover'd new?  
In other parts it helps, that ages past,  
The scriptures there were *known*, and were *embrac'd*:  
'Till sin spread once again the shades of night:  
What's that to these who never *saw* the light?

† Of all objections this indeed is chief,  
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:  
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense  
Has hid the secret paths of *providence*:  
But *boundless wisdom*, *boundless mercy*, may  
Find, e'en for those *bewild' red souls*, a way:  
If from his *nature* foes may pity claim,  
Much more may *strangers* who ne'er heard his name.  
And though *no name* be for *salvation* known,  
But that of his *Eternal Son* alone;  
Who knows how far transcending Goodness can  
Extend the *merits* of *that Son* to *man*?  
Who knows what *reasons* may his *mercy* lead;  
Or *ignorance invincible* may plead?

\* Objection of the *Deist*.

† The Objection answer'd.

Not only *charity* bids hope the best,  
 But more the great Apostle has exprest;  
 That, if the Gentiles (whom no law inspir'd)  
 By Nature did what was by law requir'd;  
 They, who the written rule had never known,  
 Were to themselves both rule and law alone:  
 To Nature's plain indictment they shall plead,  
 And, by their conscience, be condemn'd or freed.  
 Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd  
 Is none to those, from whom it was conceal'd.  
 Then those, who follow'd reason's dictates right,  
 Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;  
 With Socrates may see their Maker's face,  
 While thousand Rubrick Martyrs want a place.

Nor doth it balk my *charity*, to find  
 Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind:  
 For, though his creed eternal truth contains,  
 'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains  
 All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;  
 Unless he first cou'd prove he was inspir'd.  
 Then let us either think he meant to say,  
 This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;  
 Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,  
 The good old man, too eager in dispute,  
 Flew high, and, as his Christian fury rose,  
 Damn'd all for Heretics who durst oppose.

† Thus far my charity this path hath try'd;  
 (A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide)  
 Yet what they are, e'en these crude thoughts were bred  
 By reading that, which better thou hast read,  
 Thy matchless author's work: Which thou, my friend,  
 By well translating better dost commend:

† Digression to the translator of Father Simon's Critical History of the Old Testament.

Those youthful hours, which, of thy equals most  
 In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,  
 Those hours hast thou to noble use employ'd;  
 And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.  
 Witness this weighty book, in which appears  
 The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,  
 Spent by thy author, in the sifting care  
 Of *Rabbins* old sophisticated ware  
 From gold divine; which he who well can sort,  
 May afterwards make *Algebra* a sport,  
 A treasure, which if *country-curates* buy,  
 They *Junius* and *Tremellius* may defy;  
 Save pains in various readings, and translations;  
 And without *Hebrew* make most learn'd quotations.  
 A work so full with various learning fraught,  
 So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,  
 As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd;  
 As much as man cou'd compass, uninspir'd  
 Where we may see what errors have been made  
 Both in the copiers and translators trade:  
 How Jewish, Popish, interests have prevail'd,  
 And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,  
 Have found our author not too much a priest:  
 For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse  
 To Pope, and councils, and tradition's force:  
 But he that old traditions cou'd subdue,  
 Could not but find the weakness of the new.  
 If scripture, though deriv'd from heav'nly birth,  
 Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;  
 If God's own people, who of God before  
 Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,  
 In fuller terms, of Heav'n's assisting care,  
 And who did neither time, nor study spare  
 To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,  
 Let in gross errors to corrupt the text;

Omitted *paragraphs*, embroil'd the *sense* ;  
 With vain *traditions* stopt the gaping fence,  
 Which every common hand pull'd up with ease ;  
 What safety from such *brushwood helps* as these ?  
 If *written words* from time are not secur'd,  
 How can we think have *oral sounds* endur'd ?  
 Which *thus* transmitted, if *one* mouth has fail'd.  
*Immortal lies* on *ages* are intail'd :  
 And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain ;  
 If we consider, *interest*, *church*, and *gain*.  
 \* Oh but, says one, *tradition* set aside,  
 Where can we hope for an *unerring guide* ?  
 For since th' *original* scripture has been lost,  
*All* copies *disagreeing*, maim'd the *most*,  
 Or *Christian faith* can have no *certain ground*,  
 Or *truth* in *Church tradition* must be found.

Such an *omniscient* Church we wish indeed ;  
 'Twere worth both *Testaments*, and cast in the *creed* :  
 But if *this mother* be a *guide* so sure  
 As can all *doubts* *resolve*, all *truth* *secure*,  
 Then her *infallibility* as well,  
 Where copies are *corrupt*, or *lame*, can tell ;  
 Restore *lost canon* with as little pains,  
 As *truly explicate* what still remains :  
 Which yet no *Council* dare *pretend* to do ;  
 Unless, like *Esdra*s, they could *write* it new :  
 Strange confidence, *still* to *interpret* true,  
 Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd,  
 Is in the blest *original* contain'd.

More safe, and much more modest 'tis to say,  
*God* wou'd not leave *mankind* without a way ;  
 And that the *scriptures*, though not *every where*  
 Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,

\* Of the infallibility of tradition in general.

The book's a common largess to mankind ;  
 Not more for *them*, than every man design'd :  
 The *welcome news* is in the letter found :  
 The *carrier's* not commission'd to expound.  
 It *speaks* it *self*, and what it does contain,  
 In all things *needful* to be *known*, is *plain*.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,  
 A gainful trade their clergy did advance ;  
 When want of learning kept the *Laymen* low,  
 And none but *Priests* were *authoriz'd* to *know* ;  
 When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell ;  
 And he a *God*, who cou'd but *read* or *spell* :  
 Then *mother Church* did mightily prevail ;  
 She parcel'd out the Bible by *retail* :  
 But still *expounded* what she *sold* or *gave* ;  
 To keep it in *her pow'r* to *damn* and *save* :  
*Scripture* was *scarce*, and, as the market went,  
 Poor *Laymen* took *salvation* on *content* ;  
 As needy men take money, good or bad :  
*God's* word they had not, but the *Priest's* they had.  
 Yet, whate'er *false conveyances* they made,  
 The *Lawyer* still was *certain* to be paid.  
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,  
 That by long use they grew *infallible*.  
 At last, a knowing age began t' enquire,  
 If *they* the book, or *that* did *them* inspire ;  
 And, making narrower search, they found, tho' late,  
 That what they thought the *Priest's* was *their* estate :  
 Taught by the *will produc'd* (the written word)  
 How long they had been *cheated* on *record*.  
 Then every man who saw the title fair,  
 Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share :  
 Consulted soberly his private good,  
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he cou'd.

'Tis true, my friend (and far be flattery hence)  
 This good had full as bad a consequence :

The book thus put in every vulgar hand,  
 Which each presum'd he best cou'd understand,  
 The *common rule* was made the *common prey* ;  
 And at the mercy of the *rabble* lay.  
 The tender page with *hornéy fists* was gaul'd ;  
 And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd :  
 The *Spirit* gave the *doctoral degree* ;  
 And every member of a *company*  
 Was of *his trade*, and of the *Bible*, *free*.  
 Plain *truths* enough for needful *use* they found ;  
 But men wou'd still be itching to *expound* :  
 Each was ambitious of th' *obscurest place*,  
 No measure ta'en from *knowledge*, all from *GRACE*.  
 Study and pains were now no more their care ;  
 Texts were explain'd by *fasting*, and by *pray'r* :  
 This was the fruit the *private spirit* brought ;  
 Occasion'd by *great zeal*, and *little thought*.  
 While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,  
 About the sacred viands buz and swarm,  
 The *fly-blown text* creates a *crawling brood* ;  
 And turns to *maggots* what was meant for *food*.  
 A *thousand daily* setts rise up, and die ;  
 A *thousand more* the *perish'd race* supply :  
 So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,  
 Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.  
 The danger's much the same, on several shelves  
 If *others wreck us*, or *we wreck our selves*.

What then remains, but, waving each extreme,  
 The tides of ignorance, and pride to stem ?  
 Neither so rich a treasure to forego,  
 Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know ?  
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ;  
 The things, we *must* believe, are *few*, and *plain* :  
 But since men *will* believe more than they *need* :  
 And every man will make *himself* a creed ;

In doubtful questions, 'tis the safest way,  
 To learn what unsuspected Ancients say;  
 For it's not likely we shou'd higher soar  
 In search of Heav'n, than *all the Church before* :  
 Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see  
 The *scripture* and the *fathers disagree*.  
 If, after all, they stand suspected still,  
 (For no man's faith depends upon his will)  
 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,  
 Without much hazard may be let alone :  
 And, after hearing what our Church can say,  
 If still our reason runs another way,  
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb,  
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb.  
 For points obscure are of small use to learn :  
 But *common quiet is mankind's concern*.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear;  
 Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear;  
 And thus unpolish'd, rugged verse I chose,  
 As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose :  
 For, while from *sacred truth* I do not swerve,  
 'Tom Sternhold's, or Tom Shadwell's *rhimes* will serve.

T H E



T H E  
HIND AND THE PANTHER,  
A POEM, IN THREE PARTS.

—Antiquam exquirite matrem.  
Et vera incessu patuit Dea—

VIRG.





T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engag'd either on this side or that: And tho' conscience is the common word, which is given by both; yet, if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knock'd down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the Poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take before-hand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that denomination. For example; there are some of the Church by law establish'd, who envy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied, that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embrac'd this gracious indulgence of

his Majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: 'Tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those, who are come over to the royal party, are consequently suppos'd to be out of gunshot. Our physicians have observ'd, that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal: And why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those, who have formerly been enemies to Kingly Government, as well as Catholic Religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

'Tis not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign Prince: But, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said, That he has restor'd God to his empire over conscience. I confess, I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness: But I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power, for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold, are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites, than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own, that they suffer'd not before for conscience' sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a church for those impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their

classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks, a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully, I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will, consider from what hand they received it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a Heathen Prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian King, their native Sovereign; who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously shewn them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader: That it was neither imposed on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last Winter, and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I finished it, his Majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad: Which if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the test, which was one design of the poem, when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

'Tis evident, that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print: And I refer myself to the judgment of those, who have read the *Answer to the Defence of the late King's papers*, and that of the Duchess (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the Author, and Su-

pervisors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me : For I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time, let him consider, whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension, than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those, whom he pretended to answer ; and at his leisure, look out for some original treatise of humility, written by any Protestant in English ; I believe I may say in any other tongue : For the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez ; though with the omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary ; in which he has given up the cause : For matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change ; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue : But he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs James, to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say, concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The *first part*, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The *second*, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning Church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could ; yet not wholly

neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The *third*, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former. —There are in it two Episodes, or fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these, I have made use of the common places of Satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other: At which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

T H E



## T H E

## HIND AND THE PANTHER.

**A** Milk-white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,  
 Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;  
 Without unspotted, innocent within,  
 She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.  
 Yet had she oft been chac'd with horns and hounds,  
 And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds  
 Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,  
 And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal line  
 Was hero's make, half human, half divine.  
 Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,  
 Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.  
 Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,  
 Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,  
 Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,  
 And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.  
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,  
 Endow'd with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.  
 So captive Israel multiply'd in chains,  
 A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.  
 With grief and gladness mixt, their mother view'd  
 Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;  
 Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,  
 So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,  
 And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.

The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd  
By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'd;  
Grin'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye  
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.

'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,  
They had not time to take a steady sight.  
For truth has such a face, and such a mein,  
As, to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.

The bloody *Bear*, an independent beast,  
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.  
Among the timorous kind the *quaking Hare*  
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.  
Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheists use,  
Mimic'd all sects, and had his own to choose:  
Still when the *Lion* look'd, his knees he bent,  
And pay'd at church a courtier's compliment.  
The bristled *Baptist Boar*, impure as he,  
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,  
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,  
And mountains levell'd in his furious race:  
So first rebellion founded was in grace. }  
But, since the mighty ravage, which he made  
In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,  
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,  
He shun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;  
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile  
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:  
The graceless beast by Athanasius first  
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd:  
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,  
And Nature's King thro' Nature's optics view'd.  
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,  
Nor in an infant could a God descry.  
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,  
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,  
If private reason hold the public scale?  
But, gracious God! how well dost thou provide  
For erring judgments an unerring guide?  
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyfs of light,  
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.  
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,  
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;  
But her alone for my director take,  
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!  
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;  
My manhood long mis-led by wand'ring fires,  
Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was gone,  
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.  
Such was I, such by Nature still I am:  
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.  
Good life be now my task: My doubts are done:  
What more could fright my faith, than Three in One?  
Can I believe Eternal God could lie  
Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?  
That the great Maker of the world could die?  
And, after that, trust my imperfect sense,  
Which calls in question his omnipotence?  
Can I my reason to my faith compel?  
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel?  
Superior faculties are set aside;  
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?  
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,  
And winking tapers shew the Sun his way;  
For what my senses can themselves perceive,  
I need no revelation to believe.  
Can they, who say the host should be descri'd  
By sense, define a body glorify'd?  
Impassible, and penetrating parts?  
Let them declare, by what mysterious arts

He shot that body through th' opposing might  
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,  
 And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.  
 For, since thus wond'rously he pass'd, 'tis plain,

One single place two bodies did contain.  
 And sure the same Omnipotence as well  
 Can make one body in more places dwell.

Let reason then at her own quarry fly,  
 But how can finite grasp Infinity?

'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence  
 By miracles, which are appeals to sense;  
 And thence concluded, that our sense must be  
 The motive still of credibility.

For latter ages must on former wait,  
 And what began belief must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find  
 'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.  
 Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r divine,  
 As means or ends of some more deep design?  
 Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,  
 To prove the Godhead of th' Eternal Son.

God thus asserted, man is to believe  
 Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,  
 And for mysterious things of faith rely  
 On the proponent, Heav'n's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,  
 Vain is the farther search of human wit,  
 As when the building gains a surer stay,  
 We take th' unusual scaffolding away.

Reason by sense no more can understand;  
 The game is play'd into another hand:  
 Why choose we then like Bilanders to creep  
 Along the coast, and land in view to keep,  
 When safely we may launch into the deep?

In the same vessel, which our Saviour bore,  
 Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,  
 And with a better guide a better world explore.  
 Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,  
 And not veil these again to be our food?  
 His grace in both is equal in extent,  
 The first affords us life, the second nourishment.  
 And if he can, why all this frantic pain  
 To construe what his clearest words contain,  
 And make a riddle what he made so plain?  
 To take up half on trust, and half to try,  
 Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.  
 Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,  
 To pay great sums, and to compound the small:  
 For who wou'd break with Heav'n, and wou'd not  
 break for all?

Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:  
 Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.  
 Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;  
 The bank above must fail before the venture miss.  
 But Heav'n and Heav'n-born faith are far from thee,  
 Thou first apostate to Divinity.  
 Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains;  
 A fiercer foe th' insatiate *Wolf* remains.  
 Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more,  
 That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore:  
 The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every savage name,  
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,  
 Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bowr,  
 And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.  
 More haughty than the rest, the *wolfish* race  
 Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:  
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.  
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,  
 Close clap'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,  
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.

His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,  
 Did all the bestial citizens surprize.  
 Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a-while,  
 As captain or companion of the spoil.  
 Full many a year his hateful head had been  
 For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen;  
 The last of all the litter 'scap'd by chance,  
 And from Geneva first infest'd France.  
 Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,  
 But others write him of an upstart race;  
 Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,  
 But his innate antipathy to Kings.  
 These last deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,  
 Who near the Leman-lake his consort lin'd:  
 That fi'ry Zuinglius first th' affection bred,  
 And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.

\* In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,  
 When the proud Sanhedrim oppress'd the Prince;  
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive him high'r,  
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire  
 From Moses' hand the sov'reign sway to wrest,  
 And Aaron of his ephod to divest:  
 'Till opening earth made way for all to pass,  
 And cou'd not bear the burden of a *class*,  
 The *Fox* and he came shuffled in the dark.  
 If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:  
 Perhaps not made; for all their barking train  
 The dog (a common species) will contain,  
 And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,  
 Abhorring the supremacy of man,  
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!  
 What ills in Church and State have you redress'd?  
 With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,  
 Your first essay was on your native laws;

\* Vix. Pref. to Heyl. Hist. of Presb.

Those having torn with ease, and trampled down  
 Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,  
 And freed from God and Monarchy your town.  
 What though your native kennel still be small,  
 Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;  
 Yet your victorious colonies are sent  
 Where the North ocean girds the continent.  
 Quickned with fire below, your monsters breed  
 In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:  
 And like the first the last affects to be  
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.  
 As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,  
 A rank four herbage rises on the green;  
 So, springing where those midnight elves advance,  
 Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.  
 Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show  
 To Heaven above, and to their Prince below,  
 As none but traitors and blasphemers know.  
 God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,  
 And Kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.  
 So fulsom is their food, that flocks refuse  
 To bite, and only dogs for physic use.  
 As, where the lightning runs along the ground,  
 No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;  
 Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,  
 But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:  
 Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth  
 Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.  
 But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind  
 Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd;  
 As only Indian shades of light deprive,  
 And magick plants will but in Colchos thrive;  
 So presbyt'ry and pestilential zeal  
 Can only flourish in a common-weal.  
 From Celtic woods is chas'd the *wolfish* crew;  
 But ah! some pity e'en to brutes is due:

Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,  
 Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.  
 Of all the tyrannies on human-kind,  
 The worst is that which persecutes the mind.  
 Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,  
 'Tis but because we cannot think alike.  
 In punishing of this, we overthrow  
 The laws of Nations and of Nature too.  
 Beasts are the subjects of tyrannick sway,  
 Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.  
 Man only of a softer mold is made,  
 Not for his fellow's ruin, but their aid :  
 Created kind, beneficent and free,  
 The noble image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was giv'n  
 To brutes, th' inferior family of Heav'n :  
 The Smith Divine, as with a careless beat,  
 Struck out the mute creation at a heat :  
 But, when arriv'd at last to human race,  
 The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space ;  
 And, to distinguish man from all the rest,  
 Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast ;  
 And mercy mixt with reason did impart,  
 One to his head, the other to his heart :  
 Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive :  
 The first is law, the last prerogative.  
 And like his mind his outward form appear'd,  
 When, issuing naked, to the wondring herd,  
 He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd :  
 Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,  
 Or claws to seize their fury spoils in fight,  
 Or with increase of feet, t' o'ertake 'em in their flight :  
 Of easy shape, and pliant ev'ry way ;  
 Confessing still the softness of his clay,  
 And kind as Kings upon their Coronation-day :

With open hands, and with extended space  
 Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.  
 Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man  
 His kingdom o'er his kindred world began;  
 'Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,  
 And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood,  
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;  
 The murd'rer Cain was latent in his loins:  
 And blood began its first and loudest cry,  
 For differing worship of the Deity.  
 Thus persecution rose, and farther space  
 Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.  
 Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,  
 Content to fold 'em from the famish'd beast:  
 Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless hind  
 Were never of the persecuting kind.  
 Such pity now the pious pastor shows,  
 Such mercy from the British lion flows,  
 That both provide protection from their foes.

Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,  
 Which never did those monsters entertain!  
 The *Wolf*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance  
 No native claim of just inheritance.  
 And self-preserving laws, severe in show,  
 May guard their fences from th' invading foe.  
 Where birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share  
 The common benefit of vital air.  
 Themselves unharmed, let them live unarm'd;  
 Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd:  
 Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,  
 They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.  
 More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,  
 The *Lion* awfully forbids the prey.  
 Their rage repress'd, tho' pinch'd with famine sore,  
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar.  
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.

These are the chief : To number o'er the rest,  
 And stand, like Adam, naming ev'ry beast,  
 Were weary work ; nor will the Muse describe  
 A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe ;  
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,  
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.  
 These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave ;  
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.  
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r  
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire :  
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay ;  
 So drossy, so divisible are they,  
 As would but serve pure bodies for allay :  
 Such souls as *Shards* produce, such beetle things  
 As only buz to Heaven with ev'ning wings ;  
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,  
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.  
 They know not beings, and but hate a name ;  
 To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the same.

The *Panther* sure the noblest, next the *Hind*,  
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind ;  
 Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,  
 She were too good to be a beast of prey !  
 How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,  
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?  
 Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she  
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.  
 Then, like her injur'd *Lion*, let me speak ;  
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break.  
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,  
 The *Wolf* begins to share her wandering heart,  
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,  
 She half commits, who sins but in her will.  
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,  
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,

Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for Hell;  
 Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;  
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,  
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.  
 Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence  
 Her clergy heralds make in her defence.  
 A second century not half-way run,  
 Since the new honours of her blood begun.  
 A *Lion* old, obscene, and furious made  
 By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;  
 Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,  
 Covering adult'ry with a specious name:  
 So Schism begot; and sacrilege and she,  
 A well match'd pair, got graceless heresy.  
 God's and Kings rebels have the same good cause,  
 To trample down divine and human laws:  
 Both wou'd be call'd reformers, and their hate  
 Alike destructive both to Church and State:  
 The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless Prince  
 By luxury reform'd incontinence;  
 By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.  
 Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;  
 Oh with what ease we follow such a guide,  
 Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd!  
 Where marriage pleasures midnight pray'r supply  
 And mattin bells (a melancholy cry)  
 Are tun'd to merrier notes, *increase and multiply*.  
 Religion shews a rosy-colour'd face;  
 Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace:  
 A down-hill reformation rolls apace.  
 What flesh and blood wou'd crowd the narrow gate,  
 Or, 'till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?  
 All would be happy at the cheapest rate.  
 Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,  
 The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to Heaven;

For his Arabian Prophet with delights  
 Of sense allur'd his Eastern proselytes.  
 The jolly Luther, reading him, began  
 T' interpret scriptures by his Alcoran;  
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,  
 And make the paths of Paradise more sweet:  
 Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,  
 (For 'twas uneasy travelling alone;)  
 And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,  
 Mistook the bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above.  
 Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock  
 Th' ætherial pastures with so fair a flock,  
 Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their food, to show  
 The diligence of careful herds below.

Our *Panther*, though like these she chang'd her head,  
 Yet as the mistress of a Monarch's bed,  
 Her front erect with majesty she bore,  
 The crozier wielded, and the mitre wore.  
 Her upper part of decent discipline  
 Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;  
 And Fathers, Councils, Church, and Churches head,  
 Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.  
 But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,  
 Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.  
 Thus, like a creature of a double kind,  
 In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.  
 To foreign lands no sound of her is come,  
 Humbly content to be despis'd at home.  
 Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,  
 At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:  
 Nice in her choice of ill, though not of ill,  
 And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.  
 In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,  
 Where one for substance, one for sign contends,  
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join;  
 Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.

A real presence all her sons allow,  
 And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,  
 Because the God-head's there they know not how.  
 Her novices are taught, that bread and wine  
 Are but the visible and outward sign,  
 Receiv'd by those who in communion join.  
 But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,  
 His blood and body, who to save us dy'd;  
 The faithful this thing signify'd receive:  
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave?  
 For what is signify'd and understood,  
 Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.  
 Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know  
 They take the sign, and take the substance too.  
 The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,  
 But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every wave is tost;  
 But sure no Church can better morals boast.  
 True to her King her principles are found;  
 Oh that her practice were but half so found!  
 Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,  
 And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:  
 Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,  
 That int'rest or obligation made the tie.  
 Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy,  
 (Before the sounding ax so falls the vine,  
 Whose tender branches round the poplar twine)  
 She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,  
 In death undaunted as an Indian wife:  
 A rare example! but some souls we see  
 Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:  
 Yet these by fortune's favours are undone;  
 Resolv'd into a baser form they run,  
 And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.

Let this be Nature's frailty, or her fate,  
Or \* Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate;  
Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew,  
No mother more indulgent but the true.

Pierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try;  
Because she wants innate authority;  
For how can she constrain them to obey,  
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?  
Rebellion equals all, and those, who toil  
In common theft, will share the common spoil.  
Let her produce the title and the right  
Against her old superiours first to fight;  
If she reform by text, e'en that's as plain  
For her own rebels to reform again.  
As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,  
And each may be his own interpreter,  
Our airy faith will no foundation find:  
The word's a weathercock for every wind:  
The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolf*, by turns prevail;  
The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.  
The wretched *Panther* cries aloud for aid  
To Church and Councils, whom she first betray'd;  
No help from fathers or tradition's train:  
These ancient guides she taught us to disdain,  
And by that scripture, which she once abus'd  
To reformation, stands herself accus'd,  
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,  
Expounding which she owns herself may err;  
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,  
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,  
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.  
If then that conscience set th' offender free,  
It bars her claim to church authority.

\* The Wolf.

How can she censure, or what crime pretend,  
 But scripture may be construed to defend?  
 E'en those, whom for rebellion she transmits  
 To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits;  
 Because no disobedience can ensue,  
 Where no submission to a judge is due;  
 Each judging for himself by her consent,  
 Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.  
 Suppose the Magistrate revenge her cause,  
 'Tis only for transgressing human laws.  
 How answering to its end a church is made,  
 Whose pow'r is but to counsel and persuade!  
 O solid rock on which secure she stands!  
 Eternal house not built with mortal hands!  
 O sure defence against th' infernal gate,  
 A patent during pleasure of the State!

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,  
 A meer mock *Queen* of a divided herd;  
 Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might controul,  
 Herself a part submitted to the whole.  
 Then, as the moon who first receives the light  
 By which she makes our nether regions bright,  
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar  
 The rays she borrow'd from a better star;  
 Big with the beams, which from her mother flow,  
 And reigning o'er the rising tides below:  
 Now mixing with a savage crowd she goes,  
 And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,  
 Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour  
 Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,  
 Revolving many a melancholy thought,  
 Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,  
 With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train:  
 None of her sylvan subjects made their court;  
 Levees and couchees pass'd without resort.

So hardly can usurpers manage well  
 Those, whom they first instructed to rebel.  
 More liberty begets desire of more;  
 The hunger still increases with the store.  
 Without respect they brush'd along the wood  
 Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,  
 Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring flood.  
 The *Panther*, full of inward discontent,  
 Since they wou'd go, before 'em wisely went;  
 Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,  
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.  
 Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearful face,  
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,  
 Nor durst approach; 'till with an awful roar  
 The Sovereign *Lion* bade her fear no more.  
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,  
 Watching the motions of her patron's eye,  
 And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd  
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd;  
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find  
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless *Hind*,  
 Such as the *Wolf* and *Panther* had design'd.  
 They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas offence  
 With them to question certitude of sense,  
 Their guide in faith: But nearer when they drew,  
 And had the faultless object full in view,  
 Lord, how they all adm'd her heav'nly hue!  
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd.  
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,  
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.  
 Whether for love or int'rest, every sect  
 Of all the savage nation shew'd respect.  
 The viceroy *Panther* could not awe the herd;  
 The more the company, the less they fear'd.

The surly *Wolf* with secret envy burst,  
 Yet cou'd not howl; the *Hind* had seen him first:  
 But what he durst not speak, the *Panther* durst.

For when the herd suffic'd, did late repair  
 To serney heaths, and to their forest lair,  
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,  
 Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:  
 That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk  
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.  
 With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,  
 To chat a while on their adventures past:  
 Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot  
 Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.  
 Yet wond'ring how of late she grew estrang'd,  
 Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,  
 She thought this hour th' occasion would present  
 To learn her secret cause of discontent,  
 Which well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,  
 Considering her a well-bred civil beast,  
 And more a gentlewoman than the rest.  
 After some common talk what rumours ran,  
 The Lady of the spotted-muff began.

## THE SECOND PART.

DAME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well,  
 Since late among the Philistines you fell.  
 The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground  
 With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round;  
 Th' inclosure narrow'd; the sagacious pow'r  
 Of hounds, and death, drew nearer ev'ry hour.

'Tis true the younger *Lion* 'scap'd the snare,  
 But all your priestly calves lay struggling there ;  
 As sacrifices on their altars laid ;  
 While you their careful mother wisely fled,  
 Not trusting destiny to save your head.  
 For whate'er promises you have apply'd  
 To your unfailing Church, the surer side  
 Is four fair legs in danger to provide.  
 And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,  
 Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,  
 The better luck was yours to 'scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober *Hind*,  
 Those toils were for your own dear self design'd,  
 As well as me ; and with the self-same throw,  
 To catch the quarry and the vermin too,  
 (Forgive the stand'rous tongues that call'd you so.)  
 Howe'er you take it now, the common cry  
 Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.  
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,  
 (As evil tongues will never speak the worst)  
 Because some forms, and ceremonies some  
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb,  
 Dumb you were born indeed ; but thinking long,  
 The *Tess* it seems at last has loos'd your tongue.

And to explain what your forefathers meant,  
 By real presence in the Sacrament,  
 (After long fencing push'd against a wall)  
 Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all : (fall.  
 There chang'd your faith, and what may change may  
 Who can believe, what varies every day,  
 Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay ?

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,  
 And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,  
 Reply'd the *Panther* : Grant such presence were,  
 Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.

A real *Virtue* we by faith receive,  
 And that we in the Sacrament believe.  
 Then said the *Hind*, as you the matter state,  
 Not only Jesuits can equivocate;  
 For *real*, as you now the word expound,  
 From solid substance dwindles to a sound.  
 Methinks an *Æsop's* fable you repeat;  
 You know who took the shadow for the meat:  
 Your Church's substance thus you change at will,  
 And yet retain your former figure still.  
 I freely grant you spoke to save your life;  
 For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.  
 Long time you fought, redoubl'd batt'ry bore,  
 But, after all, against yourself you swore;  
 Your former self: For ev'ry hour your form  
 Is chop'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.  
 Thus fear and int'rest will prevail with some;  
 For all have not the gift of martyrdom.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:  
 That men may err was never yet deny'd.  
 But, if that common principle be true,  
 The cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.  
 But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see  
 That wond'rous wight Infallibility.  
 Is he from Heaven, this mighty champion come;  
 Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?  
 First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,  
 Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose (though I disown it) said the *Hind*,  
 The certain mansion were not yet assign'd:  
 The doubtful residence no proof can bring  
 Against the plain existence of the thing.  
 Because *Philosophers* may disagree,  
 If sight b' emission or reception be,  
 Shall it be thence infer'd, I do not see?

But you require an answer positive,  
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;  
For fallacies in universals live.  
I then affirm that this unfailing guide  
In Pope and general Councils must reside;  
Both lawful, both combin'd: What one decrees  
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:  
On this undoubted sense the Church relies,  
'Tis true, some Doctors in a scantier space,  
I mean, in each apart, contract the place,  
Some, who to greater length extend the line,  
The Church's after-acceptation join.  
This last circumference appears too wide;  
The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;  
As members, by their representatives  
Oblig'd to laws, which Prince and Senate gives.  
Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space:  
In Pope and Council who denies the place,  
Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace?  
Those canons all the needful points contain;  
Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,  
That no disputes about the doubtful text  
Have hitherto the lab'ring world perplex'd.  
If any should in after-times appear,  
New Councils must be call'd, to make the meaning clear:  
Because in them the pow'r supreme resides;  
And all the promises are to the guides.  
This may be taught with sound and safe defence:  
But mark how sandy is your own pretence.  
Who, setting Councils, Pope and Church aside,  
Are ev'ry man his own presuming guide.  
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,  
And ev'ry needful point of truth contain:  
All, who can read, interpreters may be:  
Thus, though your several Churches disagree,

Yet ev'ry saint has to himself alone  
The secret of this philosophic stone.  
These principles your jarring sects unite,  
When diff'ring Doctors and disciples fight.  
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,  
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;  
Or, like wild horses, several ways have whirl'd  
The tortur'd text about the Christian world;  
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,  
That Turk or Jew cou'd not have us'd it worse;  
No matter what dissention leaders make,  
Where ev'ry private man may save a stake;  
Rul'd by the scripture and his own advice,  
Each has a blind by-path to paradise:  
Where driving in a circle slow or fast,  
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.  
A wond'rous charity you have in store  
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door:  
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.  
For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none;  
But CHRIST and Moses were to save their own:  
Himself was to secure his chosen race,  
Tho' reason good for Turks to take the place,  
And he allow'd to be the better man,  
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, said the *Panther*, I shall ne'er deny  
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I:  
Tho' Huguenots condemn our ordination,  
Succession, ministerial vocation;  
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,  
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread:  
Yet, Lady, still remember I maintain,  
The word in needful points is only plain,  
Needless, or needful, I not now contend,  
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend;

(Rejoin'd the Matron) : But the rule you lay  
 Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray,  
 In weighty points, and full damnation's way.  
 For did not Arius first, Socinus now,  
 The Son's eternal God-head disavow?  
 And did not these by gospel texts alone  
 Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?  
 Have not all Heretics the same pretence  
 To plead the scriptures in their own defence?  
 How did the Nicene Council then decide  
 That strong debate? was it by scripture try'd?  
 No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield;  
 Squadrons of texts he marshal'd in the field:  
 That was but civil war, an equal set,  
 Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.  
 With texts point blank and plain he fac'd the foe  
 And did not *Satan* tempt our SAVIOUR so?  
 The good old Bishops took a simpler way;  
 Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,  
 Or how he was instructed in his youth,  
 And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

The *Panther* smil'd at this; and when, said she,  
 Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?  
 Or where did I at sure tradition strike,  
 Provided still it were apostolic?

Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former ground,  
 Where all your faith you did on scripture found:  
 Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;  
 But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No, said the *Panther*; for in that I view,  
 When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true,  
 I set 'em by the rule, and, as they square,  
 Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,  
 This oral fiction, that old faith declare.

*Hind.*] The Council steer'd, it seems, a diff'rent course;  
 They try'd the scripture by tradition's force:

But you tradition by the scripture try ;  
Pursu'd by sects, from this to that you fly,  
Nor dare on one foundation to rely,  
The word is then depos'd, and in this view,  
You rule the scripture, not the scripture you.  
Thus said the Dame, and smiling, thus pursu'd :  
I see, tradition then is disallow'd,  
When not evinc'd by scripture to be true,  
And scripture, as interpreted by you.  
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground ;  
Unless you cou'd infallibly expound :  
Which you reject as odious Popery,  
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.  
Suppose we on things traditive divide,  
And both appeal to scripture to decide ;  
By various texts we both uphold our claim,  
Nay, often, ground our titles on the same :  
After long labour lost, and time's expence,  
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.  
Thus all disputes for ever must depend ;  
For no dumb rule can controversies end.  
Thus, when you said, tradition must be try'd  
By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide,  
You said no more, but that yourselves must be  
The judges of the scripture sense, not we.  
Against our Church-tradition you declare,  
And yet your clerks wou'd sit in Moses' chair :  
At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,  
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by scriptures, how can we be sure  
(Reply'd the *Panther*) what tradition's pure ?  
For you may palm upon us new for old :  
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,  
To whom deriy'd from sire to son they came ;

Where ev'ry age does on another move,  
 And trusts no farther than the next above;  
 Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,  
 The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies.

Sternly the savage did her answer mark,  
 Her glowing eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,  
 And said but this: Since lucre was your trade,  
 Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,  
 'Tis dangerous climbing: To your sons and you  
 I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

*Hind.*] The *Panther's* breath was ever fam'd for sweet;  
 But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet:  
 You learn'd this language from the \* blatant beast,  
 Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.  
 As for your answer 'tis but barely urg'd;  
 You must evince tradition to be forg'd;  
 Produce plain proofs; unblemish'd authors use  
 As ancient as those ages they accuse;  
 'Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:  
 An old possession stands, 'till elder quits the claim.  
 Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd alone  
 To load with envy, we retort your own.  
 For, when traditions in your faces fly,  
 Resolving not to yield, you must decry.  
 As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man  
 Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;  
 So when you stand of other aid bereft,  
 You to the twelve Apostles would be left.  
 Your friend the *Wolf* did with more craft provide  
 To set those toys Traditions quite aside;  
 And *Fathers* too, unless when, reason spent,  
 He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.  
 But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more sincere,  
 Are not so wise as your adulterer:

\* A word used by SPENCER.

The private spirit is a better blind,  
 Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.  
 For they, who left the scripture to the crowd,  
 Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;  
 The way to please 'em was to make 'em proud.  
 Thus, with full sails, they ran upon the shelf,  
 Who cou'd suspect a cozenage from himself?  
 On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,  
 Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand.  
 But you, who *Fathers* and *Traditions* take,  
 And garble some, and some you quite forsake,  
 Pretending Church authority to fix,  
 And yet some grains of private spirit mix,  
 Are like a *Mule* made up of differing feed,  
 And that's the reason why you never breed;  
 At least not propagate your kind abroad,  
 For home dissenters are by statues aw'd.  
 And yet they grow upon you every day,  
 While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,  
 For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.  
 Like tricks of State, to stop a raging flood,  
 Or mollify a mad-brain'd Senate's mood:  
 Of all expedients never one was good.  
 Well may they argue (nor can you deny)  
 If we must fix on Church authority.  
 Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;  
 That must be better still, if this be good.  
 Shall she command, who has herself rebel'd;  
 Is *Antichrist* by *Antichrist* expel'd?  
 Did we a lawful tyranny displace,  
 To set aloft a bastard of the race?  
 Why all these wars to win the book, if we  
 Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?  
 Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.  
 For purging fires *Traditions* must not fight;  
 But they must prove *Episcopacy's* right.

Thus those led horses are from service freed :  
 You never mount 'em but in time of need.  
 Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,  
 They will not serve against their native Prince.  
 Against domestic foes of Hierarchy  
 These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;  
 But, when they see their countrymen at hand,  
 Marching against 'em under Church-command,  
 Straight they forsake their colour, and disband.

Thus she, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge  
 With weak defence against so strong a charge;  
 But said : For what did CHRIST his word provide,  
 If still his Church must want a living guide?  
 And if all saving doctrines are not there,  
 Or sacred pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,  
 From after-ages we should hope in vain  
 For truths, which men inspir'd could not explain.

Before the word was written, said the *Hind*,  
 Our SAVIOUR preach'd his faith to human-kind :  
 From his Apostles the first age receiv'd  
 Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.  
 Thus by tradition faith was planted first ;  
 Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.  
 This was the way our wise REDEEMER chose,  
 (Who sure could all things for the best dispose)  
 To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.  
 He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw  
 Th' event wou'd be like that of *Moses'* law ;  
 Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts remain,  
 Like those, which yet the jarring Jews maintain.  
 No written laws can be so plain, so pure,  
 But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure ;  
 Not those indited by his first command,  
 A Prophet grav'd the text, an Angel held his hand.  
 Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd ;  
 And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.

But since th' Apostles cou'd not be confin'd  
To these, or those, but severally design'd  
Their large commission round the world to blow;  
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.  
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;  
They hearken'd still, for love produces care.  
And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,  
Or bold seducers taught 'em to rebel,  
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,  
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,  
For all their wants they wisely did provide,  
And preaching by epistles was supply'd:  
So great physicians cannot all attend,  
But some they visit, and to some they send:  
Yet all those letters were not writ to all;  
Nor first intended but occasional,  
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain  
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.  
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;  
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.  
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,  
*He darkly writ*, is true apply'd to all.  
For this obscurity cou'd Heaven provide  
More prudently than by a living guide,  
As doubts arose, the difference to decide?  
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;  
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.  
Thus, with due reverence to th' Apostles writ,  
By which my sons are taught, to which submit;  
I think, those truths, their sacred works contain,  
The Church alone can certainly explain;  
That following ages, leaning on the past,  
May rest upon the primitive at last.  
Nor wou'd I thence the word no rule infer,  
But none without the Church-interpreter.

Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,  
 And is itself the subject of dispute.  
 But what th' Apostles their successors taught,  
 They to the next, from them to us is brought,  
 Th' undoubted sense which is in scripture sought.  
 From hence the Church is arm'd, when errors rise,  
 To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;  
 And, safe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.  
 By these all fest'ring fores her Councils heal,  
 Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;  
 For discord cannot end without a last appeal.  
 Nor can a Council national decide,  
 But with subordination to her guide :  
 (I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)  
 Much less the scripture; for suppose debate  
 Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,  
 Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;  
 (Such is our dying SAVIOUR's testament :)  
 The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;  
 The doubtful heirs their diff'ring titles plead :  
 All vouch the words their int'rest to maintain,  
 And each pretends by those his cause is plain.  
 Shall then the testament award the right?  
 No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight;  
 The field of battle, subject of debate;  
 The thing contended for, the fair estate.  
 The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear  
 What vowels and what consonants are there.  
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd  
 Before some judge appointed to decide.  
 Suppose (the fair apostate said) I grant,  
 The faithful flock some living guide should want,  
 Your arguments an endless chace pursue :  
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view,  
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew.

The Dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,  
With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;  
And looking upward to her kindred sky,  
As once our SAVIOUR own'd his Deity,  
Pronounc'd his words—*She whom ye seek am I.* }  
Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,  
Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.  
Then thus the matron modestly renew'd :  
Let all your Prophets and their sects be view'd,  
And see to which of 'em yourselves think fit  
The conduct of your conscience to submit :  
Each proselyte wou'd vote his Doctor best,  
With absolute exclusion to the rest :  
Thus wou'd your *Polish* diet disagree,  
And end as it began in anarchy :  
Yourself the fairest for election stand,  
Because you seem Crown-General of the land :  
But soon against your superstitious lawn  
Some presbyterian sabre would be drawn :  
In your establish'd laws of sovereignty  
The rest some fundamental flaw wou'd see, }  
And call rebellion gospel-liberty.  
To Church-decrees your articles require  
Submission mollify'd, if not entire.  
Homage deny'd, to censures you proceed :  
But when Curtana will not do the deed,  
You lay that pointless clergy weapon by,  
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.  
Now this your sects the more unkindly take  
(Those prying varlets hit the blots you make)  
Because some ancient friends of yours declare,  
Your only rule of faith the scriptures are,  
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,  
Which ev'ry sect will for themselves expound ;  
Nor think less rev'rence to their Doctors due  
For sound interpretation, than to you.

If then, by able heads, are understood  
 Your brother Prophets, who reform'd abroad;  
 Those able heads expound a wiser way,  
 That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.  
 But if you mean yourselves are only found,  
 That doctrine turns the reformation round,  
 And all the rest are false reformers found;  
 Because in sundry points you stand alone,  
 Not in communion join'd with any one;  
 And therefore must be all the Church, or none.  
 Then, 'till you have agreed whose judge is best,  
 Against this forc'd submission they protest:  
 While *found* and *found* a diff'ring sense explains.  
 Both play at hard-head 'till they break their brains;  
 And from their chairs each other's force defy,  
 While unregarded thunders vainly fly.  
 I pass the rest, because your Church alone  
 Of all usurpers best cou'd fill the throne.  
 But neither you, nor any sect beside,  
 For this high office can be qualify'd,  
 With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.  
 For that, which must direct the whole, must be  
 Bound in one bond of faith and unity:  
 But all your sev'ral Churches disagree.  
 The Consubstantiating Church and Priest  
 Refuse communion to the Calvinist:  
 The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,  
 Because you judge their ordination vain;  
 And so they judge of yours, but donors must ordain.  
 In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,  
 Not one reform'd can with another join:  
 But all from each, as from damnation, fly;  
 No union they pretend but in *Non-Popery*:  
 Nor, should their members in a synod meet,  
 Cou'd any Church presume to mount the seat,

Above the rest, their discords to decide;  
 None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the guide:  
 And face to face dissensions wou'd increase;  
 For only distance now preserves the peace.  
 All in their turns accusers, and accus'd:  
 Babel was never half so much confus'd:  
 What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;  
 For amongst equals lies no last appeal,  
 And all confess themselves are fallible.  
 Now since you grant some necessary guide,  
 All who can err are justly laid aside:  
 Because a trust so sacred to confer  
 Shews want of such a sure interpreter;  
 And how can he be needful who can err?  
 Then granting that unerring guide we want,  
 That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant:  
 Our SAVIOUR else were wanting to supply  
 Our needs, and obviate that necessity.  
 It then remains, that Church can only be  
 The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;  
 Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,  
 Relapsing from a necessary guide.  
 But this annex'd condition of the crown,  
 Immunity from errors, you disown; [ down.  
 Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions  
 For petty royalties you raise debate;  
 But this unfailing universal state  
 You shun; nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight:  
 And for that cause those promises detest,  
 With which our SAVIOUR did his Church invest;  
 But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true,  
 As conscious they were never meant to you:  
 All which the mother Church asserts her own,  
 And with unrival'd claim ascends the throne.  
 So when of old th' Almighty Father sate  
 In Council, to redeem our ruin'd state,

Millions of millions, at a distance round,  
 Silent the sacred consistory crown'd, (pound. }  
 To hear what mercy, mixt with justice, cou'd pro-  
 All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil  
 The full extent of their Creator's will.

But when the stern conditions were declar'd,  
 A mournful whisper thro' the host was heard,  
 And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,  
 Submissively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd crown.  
 Then, not 'till then, th' Eternal Son from high  
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity;

Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent  
 A weight which all the frame of Heaven had bent,  
 Nor he himself cou'd bear, but as omnipotent. }

Now to remove the least remaining doubt,  
 That e'en the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,  
 Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows,  
 What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows  
 To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse. }

Behold what marks of majesty she brings;  
 Richer than ancient heirs of Eastern Kings:  
 Her right hand holds the scepter and the keys,  
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys:  
 With these to bind, or set the sinner free,  
 With that t' assert spiritual royalty.

\* One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,  
 Entire, one solid shining diamond:  
 Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you:  
 One is the Church, and must be to be true:  
 One central principle of unity.

As undivided, so from errors free,  
 As one in faith, so one in sanctity. }  
 Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage  
 Of hereticks oppos'd from age to age:

\* Marks of the Catholick Church from the Nicene Creed.

Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,  
 She stoops from Heav'n, and meets 'em half way down,  
 And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.  
 But like Egyptian forcerers you stand,  
 And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,  
 To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land :  
 You cou'd like them, with like infernal force,  
 Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.  
 But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace  
 And public scandal, sat upon the face,  
 Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no more,  
 They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore ;  
 Themselves they cou'd not cure of the dishonest sore.  
 Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,  
 Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed ;  
 From East to West triumphantly she rides,  
 All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.  
 The Gospel-sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,  
 Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,  
 The self-same doctrine of the sacred page  
 Convey'd to ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age.

Here let my sorrow give my satire place,  
 To raise new blushes on my British race ;  
 Our sailing ships like common sewers we use,  
 And thro' our distant colonies diffuse  
 The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews.  
 Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,  
 We disembogue on some far Indian coast :  
 Thieves, pandars, \* paillards, sins of ev'ry sort ;  
 Those are the manufactures we export ;  
 And these the *missioners* our zeal has made :  
 For with my country's pardon be it said,  
 Religion is the least of all our trade.

\* A French word signifying lascivious persons or whore-masters.

Yet some improve their traffic more than we;  
 For they on gain, their only God, rely,  
 And set a public price on piety. }

Industrious of the needle and the chart,  
 They run full sail to their Japonian mart;  
 Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,  
 Sell all of Christian to the very name; }  
 Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked shame. }

Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we view,  
 Not one of all can be apply'd to you :  
 Much less the fourth; in vain, alas ! you seek  
 Th' ambitious title of Apostolic :  
 Godlike descent ! 'tis well your blood can be  
 Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree :  
 For all of ancient that you had before,  
 (I mean what is not borrow'd from our store) }  
 Was error fulminated o'er and o'er ; }  
 Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,  
 By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,  
 The Church her old foundations has remov'd,  
 And built new doctrines on unstable sands : [stands.  
 Judge that, ye winds and rains ; you prov'd her, yet she  
 Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,  
 Shew, when, and how, and from what hands they grew.  
 We claim no pow'r, when heresies grow bold,  
 To coin new faith, but still declare the old.  
 How else cou'd that obscene disease be purg'd,  
 When controverted texts are vainly urg'd ?  
 To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more  
 Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.  
 Those monumental arms are never stir'd,  
 'Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,  
 The first plantations of the Gospel's youth ;

Old standard faith : But cast your eyes again,  
And view those errors which new sects maintain,  
Or which of old disturb'd the Church's peaceful reign;  
And we can point each period of the time,  
When they began, and who begot the crime;  
Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,  
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd :  
Of all which are already pass'd away,  
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.  
Despair at our foundations then to strike,  
'Till you can prove your faith apostolic;  
A limpid stream drawn from the native source;  
Succession lawful in a lineal course.  
Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our head,  
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,  
Under one Chief of the spiritual state,  
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate.  
Shew such a seamless coat, from schism so free,  
In no communion join'd with heresy.  
If such a one you find, let truth prevail :  
'Till when your weights will in the balance fail :  
A Church unprincipled kicks up the scale.  
But if you cannot think (nor sure you can  
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)  
That he, the Fountain of eternal grace,  
Should suffer falshood, for so long a space,  
To banish truth, and to usurp her place :  
That sev'n successive ages should be lost,  
And preach damnation at their proper cost :  
That all your erring ancestors should die,  
Drown'd in th' abyss of deep idolatry :  
If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,  
Awake and open your unwilling eyes :  
God hath left nothing for each age undone,  
From this to that wherein he sent his Son : (done.  
Then think but well of him, and half your work is

See how his Church, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face,  
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's embrace.  
 Not more did Joseph o'er his breth'ren weep,  
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,  
 When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,  
 And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.  
 That pious Joseph in the Church behold,  
 To feed your famine, and refuse your gold ; \*  
 The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold.

Thus, while with heav'nly charity she spoke,  
 A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke ;  
 Shot from the skies ; a chearful azure light :  
 The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,  
 And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,  
 For James his late nocturnal victory ;  
 The pledge of his Almighty patron's love,  
 The fire-works which his angels made above.  
 † I saw myself the lambent easy light  
 Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night :  
 The messenger with speed the tidings bore ;  
 News, which three lab'ring nations did restore ;  
 But Heav'n's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely cell,  
 And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell.

When she, by frequent observation wise,  
 As one who long on Heav'n had fix'd her eyes,  
 Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.

The western borders were with crimson spread,  
 The moon descending look'd all flaming red ;  
 She thought good manners bound her to invite  
 The stranger dame to be her guest that night.

\* The Renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abbey Lands.  
 † *Poeta loquitur.*

'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast  
 (She said) were weak inducements to the taste  
 Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast :  
 But what plain fare her cottage cou'd afford,  
 A hearty welcome at a homely board,  
 Was freely hers ; and, to supply the rest,  
 An honest meaning, and an open breast :  
 Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,  
 A grace-cup to their common patron's health.  
 This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,  
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,  
 Because she wanted an unerring guide,  
 And then the dew-drops on her silken hide  
 Her tender constitution did declare,  
 Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,  
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.  
 But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,  
 Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,  
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.  
 The *Panther*, though she lent a list'ning ear,  
 Had more of *Lion* in her than to fear :  
 Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal  
 With many foes, their numbers might prevail,  
 Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd afford ;  
 And took her friendly hostess at her word :  
 Who ent'ring first her lowly roof, a shade  
 With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,  
 Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,  
 Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest :  
 So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,  
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest ;  
 Not for a night, or quick revolving year,  
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.  
 This peaceful seat my poverty secures ;  
 War seldom enters but where wealth allures :

Nor yet dispise it; for this poor abode  
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God;  
 A God victorious of a Stygian race  
 Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctify'd the place.  
 This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain;  
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,  
 And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see  
 Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:  
 And, though ill habits are not soon controul'd,  
 A while suspended her desire of gold.  
 But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,  
 Not violating hospitable laws,  
 And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The *Hind* did first her country cates provide;  
 Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

### T H E T H I R D P A R T.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit,  
 Perhaps, may censure this mysterious writ:  
 Because the Muse has peopled Caledon (known,  
 With *Panthers*, *Bears*, and *Wolves*, and beasts un- }  
 As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own. }  
 Let Æsop answer, who has set to view  
 Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;  
 And mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,  
 Has sharply blam'd a British *Lioness*;  
 That *Queen*, whose feast the factious rabble keep,  
 Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.  
 Led by those great examples, may not I  
 The wanted organs of their words supply?

If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then

For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will indite,  
To entertain a dang'rous guest by night.

Let those remember, that she cannot die

'Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;

Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,

Because the *Lion's* peace was now proclaim'd :

The wary savage wou'd not give offence,

To forfeit the protection of her *Prince* :

But watch'd the time her vengeance to compleat,

When all her furry sons in frequent Senate met.

Mean-while she quench'd her fury at the flood,

And with a Lenten fallad cool'd her blood.

Their commons, though but course, were nothing scant,

Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble nature strove

T' express her plain simplicity of love,

Did all the honours of her house so well,

No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.

She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,

To common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme ;

Rememb'ring ev'ry storm which toss'd the State,

When both were objects of the publick hate,

And dropt a tear betwixt, for her own childrens' fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make

Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake :

Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,

Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,

Her strength t' endure, her courage to defy ;

Her choice of honourable infamy,

On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd ;

Then with acknowledgments herself she charg'd ;

For friendship, of itself an holy tie,

Is made more sacred by adversity.

Now should they part, malicious tongues wou'd say,  
 They met like chance companions on the way.  
 Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;  
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd:  
 But that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends;  
 The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her speech was done,  
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:  
 But said, her gratitude had gone too far  
 For common offices of Christian care.  
 If to the lawful heir she had been true,  
 She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.  
 I might, she added, with like praise describe  
 Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe:  
 But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd;  
 For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.  
 I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;  
 You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,  
 And sip the sweets, and bask in your great *Patron's* day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to find  
 What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind;  
 Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despight,  
 And canker'd malice, stood in open sight;  
 Ambition, int'rest, pride without controul,  
 And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;  
 Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,  
 With all the lean tormentors of the will.  
 'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose  
 Her new-made union with her ancient foes,  
 Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,  
 Affected kindness with an alter'd face:  
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,  
 As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;  
 But strove with anodynes t' assuage the smart,  
 And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain ;  
 It shows a rest of kindness to complain ;  
 A friendship loth to quit its former hold ;  
 And conscious merit may be justly bold.  
 But much more just your jealousy would shew,  
 If others good were injury to you :  
 Witness, ye Heav'ns, how I rejoice to see  
 Rewarded worth, and rising loyalty.  
 Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,  
 The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,  
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,  
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind :  
 When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,  
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail ;  
 And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,  
 Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and till'd ;  
 'Tis just you reap the product of the field :  
 Your's be the harvest, 'tis the beggars gain  
 To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.

Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,  
 Your charity for alms may safely spare ;  
 For alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.  
 My daily bread is litt'rally implor'd ;

I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.

If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,  
 Say, which of yours his charity offends :

You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.

Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor ?

Our mite decreases nothing of your store.

I am but few, and by your fare you see

My crying sins are not of luxury.

Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,

And makes you break our friendship's holy laws ;

For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.

Shew more occasion for your discontent ;  
 Your love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent :  
 Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,  
 Some French, where force is uppermost, will do,  
 When at the fountain's head, as merit ought  
 To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,  
 How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,  
 And tax the sheep for troubling streams below ;  
 Or call her (when no farther cause you find)  
 An enemy profess'd of all your kind.  
 But then, perhaps, the wicked world wou'd think,  
 The *Wolf* design'd to eat, as well as drink.

This last allusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,  
 Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.  
 Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho' shrew'dly pain'd :  
 But thus her passive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,  
 Your flaunting fortune in the *Lion's* court.  
 You have you, day, or you are much bely'd,  
 But I am always on the suffering side :  
 You know my doctrine, and I need not say  
 I will not, but I cannot disobey.  
 On this firm principle I ever stood ;

He of my sons who fails to make it good,  
 By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

Ah, said the *Hind*, how many sons have you,  
 Who call you mother, whom you never knew !  
 But most of them, who that relation plead,  
 Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.  
 They gape at rich revenues which you hold,  
 And fain would nibble at your grandame gold ;  
 Enquire into your years, and laugh to find  
 Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.  
 Were you not dim, and doted, you might see  
 A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,  
 No more of kin to you, than you to me.

Do you not know, that, for a little coin,  
*Heralds* can foist a name into the line :

They ask you blessing but for what you have,  
But once possess'd of what with care you save,  
The wanton boys wou'd piss upon your grave.

Your sons of latitude that court your grace,  
Tho' most resembling you in form and face,  
Are far the worst of your pretended race.

And, but I blush your honesty to blot,  
Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot :

For, in some *Papist* libels I have read,  
The *Wolf* has been too busy in your bed ;

At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece,  
The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims, are his.

Their malice too a fore suspicion brings ;  
For tho' they dare not bark, they snarl at Kings :

Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line ;  
Fat bishopricks are still of right divine.

Think you, your new French Profelytes are come  
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home ?

Your benefices twinkl'd from afar ;  
They found the new *Messiah* by the star :

Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,  
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.

Mark with what management their tribes divide ;  
Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,

That many Churches may for many mouths provide.  
More vacant pulpits wou'd more converts make ;

All wou'd have latitude enough to take :  
The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain ;

For ordinations without cures are vain,  
And chamber practice is a silent gain.

Your sons of breadth at home are much like these ;  
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease :

They melt, and take the figure of the mould ;  
But harden, and preserve it best in gold.

Your Delphic sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,  
 Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.  
 Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield  
 Three steeples argent in a fable field,  
 Have sharply tax'd your converts, who unfed  
 Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;  
 Such who themselves of no religion are,  
 Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.  
 Bare lies with bold assertions they can face;  
 But dint of argument is out of place.  
 The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright;  
 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.  
 Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;  
 They say, the schism of beds began the game,  
 Divorcing from the Church to wed the dame:  
 Tho' largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,  
 That conscience, conscience wou'd not let him rest:  
 I mean, not 'till possess'd of her he lov'd,  
 And old, uncharming, Catharine was remov'd.  
 For fundry years before he did complain,  
 And told his ghostly Confessor his pain.  
 With the same impudence, without a ground,  
 They say, that look the reformation round,  
 No *treatise of humility* is found.  
 But if none were, the Gospel does not want;  
 Our SAVIOUR preach'd it, and I hope you grant,  
 The sermon on the mount was protestant.  
 No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as sure as all  
 The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:  
 On that decision let it stand or fall.  
 Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed  
 Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;  
 Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,  
 If, since their change, their loaves have been increas'd.  
 The *Lion* buys no converts; if he did,  
 Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid.

Tax those of int'rest, who conform for gain,  
Or stay the market of another reign :  
Your broad-way sons wou'd never be too nice  
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price ;  
But, rais'd three steeples high'r, wou'd change their note,  
And quit the cassock for the canting-coat.  
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold  
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.

Mean-time my sons accus'd, by fame's report,  
Pay small attendance at the *Lion's* court,  
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late ;  
For silently they beg who daily wait.  
Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought ;  
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.  
How they shou'd speed, their fortune is untry'd ;  
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.  
For what they have, their God and King they bless,  
And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.  
But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore,  
In common prudence they wou'd pass your door.  
Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,  
Has shewn how far your charities extend.  
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,  
*He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.*

With odious atheist names you load your foes ;  
Your lib'ral clergy why did I expose ?  
It never fails in charities like those.  
In climes where true religion is profess'd,  
That imputation were no laughing jest.  
But *imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name,  
Is here sufficient licence to defame.  
What wonder is't that black detraction thrives ;  
The homicide of names is less than lives ;  
And yet the perjur'd murderer survives.

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd  
The boiling indignation of her breast.

She knew the virtue of her blade, nor wou'd  
 Pollute her fatire with ignoble blood :  
 Her panting foe she saw before her eye,  
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry.  
 So when the generous *Lion* has in fight  
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight ;  
 But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,  
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,  
 And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,  
 Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious prey.  
 So James, if great with less we may compare,  
 Arrests his rowling thunder-bolts in air ;  
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,  
 T' implore the remnants of long-suff'ring grace.

This breathing time the Matron took ; and then  
 Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.  
 Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,  
 And let Heav'n judge betwixt your sons and mine :  
 If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here  
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,  
 Then welcome infamy and public shame,  
 And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.  
 'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd  
 By haughty souls, to human honour ty'd }  
 O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride !  
 Down then thou rebel, never more to rise, }  
 And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize, }  
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.  
 'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy tears  
 For a long race of unrepenting years ;  
 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give ;  
 Then add those *may-be* years thou hast to live ;  
 Yet nothing still ; then poor, and naked come ;  
 Thy father will receive his unthrift home, (sum. }  
 And thy blest SAVIOUR'S blood discharge the mighty }

Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a son,  
 Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run :  
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,  
 And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.  
 Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,  
 As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too :  
 That suff'ring from ill tongues, he bears no more  
 Than what his Sov'reign bears, and what his SAVIOUR bore.

It now remains for you to school your child,  
 And ask why God's Anointed he revil'd ;  
 A *King* and *Princess* dead ! did Shimei worse ?  
 The curser's punishment should fright the curse :  
 Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er ;  
 But he, who counsell'd him, has paid the score :  
 The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,  
 But woe to him on whom the weights descend.  
 So to permitted ills the *Damon* flies ;  
 His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies :  
 Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,  
 The foe discharges ev'ry tire around,  
 In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight ;  
 But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds ;  
 To that long story little answer needs :  
 Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.  
 Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,  
 What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.  
 The dire effects appear'd in open fight,  
 Which, from the cause, he calls a distant fight,  
 And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light.

Now last your sons a double *Pean* sound,  
 A *treatise of humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been fought,  
 Than thus in Protestant procession brought.

The fam'd original through Spain is known,  
 Rodriguez work, my celebrated son,  
 Which yours, by ill translating made his own;  
 Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,  
 The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.  
 My altars kindl'd first that living coal;  
 Restore, or practise better what you stole:  
 That virtue cou'd this humble verse inspire,  
 'Tis all the restitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was clos'd,  
 And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.  
 For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,  
 To make himself a sayer where he can.  
 Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell,  
 The names of pirates in whose hands he fell;  
 But at the den of thieves he justly flies,  
 And ev'ry Algerine is lawful prize.  
 No private person in the foe's estate  
 Can plead exemption from the public fate.  
 Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;  
 Then let the greater supersede the less.  
 But let th' abettors of the *Panther's* crime  
 Learn to make fairer wars another time.  
 Some characters may sure be found to write  
 Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,  
 A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.

The *Savage*, though she saw her plea controul'd,  
 Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her hold;  
 But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,  
 And judge conversion by the convert's life.  
 'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange,  
 So few shou'd follow profitable change:  
 For present joys are more to flesh and blood,  
 Than a dull prospect of a distant good.  
 'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,  
 (I hope to quote him is not to purloin)

Two magnets, Heav'n and Earth, allure to bliss;  
The larger load-stone that, the nearer this:  
The weak attraction of the greater fails;  
We nod a-while, but neighbourhood prevails;  
But when the greater proves the nearer too,  
I wonder more your converts come so slow.  
Methinks in those, who firm with me remain,  
It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inference wou'd be strong (the *Hind* reply'd)  
If yours were in effect the suffering side:  
Your clergy's sons their own in peace possess,  
Nor are their prospects in reversion less.  
My proselytes are struck with awful dread;  
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head;  
The respite they enjoy but only lent,  
The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.  
Be judge yourself, if int'rest may prevail,  
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.  
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,  
That is, 'till man's predominant passions cease,  
Admire no longer at my slow increase.

By education most have been mis-led;  
So they believe, because they so were bred.  
The priest continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man.  
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:  
But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,  
The sly seducer both of age and youth;  
They study that, and think they study truth.  
When int'rest fortifies an argument,  
Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent;  
For souls, already warp'd, receive an easy bent.  
Add long prescription of establish'd laws,  
And picque of honour to maintain a cause,  
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,  
And zeal the blind conductor of the will;

And, chief among the still-mistaking crowd,  
 The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,  
 And, more than all, the private judge allow'd;  
 Disdain of fathers, which the dance began,  
 And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,  
 The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the *Panther*, with a scornful smile :

Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,  
 And range around the realm without controul,  
 Among my sons, for proselytes to prowl,  
 And here and there you snap some silly soul.

You hinted fears of future change in state :

Pray Heaven you did not prophecy your fate.

Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,

But may mistake the season of the year ;

The *Swallow's* fortune gives you cause to fear.

For charity (reply'd the Matron) tell

What sad mischance those pretty birds besel.

Nay, no mischance, (the savage Dame reply'd)

But want of wit in their unerring guide,

And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.

Yet wishing timely warning may prevail,

Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the rest

Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,

Pursues the Sun, in Summer brisk and bold,

But wisely shuns the persecuting cold :

Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,

Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.

From hence she has been held of heav'nly line,

Endu'd with particles of soul divine.

This merry chorister had long possess'd

Her Summer seat, and feather'd well her nest :

'Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,

And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year ;

The shedding trees began the ground to strow  
 With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.  
 Sad auguries of Winter thence she drew,  
 Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew :  
 When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,  
 And seek a better Heav'n, and warmer climes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,  
 And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;  
 The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair :  
 All to the gen'ral rendezvous repair, (air. }  
 They try their flutt'ring wings, and trust themselves in }  
 But whether upward to the moon they go, }  
 Or dream the Winter out in caves below, }  
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know. }

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight;  
 And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night :  
 Next morn they rose, and set up ev'ry sail;  
 The wind was fair, but blew a *Mackrel* gale :  
 The sickly young fat shiv'ring on the shore,  
 Abhor'd salt water, never seen before,  
 And pray'd their tender mothers to delay  
 The passage, and expect a fairer day.

With these the *Martin* readily concur'd,  
 A church-begot, and church-believing bird;  
 Of little body, but of lofty mind,  
 Round-belly'd, for a dignity design'd, }  
 And much a dunce, as *Martins* are by kind. }  
 Yet often quoted canon-laws, and *Cade*, }  
 And fathers which he never understood : }  
 But little learning needs in noble blood. }  
 For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,  
 Her household chaplain, and her next of kin :  
 In superstition silly to excess,  
 And casting schemes by planetary guess :  
 In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,  
 His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a wither'd oak,  
 Left of their lodging was observ'd to croak,  
 That omen lik'd him not; so his advice  
 Was present safety, bought at any price;  
 A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.  
 To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,  
 Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,  
 Sure signs of anguish, dangers and distress,  
 With something more not lawful to express:  
 By which he sily seem'd to intimate  
 Some secret revelation of their fate.  
 For he concluded, once upon a time,  
 He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,  
 Whose antique characters did well denote  
 The *Sibyl's* hand of the *Cumean* grot:  
 The mad divinerefs had plainly writ,  
 A time should come (but many ages yet)  
 In which, sinister destinies ordain,  
 A *Dame* shou'd drown with all her feather'd train,  
 And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.  
 At this, some shook for fear, the more devout  
 Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.  
 'Tis true, some sagers of the wiser sort  
 Made all these idle wonderments their sport:  
 They said, their only danger was delay,  
 And he who heard what ev'ry fool cou'd say,  
 Wou'd never fix his thought, but trim his time away.  
 The passage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,  
 Was something high, but that was nothing new,  
 No more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.  
 The *Sun* (already from the scales declin'd)  
 Gave little hopes of better days behind,  
 But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.  
 Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky  
 Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,  
 'Twas only water thrown on sails to dry.

But, least of all, *Philosophy* presumes  
 Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes :  
 Perhaps the *Martin* hous'd in holy ground,  
 Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight round,  
 'Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream  
 Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream :  
 As little weight his vain presages bear,  
 Of ill effect to such alone who fear :  
 Most prophecies are of a piece with these,  
 Each *Nostradamus* can foretel with ease :  
 Not naming persons and confounding times,  
 One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhimes.

Th' advice was true ; but fear had seiz'd the most,  
 And all good counsel is on cowards lost.  
 The question crudely put, to shun delay,  
 'Twas carry'd by the *major* part to stay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir *Martin* dated thence  
 His power, and from a Priest became a Prince.  
 He order'd all things with a busy care,  
 And cells, and refectories did prepare,  
 And large provisions laid of Winter fare :  
 But now and then let fall a word or two  
 Of hope that Heaven some miracle might show,  
 And, for their sakes, the Sun shou'd backward go ;  
 Against the laws of Nature upward climb,  
 And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime :  
 For which two proofs in sacred story lay,  
 Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.  
 In expectation of such times as these,  
 A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease :  
 For *Martin* much devotion did not ask ;  
 They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit  
 Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)  
 That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,  
 Gave great repute to their new *Merlin's* art.

Some \* *Swifts*, the giants of the *Swallow* kind,  
 Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,  
 (For *Swisses*, or for *Gibeonites* design'd,) }  
 These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,  
 To suck fresh air survey'd the neighbouring plain;  
 And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)  
 New blossoms flourish, and new flow'rs arise;  
 As God had been abroad, and, walking there,  
 Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year:  
 The sunny hills from far were seen to glow  
 With glitt'ring beams, and in the meads below }  
 The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.  
 At last they heard the foolish *Cuckow* sing,  
 Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of Spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,  
 And repossess their patrimonial sky.  
 The *Priest* before 'em did his wings display;  
 And, that good omens might attend their way, }  
 As luck wou'd have it, 'twas *St Martin's* day.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone?  
 The canopy of Heaven is all her own:  
 Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,  
 And glide along in glades, and skim in air,  
 And dip for insects in the purling springs,  
 And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.  
 Their mothers think a fair provision made,  
 That ev'ry son can live upon his trade;  
 And, now the careful charge is off their hands,  
 Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:  
 The youthful widow longs to be supply'd;  
 But first the lover is by lawyers ty'd }  
 To settle jointure-chimnies on the bride.  
 So thick they couple, in so short a space,  
 That *Martin's* marriage-off'rings rise apace.

\* Otherwise called *Martlets*.

Their ancient houses running to decay,  
 Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay;  
 They teem already; store of eggs are laid,  
 And brooding mothers call *Lucina's* aid.  
 Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear  
 In flocks to greet the new returning year,  
 To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)  
 To plant abroad, and people colonies.  
 The youth drawn forth as *Martin* had desir'd,  
 (For so their cruel destiny requir'd)  
 Were sent far off on an ill-fated day;  
 The rest wou'd needs conduct 'em on their way,  
 And *Martin* went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,  
 That now their afternoon began to waste;  
 And, what was ominous, that very morn  
 The Sun was enter'd into *Capricorn*;  
 Which, by their bad astronomers account,  
 That week the virgin balance shou'd remount.  
 An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,  
 And hid the small remainders of his day.  
 The crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark;  
 But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark:  
 Few mind the public in a panic fright;  
 And fear increas'd the horror of the night.  
 Night came, but unattended with repose;  
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:  
 Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose.

What shou'd they do, beset with dangers round,  
 No neighb'ring dorp, no lodging to be found,  
 But bleakly plains, and bare unhospitable ground?  
 The latter brood, who just began to fly,  
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,

For succour to their helpless mother call;  
 She spread her wings; some few beneath 'em crawl;  
 She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.  
 T' augment their woes, the winds began to move  
 Debate in air, for empty fields above;  
 'Till *Boreas* got the skies, and pour'd amain  
 His rattling hail-stones mix'd with snow and rain.

The joyless morning late arose, and found  
 A dreadful desolation reign around;  
 Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the ground,  
 The rest were struggling still with death, and lay,  
 The *Crows* and *Ravens* rights, an undefended prey:  
 Excepting *Martin's* race; for they and he  
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree;  
 But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,  
 He headed all the rabble of a town,  
 And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.  
*Martin* himself was caught alive and try'd  
 For treas'nous crimes, because the laws provide  
 No *Martin* there in Winter shall abide.  
 High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,  
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;  
 And there his corpse, unblest'd, is hanging still,  
 To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill.

The patience of the *Hind* did almost fail;  
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:  
 Which ribbald art their Church to Luther owes;  
 In malice it began, by malice grows;  
 He sow'd the *Serpent's* teeth, an Iron-harvest rose.  
 But most, in *Martin's* character and fate,  
 She saw her slander'd sons, the *Panther's* hate,  
 'The peoples rage, the persecuting State:  
 Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part;  
 You clear your conscience, or at least your heart:  
 Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,  
 For *Swallows* are unlucky birds to kill:

As for my sons, the family is bless'd,  
 Whose ev'ry child is equal to the rest :  
 No Church reform'd can boast a blameless line ;  
 Such *Martins* build in yours, and more than mine :  
 Or else an old fanatick author lies,  
 Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.  
 But, through your parable, I plainly see  
 The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity ;  
 The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight :  
 Had some their wishes, it wou'd soon be night.  
 Mistake me not ; the charge concerns not you :  
 Your sons are mal-contents, but yet are true,  
 As far as non-resistance makes 'em so ;  
 But that's a word of neutral sense you know,  
 A passive term, which no relief will bring,  
 But trims betwixt a rebel and a King.

Rest well assur'd, the *Pardelis* reply'd,  
 My sons would all support the regal side,  
 Tho' Heav'n forbid the cause by battle shou'd be try'd.

The Matron answer'd with a loud Amen,  
 And thus pursu'd her argument again.  
 If as you say, and as I hope no less,  
 Your sons will practise what yourselves profess,  
 What angry pow'r prevents our present peace ?  
 The *Lion*, studious of our common good,  
 Desires (and Kings desires are ill withstood)  
 To join our nations in a lasting love ;  
 The bars betwixt are easy to remove ;  
 For sanguinary laws were never made above.  
 If you condemn that Prince of tyranny,  
 Whose mandate forc'd your Gallie friends to fly,  
 Make not a worse example of your own ;  
 Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,  
 And let the guiltless person throw the stone.  
 His blunted sword your suff'ring brotherhood  
 Have seldom felt ; he stops it short of blood :

But you have ground the persecuting knife,  
 And set it to a razor edge on life.  
 Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,  
 Or to his father's rod the *Scorpion's* joins;  
 Your finger is more gross than the great monarch lions.

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,  
 And stick it on the first reformer's coat.

Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep:

'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.

Unjust, or just, is all the question now;

'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a rage;

You charge not that on any former age,

But smile to think how innocent you stand,

Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.

Yet still remember, that you wield a sword,

For'd by your foes against your sovereign Lord;

Design'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,

Defraud succession, and dis-heir the Crown.

T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,

Is to hate traytors, and the treason love.

What means it else, which now your children say,

We made it not, nor will we take away?

Suppose some great oppressor had, by sight

Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,

Your common fire surrend'ring in a fright;

Would you to that unrighteous title stand,

Left by the villain's will to heir the land?

More just was Judas, who his SAVIOUR sold;

The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,

Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the gold.

What more could you have done, than now you do,

Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their plot been true?

Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;

Their dire magicians threw their mists around,

And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.

But now when time has made th' imposture plain,  
 (Late tho' he follow'd truth, and limping held her train) }  
 What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again ?  
 The painted harlot might a while bewitch,  
 But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch ?

The first Reformers were a modest race ;  
 Our Peers possess'd in peace their native place ;  
 And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the State,  
 They suffer'd only in the common fate :  
 But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal chair,  
 And mitr'd seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.  
 Your answer is, they were not dispossest ;  
 They need but rub their mettle on the Test  
 To prove their ore : 'Twere well if gold alone  
 Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone ;  
 But that unfaithful Test unsound will pass  
 The dross of atheists, and sectarian bras :  
 As if th' experiment were made to hold  
 For base production, and reject the gold.  
 Thus men ungodded may to places rise,  
 And sects may be prefer'd without disguise :  
 No danger to the Church or State from these ;  
 The Papist only has his writ of ease.  
 No gainful office gives him the pretence  
 To grind the subject, or defraud the Prince.  
 Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve  
 To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.

Still thank yourselves, you cry ; your noble race  
 We banish not, but they forsake the place ;  
 Our doors are open : True, but ere they come,  
 You toss your 'censing Test, and fume the room ;  
 As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,  
 And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the *Panther* sharply had reply'd ;  
 But, having gain'd a verdict on her side, }  
 She wisely gave the loser leave to chide ;

Well satisfy'd to have the but and peace,  
 And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,  
 Because she su'd in *forma pauperis*;  
 Yet thought it decent something should be said;  
 For secret guilt by silence is betray'd:  
 So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,  
 But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring,  
 As once Æneas to th' Italian King:  
 By long possession all the land is mine:  
 You strangers come with your intruding line,  
 To share my sceptre, which you call to join.  
 You plead like him an ancient pedigree,  
 And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.  
 In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,  
 T' unite the Trojan and the *Latin* bands;  
 And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,  
 Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.  
 Thus plausible you veil th' intended wrong,  
 But still you bring your exil'd Gods along;  
 And will endeavour, in succeeding space,  
 Those household puppets on our hearths to place.  
 Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been prefer'd;  
 I spake against the *Test*, but was not heard;  
 These to rescind, and peerage to restore,  
 My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote implore:  
 I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.

Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the Dame,  
 Which well inform'd will ever be the same.  
 But yours is much of the *Camelion* hue,  
 To change the die with ev'ry distant view.  
 When first the *Lion* sat with awful sway,  
 Your conscience taught your duty to obey:  
 He might have had your statues and your *Test*;  
 No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.  
 He found your temper, and no farther try'd,  
 But on that broken reed, your Church, rely'd.

In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art,  
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;  
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.  
But when by long experience you had prov'd,  
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;  
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,  
And only short of Heav'n's unbounded grace;  
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,  
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;  
Forgetting whence your Ægypt was supply'd,  
You thought your Sov'reign bound to send the tide:  
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,  
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a King:  
Then conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began  
To stretch her limits, and extend the span;  
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,  
And make a wise alliance with her foes.  
Can conscience own th' associating name,  
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?  
For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.  
But if the cause by battle should be try'd,  
You grant she must espouse the regal side:  
O Proteus conscience, never to be ty'd!  
What Phœbus from the *Tripod* shall disclose,  
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?  
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,  
The seeming Gordian knot wou'd soon untie;  
Immortal powers the term of *Conscience* know,  
But *Interest* is her name with men below.

Conscience or int'rest be't, or both in one,  
(The *Panther* answer'd in a furlly tone)  
The first commands me to maintain the Crown,  
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.  
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,  
Our *Test* excludes your tribe from benefit.  
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,  
Which proudly rising overlooks the land;

And, once let in, with unresisted sway,  
 Wou'd sweep the pastors and their flocks away.  
 Think not my judgment leads me to comply  
 With laws unjust, but hard necessity :  
 Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,  
 Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.  
 Possess your soul with patience, and attend :  
 A more auspicious planet may ascend ;  
 Good fortune may present some happier time,  
 With means to cancel my unwilling crime ;  
 (Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above)  
 To mend my errors, and redgem your love :  
 That little space you safely may allow ;  
 Your all-dispensing power protects you now.

Hold, said the *Hind*, 'tis needless to explain ;  
 You wou'd postpone me to another reign ;  
 'Till when you are content to be unjust :  
 Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.  
 A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,  
 For present profit and inheritance.  
 Few words will serve to finish our dispute ;  
 Who will not now repeal, wou'd persecute.  
 To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,  
 Wishing that happier planet wou'd ascend.  
 For shame, let conscience be your plea no more :  
 To will hereafter, proves she might before ;  
 But she's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.

Your care about your banks infers a fear  
 Of threatening floods, and inundations near :  
 If so, a just reprisal would only be  
 Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea ;  
 And all your jealousies but serve to show,  
 Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.  
 T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,  
 Is to distrust the justice of your cause ;  
 And argues, that the true religion lies  
 In those weak adversaries you dispise.

Tyrannick force is that which least you fear;  
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:  
Avert it, Heav'n! nor let that plague be sent  
To us from the dispeopled Continent.

But piety commands me to refrain;  
Those pray'rs are needless in this Monarch's reign:  
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,  
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:  
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast,  
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide  
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,  
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.  
Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore;  
This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the *Panther*, I believe him just,  
And yet——

And yet, 'tis but because you must;  
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.  
The *Hind* thus briefly; and disdain'd t' enlarge  
On pow'r of Kings, and their superior charge,  
As Heav'n's trustees before the people's choice:  
Tho' sure the *Panther* did not much rejoice  
To hear those echos giv'n of her once loyal voice.

The Matron woo'd her kindness to the last,  
But cou'd not win; her hour of grace was past.  
Whom, thus persisting, when she cou'd not bring  
To leave the *Wolf*, and to believe her King,  
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy  
Of her late treaty with her new ally:  
Which well she hop'd wou'd more successful prove,  
Than was the *Pigeon's*, and the *Buzzard's* love.  
The *Panther* ask'd, what concord there cou'd be  
Betwixt two kinds whose Natures disagree?  
The Dame reply'd: 'Tis sung in ev'ry street,  
The common chat of goffips when they meet:

But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while  
To take a wholesome tale, tho' told in homely style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood,  
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)  
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,  
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.  
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,  
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth:  
At land, and sea, in many a doubtful fight,  
Was never known a more adventurous knight,  
Who oftner drew his sword, and always for the right.

As fortune wou'd (his fortune came, tho' late)  
He took possession of his just estate:  
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent;  
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;  
But overlook'd his hinds; their pay was just,  
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:  
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick:  
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.  
For little souls on little shifts rely,  
And cowards arts of mean expedients try;  
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lye.  
False friends, his deadliest foes could find no way  
But shows of honest bluntness, to betray:  
That unsuspect'd plainness he believ'd;  
He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.  
Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,  
Or Heav'n wou'd make a miracle on earth;  
For prosperous honesty is seldom seen  
To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.  
It looks as fate with Nature's law would strive,  
To shew plain-dealing once an age may thrive:  
And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,  
Exceeded her commission to befriend.  
This grateful man, as Heav'n increas'd his store,  
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.

His house with all convenience was purvey'd;  
 The rest he found, but rais'd the fabrick where he pray'd;  
 And in that sacred place his beauteous wife  
 Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

Nor did their alms extend to those alone,  
 Whom common faith more strictly made their own;  
 A sort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their hall,  
 Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.  
 Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,  
 The greater part degenerate from their kind;  
 Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,  
 And largely drink, because on salt they feed.  
 Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws  
 Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause  
 As corporations privileg'd by laws.

That house, which harbour to their kind affords,  
 Was built, long since, God knows, for better birds;  
 But flutt'ring there they nestle near the throne;  
 And lodge in habitations not their own,  
 By their high crops, and corny gizzards known,  
 Like Harpies they could scent a plenteous board;  
 Then to be sure they never fail'd their Lord:  
 The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;  
 They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.  
 The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;  
 They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.  
 All this they had by law, and none repin'd;  
 The preference was but due to Levi's kind:  
 But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,  
 The gourmands made it their inheritance.  
 When once possess'd, they never quit their claim;  
 For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heav'n's high name;  
 And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent,  
 The gift should be prophan'd by worldly management.

Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;  
 Tho' 'tis not thence infer'd the birds were starv'd;

But that their master did not like the food,  
 As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.  
 Nor did it with his gracious Nature suit,  
 E'en tho' they were not doves, to persecute:  
 Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence):  
 Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence,  
 Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,  
 Which new from treading in their bills they brought:  
 But left his hinds each in his private pow'r,  
 That those, who like the bran, might leave the flour.  
 He for himself, and not for others, chose,  
 Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;  
 But in their faces his devotion paid,  
 And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,  
 And sacred incense on his altars laid.  
 Besides these jolly birds, whose corpse impure  
 Repaid their commons with their salt manure;  
 Another farm he had behind his house,  
 Not overstock'd, but barely for his use:  
 Wherein his poor domestick poultry fed,  
 And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread,  
 Our pamper'd pigeons, with malignant eyes,  
 Beheld these inmates, and their purseries:  
 Tho' hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,  
 A cruise of water, and an ear of corn;  
 Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought  
 A sheaf in ev'ry single grain was brought.  
 Fain would they filch that little food away,  
 While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey.  
 And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall,  
 The bird that warn'd St Peter of his fall;  
 That he should raise his mitred crest on high,  
 And clap his wings, and call his family  
 To sacred rites; and vex th' etherial powers  
 With midnight mattins, at uncivil hours:  
 Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,  
 Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.

Beast of a bird, supinely when he might  
 Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light !  
 What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry  
 Cou'd he not let a bad example die ?  
 The world was fall'n into an easier way ;  
 This age knew better, than to fast and pray.  
 Good sense in sacred worship wou'd appear,  
 So to begin, as they might end the year.  
 Such feats in former times had wrought the falls  
 Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyster'd walls.  
 Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled ;  
 And sister Partlet with her hooded head  
 Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.  
 The way to win the restiff world to God,  
 Was to lay by the disciplining rod,  
 Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of pray'r :  
 Religion frights us with a mien severe.  
 'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,  
 And put her in undress to make her please :  
 A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,  
 And leave the luggage of good works behind.

Such doctrines in the pigeon-house were taught ;  
 You need not ask how wond'rously they wrought ;  
 But sure the common cry was all for these,  
 Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease.  
 Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,  
 And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail ;  
 (For vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd face,  
 Is daunted at the sight of awful grace)  
 An hideous figure of their foes they drew,  
 Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true,  
 And this grotesque design expos'd to publick view.  
 One would have thought it some Egyptian piece,  
 With garden-gods, and barking deities,  
 More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.

All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,  
 It was no libel where it meant to strike.  
 Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small  
 To view the monster crowded pigeon-hall.  
 There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees  
 Adoring shrines, and stocks of fainted trees;  
 And by him, a mis-shapen, ugly, race;  
 The curse of God was seen on every face;  
 No Holland emblem could that malice mend,  
 But still the worse the look, the fitter for a fiend.  
 The master of the farm, displeas'd to find  
 So much of rancour in so mild a kind  
 Enquir'd into the cause, and came to know,  
 The passive Church had struck the foremost blow;  
 With groundless fears, and jealousies possess'd,  
 As if this troublesome intruding guest  
 Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest.  
 A deed his inborn equity abhor'd;  
 But int'rest will not trust, tho' God should plight his word.

A law, the source of many future harms,  
 Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms;  
 With loss of life, if any should be found  
 To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.  
 That bloody statue chiefly was design'd  
 For Chanticleer the white, of clergy-kind;  
 But after malice did not long forget  
 The lay that wore the robe, and coronet.  
 For them, for their inferiors and allies,  
 Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise  
 By which unrighteously it was decreed,  
 That none to trust, or profit should succeed,  
 Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked weed:  
 Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,  
 Or Henbane-juice to swell 'em till they burst.  
 The patron (as in reason) thought it hard  
 To see this inquisition in his yard,  
 By which the Sovereign was of subjects use debar'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw  
 Th' effects of so unnatural a law :  
 But still the dove-house obstinately stood  
 Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours good ;  
 And, which was worse, (if any worse could be)  
 Repented of their boasted loyalty :  
 Now made the champions of a cruel cause,  
 And drunk with fumes of popular applause ;  
 For those whom God to ruin has design'd,  
 He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,  
 Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays ;  
 And emissary pigeons had in store,  
 Such as the Meccan Prophet us'd of yore,  
 To whisper counsels in their patron's ear ;  
 And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.  
 The master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,  
 To wear him out, and make an idle reign :  
 He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,  
 And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts :  
 But they abus'd that grace to make allies,  
 And fondly clos'd with former enemies ;  
 For fools are doubly fools, endeavoring to be wise.

After a grave consult what course were best,  
 One, more mature in folly than the rest,  
 Stood up, and told 'em, with his head aside,  
 That desp'rate cures must be to desp'rate ills apply'd :  
 And therefore, since their main impending fear  
 Was from th' increasing race of Chanticleer,  
 Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,  
 A foe profess'd to him, and all his kind :  
 Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyrie nigh,  
 Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly ;  
 One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak ;  
 The Musquet, and the Coystrel were too weak,  
 Too fierce the Falcon ; but above the rest,  
 The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best ;

Of small renown, 'tis true; for, not to lye,  
 We call him but a *Hawk* by courtesy.  
 I know he hates the pigeon-house and farm,  
 And more, in time of war, has done us harm:  
 But all his hate on trivial points depends;  
 Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.  
 For *Pigeons* flesh he seems not much to care;  
 Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious fare.  
 On this high potentate, without delay,  
 I wish you wou'd confer the sov'reign sway:  
 Petition him t' accept the Government,  
 And let a splendid embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,  
 Old enmities forgot, the *Buzzard* should succeed.

Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,  
 His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,  
 With *B's* upon their breast, appointed for his guard. }  
 He came, and crown'd with great solemnity,  
 God save King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral cry.  
 A portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,  
 He seem'd a son of Anach for his height:  
 Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer:  
 Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's *Jupiter*:  
 Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;  
 A Prophet form'd to make a female proselyte.  
 A theologue more by need, than genial bent;  
 By breeding sharp, by nature confident.  
 Int'rest in all his actions was discern'd;  
 More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd:  
 Or forc'd by fear, or by his Prophet led,  
 Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:  
 But brought the virtues of his Heav'n along;  
 A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.  
 And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;  
 The most unlucky parasite alive.

Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,  
 And then himself pursu'd his compliment ;  
 But, by reverse of fortune chac'd away,  
 His gifts no longer than their author stay :  
 He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful race,  
 And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.  
 Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same ;  
 For in his rage, he spares no Sov'reign's name :  
 The hero, and the tyrant, chang'd their style  
 By the same measure that they frown or smile.  
 When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,  
 The kindness he returns, is to expose :  
 For courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,  
 No gratitude in felon-minds beget ;  
 As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.  
 His praise of foes is venomously nice ;  
 So touch'd it turns a virtue to a vice :  
*A Greek, and bountiful forewarns us twice.*  
 Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,  
 Because he knows confession stands for one ;  
 Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,  
 And not for fear, or love to be betray'd :  
 But he, uncall'd, his patron to controul,  
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul ;  
 Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his crimes,  
 And offer'd to the Molech of the times.  
 Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,  
 Invulnerable in his impudence,  
 He dares the world ; and, eager of a name,  
 He thrusts about, and jostles into fame.  
 Frontless, and satire-proof, he scow'rs the streets,  
 And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.  
 So fond of loud report, that not to miss  
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)  
 He rather would be known for what he is.

Such was, and is the Captain of the Test,  
 Tho' half his virtues are not here express'd;  
 The modesty of fame conceals the rest.  
 The spleenful *Pigeons* never could create  
 A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:  
 Indeed, more proper to revenge than save;  
 A King whom in his wrath th' ALMIGHTY gave:  
 For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,  
 But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud;  
 Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce the crowd.  
 They long their fellow-subjects to enthrall,  
 Their patron's promise into question call,  
 And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.

False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,  
 As if the *Doves* were to be dispossest;  
 Nor sighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes did want;  
 For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to cant.  
 The house of pray'r is flock'd with large increase;  
 Nor doors, nor windows, can contain the press:  
 For birds of every feather fill th' abode;  
 E'en Atheists out of envy own a God.  
 And reeking from the flews adult'ers come,  
 Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.  
 That conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,  
 Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute:  
 No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,  
 And much the less, because it was their Lord's request:  
 They thought it great their Sov'reign to controul,  
 And nam'd their pride, nobility of soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect,  
 Were short of pow'r, their purpose to effect:  
 But with their Quills did all the hurt they cou'd,  
 And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their food:  
 And much the *Buzzard* in their cause did stir,  
 Tho' naming not the patron, to infer  
 With all respect, he was a gross idolater.

But when th' imperial owner did espy,  
 That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,  
 Not suff'ring wrath to discompose his mind,  
 He strove a temper for th' extremes to find,  
 So to be just, as he might still be kind;  
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom  
 Of sacred strength for every age to come.  
 By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,  
 No rights infring'd, but licence to oppress:  
 Such pow'r have they as factious lawyers long  
 To crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.  
 But since his own domestick birds have try'd  
 The dire effects of their destructive pride,  
 He deems that proof a measure to the rest,  
 Concluding well within his kingly breast,  
 His fowls of nature too unjustly were oppress'd.  
 He therefore makes all birds of ev'ry sect  
 Free of his farm, with promise to respect,  
 Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.  
 His gracious edict the same franchise yields  
 To all the wild increase of woods and fields,  
 And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds:  
 To *Crows* the like impartial grace affords,  
 And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and such republic birds:  
 Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,  
 Each has his district, and his bounds decreed;  
 Combin'd in common int'rest with his own,  
 But not to pass the pigeons *rubicon*.

Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove;  
 All prophecies accomplish'd from above,  
 For Shiloh comes the Sceptre to remove.  
 Reduc'd from her Imperial high abode,  
 Like *Dionysius* to a private rod,  
 The passive Church, that with pretended grace  
 Did her distinctive mark in duty place,  
 Now touch'd, reviles her maker to his face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess:  
 The small beginnings had a large increase,  
 And arts and wealth succeed, the secret spoils of peace.  
 'Tis said, the Doves repented, tho' too late,  
 Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:  
 Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour;  
 But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in pow'r;  
 Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,  
 Dissolving in the silence of decay.

The *Buzzard*, not content with equal place,  
 Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his race;  
 To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,  
 And all together make a seeming goodly flight:  
 But each have sep'rate int'rests of their own;  
 Two *Czars* are one too many for a throne.  
 Not can th' usurper long abstain from food;  
 Already he has tasted pigeons blood;  
 And may be tempted to his former fare,  
 When this indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair.  
 Bare bending times, and moulting months may come,  
 When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;  
 Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)  
 Like the tumultuous college of the bees,  
 They fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress;  
 The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast.

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her fable end,  
 Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend;  
 But with affected yawnings at the close,  
 Seem'd to require her natural repose:  
 For now the streaky light began to peep;  
 And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.  
 The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest  
 The peace of Heav'n, betook herself to rest.  
 Ten thousand Angels on her slumbers wait,  
 With glorious visions of her future state.

A N

## E S S A Y upon S A T I R E.

[By Mr DRYDEN, and the Earl of MULGRAVE.]

**H**OW dull, and how insensible a beast  
 Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest?  
 Philosophers and poets vainly strove  
 In every age the lumpish mass to move:  
 But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,  
 Who know, not only to instruct, but please.  
 Poets alone found the delightful way,  
 Mysterious morals gently to convey  
 In charming numbers; so that, as men grew  
 Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.  
*Satire* has always shone among the rest,  
 And is the boldest way, if not the best,  
 To tell men freely of their foulest faults,  
 To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.  
 In satire too the wise took different ways,  
 To each deserving its peculiar praise.  
 Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,  
 Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame.  
 But, of these two, the last succeeded best,  
 As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.  
 Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,  
 And censure those, who censure all besides;  
 In other things they justly are prefer'd;  
 In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd:  
 Against the grossest follies they declaim;  
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.  
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,  
 And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:  
 Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach  
 Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?

'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,  
 Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.  
 But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,  
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;  
 That little speck, which all the rest does spoil,  
 To wash off that would be a noble toil;  
 Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,  
 Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;  
 Above all censure too, each little wit  
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit;  
 Who judging better, though concern'd the most,  
 Of such correction will have cause to boast.  
 In such a satire all would seek a share,  
 And every fool will fancy he is there.  
 Old story-tellers too must pine and die,  
 To see their antiquated wit laid by;  
 Like her who miss'd her name in a lampoon,  
 And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.  
 No common coxcomb must be mention'd here;  
 Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear;  
 Nor fluttering officers, who newer fight;  
 Of such a wretched rabble who would write?  
 Much less half wits: That's more against our rules;  
 For they are fops, the other are but fools.  
 Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?  
 As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?  
 The cunning Courtier should be slighted too,  
 Who with dull knavery makes so much ado;  
 'Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too—too fast,  
 Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last.  
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,  
 Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;  
 With whom each rhiming fool keeps such a pother,  
 They are as common that way as the other:  
 Yet sauntering Ch——s between his beastly brace,  
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,  
 Affected humour, or a painted face.

In loyal libels we have often told him,  
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him :  
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep ;  
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep ?  
 Was ever Prince by two at once mis-led,  
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred ?  
 Earnly and Aylef—ry, with all that race  
 Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place :  
 At council set as foils on D——'s score,  
 To make that great false jewel shine the more ;  
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,  
 Only for taking pains, and telling lies.  
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous men ;  
 Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen :  
 'Tis time to quit their company, and choose  
 Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive  
 Against his careless genius vainly strive ;  
 Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,  
 'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day :  
 Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be  
 Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.  
 But when he aims at reason or at rule,  
 He turns himself the best to ridicule.  
 Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,  
 Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit ;  
 That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,  
 Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.  
 So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,  
 'Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure ;  
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,  
 And from her friend did just as odly fly.  
 Reaching above our nature does no good ;  
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood.  
 As by our little *Machiavel* we find  
 (That nimblest creature of the busy kind)

His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;  
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,  
No pity of its poor companion takes.  
What gravity can hold from laughing out,  
To see him drag his feeble legs about,  
Like hounds ill coupled? Jowler lugs him still  
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's ill.  
'Twere crime in any man, but him alone,  
To use a body so, tho' tis one's own:  
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,  
That, whilst he creeps, his vigorous thoughts can soar!  
Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,  
Is but a busy groveling here below.  
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,  
Whilst on the ground th' intranced wretches lie:  
So modern fops have fancied they could fly.  
As the new Earl, with parts deserving praise,  
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,  
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,  
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune flights;  
Striving against his quiet all he can,  
For the fine notion of a busy man.  
And what is that, at best, but one whose mind,  
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?  
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;  
For if some odd fantastick Lord would fain  
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,  
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.  
But is there any other beast that lives,  
Who his own harm so wittily contrives?  
Will any dog that has his teeth and stones,  
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones,  
To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,  
While *Venus* is by rival dogs enjoy'd?  
Yet this fond man, to get a Statesman's name,  
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though *Satire* nicely writ; no humour stings  
 But those who merit praise in other things;  
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,—  
 And break our rules for folly *Tropos* sake;  
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,  
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;  
 Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,  
 For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.  
 As boys, on holy-days let loose to play,  
 Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;  
 Then shout to see, in dirt and deep distress  
 Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress:  
 So have I mighty satisfaction found,  
 To see his tinsel reason on the ground;  
 To see the sordid fool despis'd (and know it)  
 By some who scarce have words enough to show it;  
 (For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker  
 The sner, nay, sometimes the wittiest speaker)  
 But 'tis prodigious, so much eloquence  
 Should be acquired by such little sense;  
 For words and wit did anciently agree,  
 And Tully was no fool, though this man be;  
 At bar abusive, on the bench unable,  
 Knave on the woolfack, Fop at council-table;  
 These are the grievances of such fools as would  
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.  
 Some other kind of wits must be made known,  
 Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;  
 Excess of luxury they think can please,  
 And laziness call loving of their ease:  
 To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they reign,  
 Though their whole life's but intermitting pain;  
 So much of surfeits, head-aches, claps are seen,  
 We scarce perceive the little time between:  
 Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,  
 And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;

Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay  
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus *D——*, purring like a thoughtful cat,  
Married, but wiser puss, ne'er thought of that :  
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,  
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time ;  
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,  
A teeming widow, but a barren wife ;  
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,  
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load ;  
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,  
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty ;  
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,  
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day ;  
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times  
Had fame for dulness in malicious rhimes.

Mul——ve had much ado to 'scape the snare,  
Though learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair :  
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,  
With beauty dazzled numps was in the stocks ;  
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,  
To see him catch his Tartar for his prize :  
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,  
And Cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge ;  
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,  
As his estate, his person too was free :  
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move ;  
To gold he fled from beauty and from love ;  
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,  
Fore'd to live happily against his will :  
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r  
Break not his boasted quiet every hour.

And little *Sid*, for simile renown'd,  
Pleasure has always sought, but never found :  
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,  
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.

The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,  
 His meat and mistresses are kept too long;  
 But sure we all mistake this pious man,  
 Who mortifies his person all he can :  
 What we uncharitably take for sin,  
 Are only rules of this odd Capuchin ;  
 For never hermit, under grave pretence,  
 Has liv'd more contrary to common sense ;  
 And 'tis a miracle, we may suppose,  
 No nastiness offends his skilful nose ;  
 Which from all stink can with peculiar art  
 Extract perfume, and essence from a fart :  
 Expecting supper is his great delight ;  
 He toils all day but to be drunk at night :  
 Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,  
 Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

*Roch*—r I despise for want of wit,  
 Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet ;  
 For while he mischief means to all mankind,  
 Himself alone the ill effects does find :  
 And so like witches justly suffers shame,  
 Whose harmless malice is so much the same.  
 False are his words, affected is his wit ;  
 So often he does aim, so seldom hit ;  
 To every face he cringes while he speaks,  
 But when the back is turn'd, the head he breaks :  
 Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,  
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him :  
 A proof that chance alone makes every creature,  
 A very *Killig*—w without good nature.  
 For what a *Bessus* has he always liv'd,  
 And his own kickings notably contriv'd ?  
 For (there's the folly that's still mixt with fear)  
 Cowards more blows than any hero bear :  
 Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,  
 But 'tis a bolder thing to run away :

The world may well forgive him all his ill,  
 For every fault does prove his penance still:  
 Falsly he falls into some dangerous noose,  
 And then as meanly labours to get loose;  
 A life so infamous is better quitting,  
 Spent in base injury and low submitting.  
 I'd like to have left out his poetry;  
 Forgot by all almost as well as me.  
 Sometimes he has some humour, never wit;  
 And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,  
 'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,  
 To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade;  
 Who, for the wretched remnants of a fire,  
 Must toil all day in ashes and in mire:  
 So lewdly dull his idle works appear,  
 The wretched texts deserve no comments here;  
 Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,  
 For a whole page of dulness must atone.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise  
 E'en he, who would himself the most despise!  
 I, who so wise and humble seem to be,  
 Now my own vanity and pride can't see.  
 While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,  
 We pull down others but to raise our own;  
 That we may Angels seem, we paint them elves,  
 And are but satires to set up ourselves.  
 I, who have all this while been finding fault,  
 E'en with my master, who first satire taught;  
 And did by that describe the task so hard,  
 It seems stupendous and above reward;  
 Now labour with unequal force to climb  
 That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:  
 'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,  
 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.



END of the FIRST VOLUME.

